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S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

1.FIRST WHITE MEN IN VALLEY

Santa Clara county began in 1769 when California began. In that year Don Gaspar de Portola was sent by Don de Galvez, visitador general of Spain in Mexico, to fortify San Diego and Monterey. It was one thing to tell Portola and his men to find the beautiful bay of Monterey described by Vizcaino, and quite another thing to follow his directions. Portola and his men got lost. They couldn't find Carmel river. They wandered northward. They concluded that the Salinas was the Carmel, and that Monterey bay had been filled up with sand.

So they stumbled through Santa Clara county, and up to San Francisco where they discovered the Golden Gate and San Francisco bay. Portola and his company were the first white visitors to the Santa Clara valley.

Three years later, in 1772, Commandante Don Pedro Fages, afterwards governor of California, came to the valley. He had a small force of 12 or 14 men, and when they crossed the Pajaro river they christened the great valley before them the San Bernardino valley for Saint Bernardino of Siena. Ancient San Bernardino is now a part of the Santa Clara valley. The upper part of the valley was named the Llano de Los Robles, the Plain of the Oaks. In those days the valley was one great park of oaks with very little underbrush. Fages, like Portola, went up the Oakland side of the bay.

In 1774 Rivera, who was commandante of California, came up from Monterey with 16 soldiers to try his luck in exploring San Francisco bay. Rivera kept to the west of the bay and decided that

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

1. FIRST WHITE MEN IN VALLEY
(Continued)

he would have a mission established on what is now San Francisquito creek, or the Arroyo de San Francisco. Father Palou, who was with Rivera, wrote of a great redwood, madera colorada, which stands like a great tower near Palo Alto today - the Palo Alto, or "high tree," which gave the town its name.

Captain Jaun Bautista Anza's company were the first white men to come northward to live in California. These pioneers were carefully selected because each represented an investment of $800. Today that would be equivalent in purchasing power to $10,000. Women were allowed to come with the Anza company only on condition that they marry the soldiers or settlers.

Anza was ill when he reached Monterey but he was so determined to be at the birthday party of San Francisco that he was carried to his horse. The Anza party stopped at an Indian rancheria which they named Natividad. This was on the site of the present town of Natividad. Then they passed over the Gavilan mountains, crossing the San Benito just north of where the mission of San Juan Bautista now stands. They camped on the Arroyo de las Llagas which Fages had named Las Llagas de Nuestro St. Francis, or the Wounds of Our Father St. Francis.

Anza and his men kept well to the western part of the Santa Clara valley. They were undoubtedly the first white men to camp in the western foothills. They stopped for a day on Stevens Creek which they called the Arroyo do San Jose Cupertino, or the Arroyo of St. Joseph

S-230

CLASS 11 HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

1. FIRST WHITE MEN IN VALLEY
(Continued)

of Cupertino who was the most recent saint then canonized. At an elevation of about 300 feet, probably near the present site of the Hoo Hoo house, they saw San Francisco bay some seven miles to the north.

The following day they marched to what later became Palo Alto. Anza gave this name to a rancheria of Indians living on a bank of the creek. This rancheria was the first community in Santa Clara county to bear the name Palo Alto. But Anza decided against founding a mission there, because the San Francisquito goes dry in summer.

Anza was a great admirer of the many trees in Santa Clara county, and he frequently commented on the sycamores, oaks and laurels.

After Anza had founded San Francisco he set out for the Mount Diablo range, and returned to Monterey through the Livermore hills. On his way back to Monterey he camped one night near Gilroy Hot Springs. When he reached Monterey he was still ill. His followers were really devoted to him, and wept when he returned to Mexico.

From the Anza expedition came the settlement of the mission of Santa Clara and the first Spanish pueblo in California, San Jose.

2. FIRST VALLEY INHABITANTS

There were three tribes of Indians in Santa Clara valley alone when the first white settlers came. These Indians were called Socoisukas, Thamiens and Gergecensens. Though living within a space

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

2. FIRST VALLEY INHABITANTS
(Continued)

of about 15 or 20 miles they spoke different dialects. The tribes had different names, but all the Indians between San Francisco and Monterey were virtually of the same blood. They were commonly called Digger Indians, but ethnologists know that this is a misnomer. The term "digger" arose from the fact that the Indians ate a great many herbs and roots, just as white men still do, such as potatoes, onions, turnips, carrots and other vegetables.

The Santa Clara valley Indians were rarely taller than five feet eight inches. They had low retreating foreheads, black, deep-set eyes, thick, bushy eye-brows, wide nostrils, prominent lips, white teeth and a brown skin. I have looked vainly for one of their descendents. Some Indians live in Santa Clara county, but they come from other California tribes. When white men came, there were many rancherias of Indians here, as the records of the Santa Clara mission show, but the first known inhabitants of the valley have entirely vanished.

Before the white men arrived the Indian men in summer wore a loin covering only and in the winter the skin of a deer over the shoulders. The women's summer dress was a fringed apron of tule grass. In winter a half-tanned deer skin was a popular costume and feather garments were worn. Bone ear rings, bobbed hair and necklaces were all in style, though there were some mid-Victorian Indians whose locks flowed over their shoulders.

There were two sorts of houses, one conical and one square.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

2. FIRST VALLEY INHABITANTS
(Continued)

Some had cellars. A hole in the top served as chimney and door. Frequently the walls of the Indian houses were intricately woven. An Indian never regarded his dwelling very seriously, and when he wished a new one he destroyed the old.

Before the white man came to this valley the streams were alive with trout and salmon. Deer, antelope, mountain sheep and bear roamed over the valley and hills. Indians had plenty of food which they caught with bows and arrows and traps.

Indians about the bay did not use wooden boats. They navigated comfortably in boats made of tules. Sometimes they used a skin canoe.

Chieftainship among these tribes was inherited. In some tribes, in default of a male heir, the woman became chieftain or was named the chief. The principal duty of the chief was to make peace and war and to preside over feasts. Shells were used as money. Most of the Indians in this vicinity practiced polygamy and sometimes they married all the family, including the mother.

The Indians liked to dance and frequently there were great balls at Santa Cruz. They had some musical instruments of a rimitive nature. One was a whistle made of reeds.

No intoxicating drink was known here till white men came, though a strong and nauseous native tobacco was smoked. There is reason to believe that the original tobacco taken to England was indigenous

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

2. FIRST VALLEY INHABITANTS
(Continued)

to California.

Medicine men were frequently killed if they failed to cure patients. They used only herbs as medicines. Poison oak, they thought, cured ring worm, if placed in a circle around the affected part. The temescal or sweat house, a crude Turkish bath, had greater curative power than anything else. They built a fire in the sweat house, danced round it naked till perspiring heavily, and then ran out and plunged into cold water.

The dead frequently were cremated. In Santa Cruz, only those who died in battle were burned; others were buried. The Indians had no word for angel, devil or God. Once I asked an old California Indian what kind of a god his people had. "No God," was his answer. "Sun, mountain, moon. God, him come in "forty nine."

3. THE GREAT ADVENTURE

On the sixth of January, 1777, a brown-robed Franciscan priest, Father de la Pena, and a blue-coated Spanish army officer, Lieut. Moraga, with a company of soldiers, set out from the Mission Dolores, San Francisco, on a journey for Charles III, king of Spain. It was a great adventure. They were about to found a mission in the great San Bernardino valley about 20 leagues southward. It was to be called the Mission of St. Clare of Thamien. The priest and the officer decided to place it under some lovely laurel trees on the bank of the Guadalupe river wher they had camped on their way from Monterey.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

3. THE GREAT ADVENTURE
(Continued)

It was the morning of the year in California and they trod on blue lupin and "cups of gold."

The streams were swollen, the low ground in the valley was soggy and impassable, and so the party took the high trail by way of what is now known as Los Gatos. They followed the footsteps of bears, mountain lions, coyotes and wild cats, but no matter. Theirs was consecrated work.

After 12 hours of fording streams and beating their way through poison oak, rosy-wild currant, scarlet toyon, chamisol and underbrush, wet and weary, they gratefully sat down to the supper cooked by them on their campfire. Coarse bread, wine and freshly broiled meat seemed fir food for a cardinal.

They tied their horses with roped, and then, wrapping themselves in their blankets, with saddles for pillows, they slept so soundly that they did not hear the bands of coyotes wail through the foothills. In the morning the man again followed animal tracks. They caught sight of fleeing antelope. The deer were so gentle that they approached like friends.

On the 12th day of January, after a six-day journey, Father Pena and Lieut. Moraga arrived at the place already chosen by them as a site for the next Franciscan mission. It was on the western tributary of the Guadalupe river, a spot called the Socoisuka by the Indians. Marcello, the last of his tribe, who, until the latter part

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

3. THE GREAT ADVENTURE
(Continued)

of the last century was often seen about Santa Clara, called the place Tshatcapshi, meaning "Place of the Laurels." The spot is now unmarked, but it is on the Laurel Wood ranch near Santa Clara, owned by the heirs of the late Peter Donahue.

Father Pena, Lieut. Moraga and the soldiers worked reverently. They hewed wood from the trees for the cross before which thousands were to kneel to receive the blessing of the fathers. Toward evening they blessed and raised the cross in an enramada made of green branches of trees. Under its arms they erected a crude little altar. In clear, melodious, reverent voice, deeply moved by the solemnity of the event, Father de la Pena said the first mass ever celebrated on La Llanura de los Robles," or "Plain of the Oaks," as the Santa Clara valley was then called by the Spaniards.

The Indians came to gaze at these strangers, chanting strange words. Four rancherias of Indians were here, but they did not realize that soon they, the deer, the bear, the antelope and all the wild creatures would vanish. A new civilization had been established on the "Plain of the Oaks."

Santa Clara mission had been dedicated. It was named for Santa Clara, the friend and follower of St. Francis.

4. THE FIRST PUEBLO IN CALIFORNIA

After the Mission St. Clare of Thamien had been in existence a few months, Don Felipe de Neve, the governor of California, decided

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

4. THE FIRST PUEBLO IN CALIFORNIA
(Continued)

to found a pueblo a few miles distant. The fathers protested. There were no other pueblos in California. Not for many leagues did they desire a civil settlement. They themselves were holy men. They led holy lives. Laymen, soldiers - what regard had they for men of prayer and their labors?

Governments grow great by guns, not by prayers. After all, what was a mission but a prelude to the great drama of empire-building sketched by the viceroy for the king of Spain? And so, on Nov. 29, 1777, one league from the Mission of St. Clare, El Pueblo de San Jose de Guadalupe was established by Lieut. Don Jose de Moraga, commandant of the presidio. The pueblo was named for the patron saint of California.

The first pueblo in California had 14 founders - nine soldiers, two settlers and three laborers. Their families made up a population of 66.

The new settlement was commonly called "The Pueblo," and by that name it was known until the American occupation when it blossomed into a full-fledged city with Josiah Belden as mayor.

Moraga parcelled out the lands to the settlers. These Spanish pioneers were Ignacio Archuleta, Manuel Gonzales, Manuel Amezquita, Antonio Romero, Bernardo Rosales, Francisco Avila, Sebastian Alvitre, Claudio Alvire and Tiburcio Vasquez. The soldier settlers were: Corp. Valereo Mesa, Sefereno Lugo, Juan Villela and Jose Romero. Gertrudis Peralta is the only woman settler recorded.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

4. THE FIRST PUEBLO IN CALIFORNIA
(Continued)

The viceroy wrote Governor de Neve approving of the new settlement. The viceroy was a practical man, formerly a cobbler, who later became prime minister of Spain. He prophesied that within two years the crops of the pueblo should be sufficient to supply the presidio and lessen the expense on the royal treasury. Two years later King Charles III sent his approval of founding the pueblo. His care was also for the little mission of St. Clare. He asked that the new pueblo in every way aid instead of hinder the mission fathers.

The governor of California showed that he feared greed in the settlers. He desired to encourage their activity, but he also desired to hold for the crown of Spain as much land as possible. Great tracts were held by the governor for common use, and no settler was allowed to possess more than 50 cattle.

Each settler had monthly pay and daily rations, besides two cows, two oxen, two hens, two sheep, two goats, one mule and implements for cultivating the soil. All was to be paid back in cattle and grain to the royal treasury, except the monthly wages and rations.

In choosing a site for the pueblo, Lieut. Moraga repeated the mistake that he and Father Pena made in selecting the Laurel Wood rancheria for the mission. Moraga forgot the wintry moods of rivers. The pueblo stood about a mile and a quarter from the present center of San Jose. The first winter the Guadalupe rose in the rainly season and the settlers were obliged to take to their boats. There was much ill-health, but no deaths.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

4. THE FIRST PUEBLO IN CALIFORNIA
(Continued)

It was hoped that the next winter the Guadalupe would behave better. And she did. Irrigating ditches were dug through the town. Some adobe houses were built, but the Guadalupe had another caprice and the adobe houses became like wet cellars. The last of these adobe buildings was taken down a few years ago. In the garden of Mr. Archie MacDonald near the Vendome hotel is a tablet on the tree marking the spot where stood the last of the adobes of the old pueblo.

Other floods came and the pueblo had a feeling of impermanence. People said the pueblo could not prosper until it was removed to higher, safer ground. A petition was sent to the governor to that effect. Mails were slow, and Spanish governors were slower. Nothing was done for some years. The Pueblo of San Jose paddled along in the mud the best it could.

In the meantime, the settlers of the pueblo were dissatisfied with their government. There were many factions, and all disapproved of the alcaldes appointed by the governor. The governor often felt like spanking San Jose. He said the pueblo was a spoiled child, not nearly so nice and amenable as the good little sister Pueblo of Los Angeles, the second pueblo in the state to be established.

Finally the governor sent to San Jose a strong man, Ignacio Vallejo, who ruled for seven years. The governor thought he ruled wisely, for the town was more prosperous. But a committee of citizens complained to the governor that Vallejo did nothing but govern; he should "be put to work in the fields."

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

4. THE FIRST PUEBLO IN CALIFORNIA
(Continued)

The people of San Jose were so dissatisfied with their alcaldes that finally the governor in order to quiet them had a special municipal organization for San Jose called the "Ayuntamiento." It consisted of the alcalde, two regidors and a sindico. Temporarily there was peace.

But the pueblo never became in the low land. The people could not travel even to the Mission of Santa Clara without going ten miles. Children were frequently drowned in the mud. Horses even frequently died in the mud between the pueblo and the mission. But not until ten years after the settlement of the town did Governor Fages authorize the settlers to remove the "adjacent loma" (little hill) selected by them as more advantageous. This they did without changing or altering the limits and boundaries of the territory and district assigned to said settlement.

In 1797 early settlers of the pueblo crawled out of the mud and took up their permanent residence around the persent Plaza. In 1797, as in 1925, the Plaza was the heart of the town.

5. LIFE AT THE MISSION

A few days after the cross of Santa Clara mission was raised under the laurel trees, Father Murguia, another devout Franciscan missionary, arrived from Monterey with material for construction of the Mission church. He also brought with him a herd of cattle, the first cattle even seen in the Santa Clara valley. The governor had

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News (1925)

5. LIFE AT THE MISSION
(Continued)

decided that the mission must help supply the presidio with meat. These cattle were the cause of the fathers first struggle with the Indians. Father Pena and Father Murguia gave the Indians meat to eat. They liked it. The Indians had no sense of private property. In fact they had never heard of any beyond a pipe or a hide. They took cattle from the mission.

The fathers had come to save the souls of the Indians not to be robbed by them. But theft disclosed how deep was the Indian's need of salvation. The fathers sent to Governor Fages at Monterey for protection. The governor had several Indians flogged, two or three more killed, but he never entirely cured the Indians of cattle stealing.

There might have been a impassable breach between the mission and the Indians but for an epidemic among the Indians a few months after the establishment of the mission. Many Indian children died. The priests baptized the children. Through the mystic rite of baptism the Indians and the fathers came together.

The first year there were 77 baptisms at the mission. Eight were adults, the rest were children. Twenty-five deaths of Indians were recorded. At the close of the year a church had been built six by 20 varas. Besides this there were two dwellings, one six by 22 varas and the other five by 31 varas. The buildings were made of timber, plastered. The roofs were of clay. A bridge crossed the stream leading to two corrals.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

5. LIFE AT THE MISSION
(Continued)

During the year 1777 the first baptisma among the gente de razon (cultured people) was that of an illegitimate son of Jose Antonio Gonzales and of a woman who was married the following year to another man. The first death among gente de razon was that of Jose Antonio Garcia in 1778.

The first year of the fathers among the Indians was most fruitful. They stirred the sluggish Indians to activity, and they made them understand the Great Spirit of the Christian religion.

The Indians' god, "Cooksuy" was terrible, vindicitive. The Indians were gentle, tractable. They responded to the gentle, forgiving Great Spirit of the patient, generous, kindly fathers who lived in the little thatched houses under the spreading laurels.

The Indians liked the new Spanish foods, the new clothing, the new music, the new half-understood soft words, the new ceremony of kneeling before the cross. They liked everything the fathers brought, but - work. Even work they submitted to for the sake of the fair kind strangers. There was plenty of work.

The floods forced the fathers to give up the beautiful "Place of the Laurels." Four years later they selected another spot at Gergecensen, or the "Valley of the Oaks," not far west of the present broad gauge station at Santa Clara. In order to build the new adobe church Father Murguia and Father de la Pena needed all the holy devotion, and the holy devotion of the neophytes ardent with the story of Jesus, and ardent to build a house for the worship of the

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

5. LIFE AT THE MISSION
(Continued)

Great Spirit.

The church itself was of adobe, but the great beams and rafters were of redwood trees, brought from the Santa Cruz mountains on the Indians' shoulders. Today the polished upper railing of the sanctuary at Santa Clara is of one of those beams.

Father de la Pena and Father Murguia stirred in the Indians an aesthetic sense. When it came to decorating the church the fathers had no paint, but the Indians told them of the juice of the cactus, with which they painted their bodies on gala days. The first decorations of the new church were done with cactus juice. The strength of many prayerful men went into that second mission church of Santa Clara, and the life itself of Father Murguia was given.

Four days before the dedication, his body was placed in the church. The Indians shook their heads. They almost doubted the goodness of the Great Spirit. After all was he not like their own cruel "Cooksuy," always creating beautiful beings only to destroy them?

Messengers hurried to Monterey. Father Serra seldom left the mission at that place, but he decided to quit Monterey for the dedication of the new church. This took place on the 19th of November, 1781, Father Serra with several other priests presiding. The cross which that day was erected has since been beaten down by storms and time, but a portion of it is still preserved under glass at the base of the bright new cross at Santa Clara.

King Charles III sent three bells for the mission on the

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

5. LIFE AT THE MISSION
(Continued)

condition that they should ring daily. For more than a century and a quarter one bell rung every day. But even this beautiful new mission so splendidly dedicated, could not survive the earthquake of 1818. For the third time ground was broken for the mission church. It was placed where it now stands, and many of the decorations, and much of the material of the second church are in the third.

As the mission grew, it was found necessary to have attendant buildings in which to instruct the Indians and for use as work shops. That is why the four walls were built around the square open at one side. In one portion of the building was kept the male portion of the Indians, and on the other side called the "nunnery" were the women. Both males and females were locked in at night. The fathers' held the keys. Occasionally love laughed at the locksmith, and there was an elopement, but such violation of the fathers' discipline were met with severe chastisement.

On one occasion when a woman left her husband for a handsomer Indian, Father Catala sternly brought the lovers back, locked them in a cell without food. Soon there came outcries from the cell. The sinners vowed that they had seen serpents. This was one of Father Catala's miracles most effective in putting an end to evil love.

As a rule the Indian women were docile and industrious. They sewed, wove, ground grain in metates, and learned housewives' duties. The men became artisans or tilled the soil.

When Father Junipero Serra had set out from Mexico the

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

5. LIFE AT THE MISSION
(Continued)

Viceroy Jose Galvez, then at La Paz, and who thought of everything big or little sent with Father Serra a shipload of seeds and grains for sowing, and trees and vines for planting. So there was great new life and interest for the Indians, who at the rancherias passed their time in idleness and sports.

In the year of 1812 the Indians planted the olive trees at Santa Clara. They set out the grape vines and the pear orchard. With much bewilderment they looked at the crude plow sent from Monterey, but they soon learned to use it. The soil was young and so grateful for devotion, that it gave bountiful harvests. The Indians delighted in the corn, peas, beans, melons, pumpkins, figs, and the varied of European fruits which replaced their simple herbs, nuts and bumblebees' honey.

Huge granaries were built, and the Christianized Olhones often returned to their rancherias to tell their friends of the strange beautiful things learned from the white men who came in big canoes thousands of miles to relate the story of the Great Spirit.

Often the un-Christianized Indians stolidly smoked their pipes and granted that it was not wise to eat and drink with strangers. As for tearing up the earth with strange implements - it was unforgiveable and foolish. Did not the forests give all man should eat? If they deserted their fathers' god "Cooksuy," the new foods would make them sicken and die. They must not anger "Cooksuy."

However, the women more fluid, more eager for an intense

S-230

CLASS 11 HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

5. LIFE AT THE MISSION
(Continued)

new form of life, put their papooses upon their backs and followed the Christianized Indians back to the mission to hear the strange bells ring, to listen to the sweet music, to see the brilliant splendid vestments and to hear the wonderful priest, Father Catala. They knelt at the foot of the cross. The men of the tribe followed the women..

And so, grew the Mission.

6. THE SAINT

All his life Father Magin Catala gave to Santa Clara mission. He first appears in the records on Monday, Sept. 1, 1794, when he baptized a child. No likeness of him survives. It is said that he never smiled. Less is known of his appearance than that of any other padre. For 36 years he lived for devotional duty. He wrote no letters. His signature in scattered books and papers, the crucifix he always wore, alone give material proof that he existed. Humility made him wish to obliterate his physical self. In conversation he stood eyes downcast. When he met women he covered his face with his cowl. Soon he was called the saint.

Tortured with inflammatory rheumatism, bereft of comfort and convenience, for 36 years he lived is his chill, narrow cell, still shown at Santa Clara. A devout follower of St. Francis, no penance was too terrible for him to inflict upon his fragile body - abstinence, flagellations, prayers unending. On his knees he remained, until sleep overcame him. Where he sank he slept, in church or cell.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

6. THE SAINT
(Continued)

During his life time he baptized thousands, but his ardor for saving souls was never satisfied. Even in winter, his sandalled feet bare, he went to serve the poor, the dying. Always he walked. The records show that he went as far as Monta Vista where on Stevens Creek, then the Arroyo de San Jose Cupertino, he found converts.

Though San Jose was only a league from Santa Clara those of feeble faith found it difficult to make their way through the mustard trail to the mission. So in 1799 Father Catala and 200 Indians set out the broad avenue of willow trees that connect the two towns. The saint and the neophytes watered the trees. The mustard trail became the "Beautiful Way." Soon it gave shade and shelter to weary worshippers. In large numbers they went to the mission. Often they found the saint alone "Talking with God." For hours they saw him kneeling before the large image of the Master, praying for pagans, while the Indians tried to understand.

When the Indians resisted the saint's prayers, with a guide he went abroad seeking them. Sometimes exhausted he could go no farther. His guide tried to help him. The saint merely replied, "No, pray." The time came when the saint could no longer go into the highwyas looking for converts. He could not even go to the stations of the Way of the Cross set up by him along The Alameda. He remained at the mission in tender converse with the crucifix on his breast.

As the saint appraached three score and ten he realized how brief must be his work, how brief his life. His devotion and his

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

6. THE SAINT
(Continued)

fervor grew. His austerity exacted austerity from the converts. When they entered the mission they were compelled to lay aside their ornaments. His especial severity was against vanity.

One Sabbath morning great was their astonishment to find on the table behind which he preached the skeleton of a woman's head. He seemed not to speak to the converts, but to the dead woman. After a hundred years it is still related how he looked and how he spoke when he addressed the woman. "Where now are thine eyes, oh skull? Those eyes with which thou didst entrap thy dupes. Where are those voluptuous lips and thy vile tongue? In hell!" Thus he went on until the women overwrought cried aloud for pardon for their vanities.

During the last two years the saint preached seated at a table near the railing of the sanctuary. The wayward from San Jose, from the great ranches of the Dons and the dusky pagans thronged the mission. Sometimes the saint spoke till from weakness he fainted. Then tears were in all eyes. He could not remain with them long.

During those last two years Father Catala's feet seemdd scarcely to touch the earth as he dragged himself to and from under the olive branches in the mission garden. Those last days were the miracle days. For his deeds at that time, Rome is now endeavoring to beautify Father Magin Catala of Santa Clara.

As the saint's body gave way the fervor of his spirit grew till within a day of his death he continued at his duties. His last evening on earth he called his Indian attendant, and said: "I

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

6. THE SAINT
(Continued)

am going up above. Watch the sky. When you see the morning star, let me know."

Throughout the night the attendant watched. Early he went to the door of the saint and said: "Father, the morning star has appeared."

"Then please call Father Jose to come to pray over me."

Father Jose appeared, but the saint had gone up above.

The bells tolled. Crowds of people hastened to the mission. "The saint has left us," they cried. At the burial, the Indians lamented and protested against putting their saint in a tomb. They tore his robe to pieces for sacred tokens of the beloved man. One seized his sandals, another his crucifix. Only did they desist when promised each a token of the holy man. By these tokens they lived.

Did Father Magin Catala heal the sick? Did his eyes see leagues? Did his ears hear divine voices? Did he make water flow from a rock in the desert? Did a white light shine on the mission when he prayed? When he knelt at the foot of the cross did the Saviour really release His hands from the nails, and embrace the saint?

Or did the saint's tenderness so stir the hearts of his followers that they themselves saw visions?

And is not this a miracle?

7. THE ALAMEDA, THE BEAUTIFUL

When you walk in The Alameda or when you drive there,

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

7. THE ALAMEDA, THE BEAUTIFUL

remember that the vision of the Beautiful Way between the mission and the Pueblo was born in the brain of Father Magin Catala, the Holy Man of Santa Clara.

Not as a pleasure grove large trees which its name signifies was The Alameda laid out, but as an act of devotion, a religious rite. In 1799 already the mission of Santa Clara had existed for two and twenty years. Father Catala had quit his home to carry the light into the far wilderness. In Santa Clara he pleaded with sinners, he fasted, he lashed his bare back, long days and nights he had remained at the foot of the cross in prayer. Still among the gentiles there was polygamy, infant murder, worship of the god "Cooksuy." In the pueblo soldiers cursed and rioted in soldiers' way. The pueblo was only one league distant. Father Catala felt that his voice did not carry so far.

Even when the Indians listened and understood, even when the soldiers half-heartedly repented of their evil ways, they did not go often to the mission. In the winter the excuse was the mud. In the summer it was the mustard. Indeed the mustard was like a great yellow forest. Sometimes even the devout were lost therein. And so, in order to make the Holy Way the easy, Father Catala became the first road-builder in Santa Clara county.

For two years the padre nursed the willow cuttings. He saw them root and grow into young trees. Early in the spring of 1799 with 200 Indian converts he began The Alameda. In his eagerness he

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

7. THE ALAMEDA, THE BEAUTIFUL
(Continued)

himself uprooted the first mustard. The Indians leaped to their task. Other Olhones, trained as plowmen, stirred the ground for the road. Father Catala marked the places where the trees should be planted. When the road was finished an irrigating ditch was dug the entire length of The Alameda.

With a prayer and a blessing, Father Catala dug the first hole for the willows. Fired by the padre's zeal, the Indians outdid even their leader. Three rows of trees, numbering thousands, were planted between the mission and the pueblo. The mustard trail became the Beautiful Way.

In the early years Father Catala and the neophytes watered the trees, shaped them, protected them from the sun and wild animals, replaced them when destroyed. The willows grew to great height, their branches interlaced. Long after Father Catala and the nameless redmen had gone up above, and long after the power of the mission decayed, and long after people forgot who had given them his wide, leafy way, it was the pride of the pueblo.

A rickety omnibus once ran in The Alameda between San Jose and the mission. Then a crude, little horse-car took its place. A modern electric company had planned a road in the middle of The Alameda. The people protested, the trees must be spared. The men of progress said that the carline should run through the center of the street.

Unexpectedly the supervisors granted the privilege. That night, like the old highwaymen in The Alameda who chose darkness for

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

7. THE ALAMEDA, THE BEAUTIFUL
(Continued)

their deeds, a force of men massacred the trees in the center of The Alameda. In the morning San Jose, stunned, looked at the crime. The company's excuse was "Progress. The trees would have soon fallen. They were old."

Some furrowed, knotted, black old willows remaining on either side of The Alameda, wept over their fallen brothers. "We, too, are old. Almost at the beginning of the new civilization we were here. We communed with all that passed this way. The simple, naked red man, the dark, slow-moving Don, the pale, blue-eyed Gringo. They sat in our shade. They told us their secrets. We gave everything, and asked nothing. The Saint came from Santa Clara, our padre who watered us and cared for us, who prayed here, who set up the stations of the Way of the Cross, and who barefoot in winter here worshipped. There was that other saint, less humble, Father Junipero Serra. He journeyed this way as he went from the pueblo to the mission. The great captain of the king came this way, and sinners came. Sometimes red with murder they asked us for shelter. We gave, We Always gave to all. That great sinner, Vasquez, scarcely noticed us. Proud and haughty, surrounded by his friends, he passed us by riding like a Don. But we saw him drawn back from the pueblo, lifeless and limp, his neck scarlet red and black. We gave him our blessing. Best of all we liked the lovers; those who came in the moonlight, those who came in the dark. But lovers in the dark, lovers in the light, no

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

7. THE ALAMEDA, THE BEAUTIFUL
(Continued)

matter what their tongue or age, they spoke the same words, they looked the same glances, they had the same hopes, the same belief in the eternity of their love. Always them we understood. We ourselves were planted with love. That is why ours is the Holy Way."

8. FIRST CHURCH IN THE PUEBLO

Under monarchies there is always hidden hostility between church and state. This distrust existed between the mission and the pueblo. The mission held the pueblo to be an ungodly force in the community. The rough soldiers of the pueblo scoffed at the self-denial of the Franciscan fathers. The fathers complained to the governor that the soldiers and the settlers delighted in making the neophytes drunk. Young Indian women had to be kept under lock and key.

The fathers were troubled because the unregenerate pueblo cared very little for attending services at the distance of a league. A Mexican stabbed an officer sent by the alcalde to comple him to go to mass.

The devout among the inhabitants of the pueblo in turn were troubled because it was so difficult to worship at Santa Clara. In winter the great stretch of level country between the two places was flooded. In summer the heat was often stiffling. Pedestrians were always in fear of their lives because wild cattle were likely to charge foot passengers. The trees in The Alameda were grown. Travelers took refuge in the trees to escape the long horns of the cattle. Church

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

8. FIRST CHURCH IN THE PUEBLO
(Continued)

going was a physical peril.

The pueblo decided to have a church of its own. And so, in 1803 the pueblo petitioned the commandant at Monterey for the privilege. It was granted. Each farmer was compelled to contribute for the chapel half a fanega of grain (3-4 of a bushel) - "A gift to the church impoverished no man," wrote the governor.

The corner stone of the first church was laid at the corner of El Dorado (now San Fernando) and Market Sts., opposite the post-office, where St. Joseph's now stands. Even the women worked in making the adobe bricks. The people of the pueblo hoped that the occasion would be great and imposing. They addressed Don Jose de la Guerra, commandant at Monterey, asking him to come to San Jose to act as god-father at the consecration of the corner stone of the chapel. The commandant with mock modesty replied that his "daily acts of impiety would not permit him to accept the honor," and so he sent a substitute, Don Jose Estudullo, cadet.

The ceremony took place on the twelfth of July, 1803, on the ground where St. Joseph's church now stands. Several pieces of coined money made in the reign of the different Spanish monarchs were placed under the corner stone. A brief statement of the proceedings was placed in a sealed bottle.

A copy of these proceedings is as follows: "In the Pueblo of San Jose de Guadalupe, the twelfth day of July, 1803, Senor don

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

8. FIRST CHURCH IN THE PUEBLO
(Continued)

Carlos IV, being king of Spain, Don Jose Joaquin de Arrillaga, governor ad interim, and lieutenant of the royal army; the retired sergeant Macario de Castro, commissioner of the pueblo, Ignacio Archuletta, ordinary alcalde; and Bernardo Heridia and Francisco Gonzales, regidores; at 6 o'clock of the evening on said day, was made the consecration of the first stone and mortar of the church which was commenced in the said pueblo, dedicated to the patriarch, Senor St. Joseph, and the Virgin Guadalupe, which ceremony was celebrated with much solemnity by the Rev. Father Friar Jose Viader, minister of the Santa Clara mission; Don Jose Maria Estudillo, cadet, acting as godfather by proxy, from Alferez de Jose Antonio de la Guerra y Noriega, commandant at the Presidio of Monterey, and who placed under the first stone moneys of every soverign, and a duplicate of this document in a bottle sealed with wax for its preservation in the future; and for the present we sign it in the same pueblo the day, month and year aforesaid:

"Fr. Jose Viader.

"Jose Maria Estudillo, as proxy for Alferez de la Guerra y Noriega.

"Marcario De Castro, commissioner."

This little chapel was not finished for several years and, even then, it did have candles for the ceremony. It stood till 1835. It was made of adobe with a grass roof. Some crude

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

8. FIRST CHURCH IN THE PUEBLO
(Continued)

little images decorated the walls. There were no seats. People sat on the floor. Father Catala often came from Santa Clara to say mass in the pueblo church. For years only the priests from the mission presided.

In 1835 Padre Moreno of the pueblo church informed the citizens that he wished to build a new church and he asked for tithes. Some contributions did not come as rapidly as the good father had hoped. The largest sum was given by Mr. G. Figuero. He contributed $30. Finally after ten years' labor Father Moreno succeeded in collecting $2050.

The new St. Joseph's was erected under the supervision of Alcalde Don Antonio Pico. His residence, famous in the pueblo days, stood in San Fernando st. on the corner opposite St. Joseph's Don Antonio Pico was assisted by Don Antonio Sunol, also the Ayuntamiento. The church remained without any alteration until 1858, when it was encased in brick, and adorned with two towers and other embellishments.

St. Joseph's has stood on its original site for 122 years, and so it can be called the oldest building in San Jose.

9. SAN JOSE AS A CHILD

As a child, according to the few photographs of her in existence, San Jose was physically not lovely. She gave little promise of her beautiful womanhood. The first houses in San Jose were built without architects. Very simple they

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

9. SAN JOSE AS A CHILD
(Continued)

were at the time George Washington was president of the United States.

The method of building a house by a colonist was this. He selected a raised spot near running water and placed thereon four logs perpendicularly, forming the frame of the house. Upon these logs smaller ones were laid. To these were tied a roof of tule leaves made waterproof. Then a foundation of large stones was made on the ground from post to post. With mortar small stones were placed upon the large ones. These were added until the wall of the house reached the roof. The house was divided into two or three rooms. Finally an attic was built.

Wooden doors, whitewashed walls inside and out, were a social distinction among the thrifty, early colonists. Plain, indolent people had doors of hides. These doors were seen quite late in the last century in San Jose in the district known as the "Pocket," the old Mexican quarter, formerly in San Pedro st, between San Fernando and Post.

The furniture of the colonists consisted of a cot and three or four chairs covered with skins. Some stools, coarse crockery, blankets and a table completed the furnishings of the average house.

On the ranches the corral was on a level spot in front of the house. Fresh bull hides were nailed to each post which was annointed with bull's blood. Hundreds of cattle could be driven into the corral by two vaqueros.

Although colonists came continually from Los Angeles where the conditions for strangers were not favorable, in 1819 the population

S-230

CLASS 11 HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

9. SAN JOSE A S A CHILD
(Continued)

of the Pueblo was not more than 188. Half the men had joined the army.

In those days one of the most distinguished visitors was Kotzebue, the Russian traveler, for whom Kotzebue sound was named. In 1824 Kotzebue wrote of San Jose as a "beautiful spot, unburdened with taxes." Kotzebue probably did not consider to be a tax a payment of one-third of the tallow from the cattle to the governor. He speaks of the simple life of the Spanish land-owners, and he dwells upon their cordiality, and Castilian grace.

Beachey, another visitor in the early pueblo days wrote of San Jose as the "largest settlement of the kind in upper California. It consists of mud houses, miserably provided in every respect."

Capt. Duhant-Cily of the French navy, who at the same time left his ship at Monterey for a visit to San Jose, describes it as a "town of 80 houses, and not prosperous." Another traveler speaks of San Jose as a "row of adobe houses around the plaza festooned with red peppers." In 1830 Robinson wrote of San Jose as possessing a "church court house, a jail and a grist-mill." Real estate decidedly had no boom. In 1828 a lot of 50x300 feet sold for $100 and a pot of soap.

San Jose certainly needed a good chamber of commerce.

10. SCHOOL DAYS IN THE PUEBLO

In the early days of the Pueblo, books were strange implements as they were throughout California. To be sure there was the fine library at the Santa Clara Mission. But there was only one

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

10. SCHOOL DAYS IN THE PUEBLO
(Continued)

other library in this part of California. This was owned by Jose Castro, afterwards General Castro, conspicuous in San Juan and San Jose at the time of the Mexican War.

The library passed into the hands of Mr. Castro's brother-in-law, Mariano Malarin of Santa Clara. Another excellent library at the period was owned by a scholarly Englishmen named Hartnell, who had married one of the de la Guerras. In about 1834 Mr. Hartnell opened a school called the Seminario de San Jose at his ranch near Monterey. Here boys were received for instruction for $200 a year. The only other libraries in this state were owned by General Vallejo at Sonoma and by the De la Guerra family at Santa Barbara.

Considering the scarcity of books it is not strange that there were so few schools.

The year 1777 must have been a happy one for children who didn't like to study. There were no schools. San Jose had an Alcalde in its early days who was unable to write. In the year 1794 not a man in San Francisco could write. The commandant asked that one able to sign his name be imported from Santa Barbara. He was probably a curiosity.

However, one must not be too critical of education in Spanish in California. At that very time George Washington, a gentleman, a general and a future president, in his diary spelled "window" "winder," not only revealing his peculiarities of spelling, but of pronunciation.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

10. SCHOOL DAYS IN THE PUEBLO
(Continued)

In the 70's of the eighteenth century the children had a long holiday from school except when a mother instructed her own and neighbors' children.

However, when the Mission and the Pueblo were 16 years old the Spanish governor took notice of the lack of schools in the province. A royal order was published requiring the establishment of a school in each Pueblo. Evidently this was thought of first for the instruction of Indians rather than of white children. At any rate, in December 1795, Manuel Vargas in a "public granery " established the first school in San Jose.

The second school, the first school ever established entirely for white children, came into existence in the Pueblo in 1811. The first teacher was an infirm, retired Spanish corporal, named Rafael Villavicucio. He applied for the position of teaching in San Jose. The Alcalde Jose Maria Estudillo, referred him to the commandant at Monterey.

The commandant gave his permission, which was very elaborate, with a great many rules and regulations. The Alcalde concurred and signed the document. A copy of that document is now buried under the corner stone of the San Jose State Teachers' college. Written in faulty Spanish, it reveals that the commandant himself should have gone to school.

Corporal Villaviccucio was given the right to teach the children of the Pueblo of San Jose for six hours daily. His salary

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

10. SCHOOL DAYS IN THE PUEBLO
(Continued)

was 18 reales ($2.25) a year for each child. The teacher was to be paid by the head of each family in grain or flour.

Children should go to school from 8 to 11 in the morning, and in the afternoon from 2 to 5.

Every Thursday and Saturday afternoon children shall not read or write. They must study the doctrine (faith). The teacher is warned that he himself is answerable for explanations of the doctrine.

When the teacher notes the absence of a pupil he must notify the father of the child. The father must give a satisfactory excuse. If the child is absent a second time the teacher must notify the commissioner. The commissioner must compel the father to send the children. No excuses will be accepted from mothers because "they will all be frivolous."

The commandant and the Alcalde favored corporal punishment for their school. The commandant was very explicit when he said "the teacher has the right to correct and punish his scholars with advice, warning and lashes in case of necessity. Particularly he ought to do it for any failure to learn the doctrine. For this he ought not to accept any excuse nor to pardon anyone from punishment who fails to learn it, or who does not commit to memory the lesson given."

In 1818 Antone Buelna fitted up a new schoolroom. He complained to the governor, that a fornega of grain from each parent was not enough. In the spring of 1821 Rafael del Valle taught the Pueblo school. His salary was magnificent for those days, fifteen

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

10. SCHOOL DAYS IN THE PUEBLO
(Continued)

dollars a month.

Teachers came and went. In 1829 thirty children went to school, but no marked change took place in the school system until the American occupation of California.

10. WINE AND BRANDY IN THE PUEBLO DAYS

Even before the coming of the Spaniards there were strong intoxicants on the "plain of the oaks." The Indians had a drink of deadly power, called pisbibata. It was made of powdered calcined shells, wild tobacco juice, islais or wild cherry. All was ground together and shaken. Water was added till it was almost a salad. With this was mixed a fruit of easy fermentation. Pisbibata was equal in strength to rum, tobacco juice and opium.

The Indians seated themselves around a dish of their favorite drink in the hot sun. Not much was ever taken. Their manner of imbibing it was not elegant. An Indian thrust his forefinger into the dish, then licked his finger and fell back drunk. Indians were forbidden by the Spaniards to manufacture their native drink. Spaniards brought with them cuttings of grapes, and wine succeeded pisbibata.

The Indians liked the new beverage. Often they stole grapes from the Dons and made their own wine. There was a law limiting the amount of grapes the Indians could have. Inspectors of the government were continually inspecting wine-vats. Always they were on the lookout for Indians secretly fermenting wine. When the natives were discovered they were flogged for violating the law.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

10. WINE AND BRANDY IN THE PUEBLO DAYS
(Continued)

In pueblo days, Indians were wine makers. The wine-making method was the primitive one still used in some parts of Italy. On a platform were placed clean hides and a mass of grapes. A naked, freshly bathed Indian, hair bound up in a cap, was then set to work treading the grapes. The juice was drawn off in buckets and allowed to ferment.

But Spanish governors believed in a "dry" province. Only with great difficulty in the early days did even the officials have intoxicants to drink. One governor in a letter from Monterey rebuked the Alcalde of San Jose for having aguardente in his house, as well as for having gambling there on Sunday.

The early records show that in some places brandy was for sale. Governor Arguello in 1823 wrote the Alcalde of San Jose that Antonio Sunol, one of Naploeaon Bonaparte's veterans, had rum and honey in his house from which Mr. Sunol was making and selling illegally at retail an intoxicating drink. Don Antonio Sunol for years was called the leading citizen of San Jose. Pio Pico set up a San Jose dram shop and sold drinks at twenty-five cents each. His customers drank such large glasses that the business-like grandee later sold drinks in a deer horn with a movable wooden bottom. In 1828 the municipal receipts were $297, $213 coming from the brandy tax. A sergeant at Monterey was permitted to sell Spanish brandy, but no person could buy more than two reales worth in the morning, and one in the evening.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

10. WINE AND BRANDY IN THE PUEBLO DAYS
(Continued)

The brandy must be drunk standing in the presence of the person selling it.

There are many records showing that prominent citizens of the province made their own brandy, but the commandant had a thousand eyes. Time and time again he warned the self-indulgent against the quantity they were making and drinking.

The first person in San Jose given permission to make brandy was Don Manuel Higuerra, in the year 1805. The Higuerras were large landowners in Santa Clara county, gente de razon. The commandant thought it safe to permit the head of the family permission to manufacture one barrel of peach brandy. In this language the commandant writes:

"The individual, Manuel Higuerra, has permission to make as much as one barrel of peach brandy.

"Monterey, 19th of August, 1805.

"NORIEGA."

It is supposed that Don Manual used his peach brandy with discretion because no records of reproof exist.

Don Manuel's peach brandy was the forerunner of the famous Naglee brandy made in San Jose in the 50's and 60's. In 1852 the first vineyard aside from the Mission grape vineyard was planted by Mr. Charles le Franc. In 1858 General Naglee introduced 150 varieties of grapes in California. Among others was "La Folle Blanche," the only grape from which cognac brandy can be produced.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

10. WINE AND BRANDY IN THE PUEBLO DAYS
(Continued)

General Naglee made brandy in a royal, extravagant way befitting a Roman emperor. The grapes were not pressed, nor were the stems crushed. This did away with fusil oil and tannin. The skin and the seeds were thrown away. The Naglee brandy when properly "aged" an old pioneer describes as looking like "white velvet and tasting like heaven." In Europe this wasteful American method caused horror, and so General Naglee had neither rivals nor competitors. He had great skill in "ageing" brandy, It sold as high as 25 cents and 50 cents a glass. The Naglee wine house had a capacity of a hundred thousand gallons. It was burned.

Mr. Paul Masson, the son-in-law of the late Mr. Charles Le Franc, is the present owner of the old Le Franc vineyard. He for years manufactured the only successful champagne in California, or the United States. His champagne was made from the Franch Pinaud grape, which is grown in the United States only in California. It thrives successfully in the Santa Clara valley alone.

Vancouver, the English explorer, who was the first foreigner "to travel so far in the interior of California as the Mission Santa Clara," wrote that at first the grape vines did not meet the success at the Mission. Vancouver added his suspicion that the Mission fathers were not sufficiently skilled in viniculture and that later the vine would be successful in the Santa Clara valley.

Vancouver's prophecy was fulfilled. In 1860 there were a million and a half grape vines in this valley. Santa Clara county

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

10. WINE AND BRANDY IN THE PUEBLO DAYS
(Continued)

produced as much wine as all the rest of California. Then all the terrible blights of phylloxera fell upon the state. Vineyardists became discouraged. Prunes were more easily grown in a prune orchard than in a vineyard. Vines were uprooted and prunes planted. Later prohibition with its new threat of financial loss hovered over California. Its acreage in vines was reduced by two-thirds. Apparently prohibition has been a boon to vineyardists. At the present time there are 50 per cent more vines under cultivation in this county than before the Volstead act.

11. LAW AND ORDER IN THE PUEBLO

History is often but scandal grown old. Now that the youth of San Jose has flown these hundred years, one may say that the youth of San Jose was shocking, saandalous. The pueblo people wereindolent, shiftless, and addicted to vice. But the Spanish governors at Monterey ruled like Puritans and like sultans.

In 1799 Governor Borica wrote a stern letter to the San Jose colonists reproaching them because they tilled their lands so badly. He told them they were lazy, and if they didn't have better crops next year he would fine them. Evidently the scolding did the colonists good. In 1800 there was a splendid crop. The governor in order to show that he could be gracious as well as stern, wrote congratulating the citizens. However, he told Alcalde Vallejo that he was ashamed of the poor hemp shipped to Mexico from San Jose.

Not only the shiftlessness of San Jose troubled the governor,

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

11. LAW AND ORDER IN THE PUEBLO
(Continued)

but the morals. In 1796 Governor Fages denounced the people of San Jose for their immorality, but first the governor reproved Alcalde Vallejo for his own shortcomings. Not only were the alcalde's private morals undesirable, and an evil example in the community, but the governor reproached the alcalde for allowing people to murmur against those in authority at Monterey. He ordered an espionage system to punish murmurers.

Vallejo was evidently a very unsatisfactory alcalde, for later in 1799 Governor Borica rebuked him for gambling. The alcalde of San Jose was even worse than the alcalde of Los Angeles. Vallejo of San Jose gambled. He won $10 from a convict. The governor was so shocked that the alcalde of the oldest pueblo of California should have such a passion for gambling that he would even gamble with a criminal in the jail, that he compelled the alcalde to return the $10. He told him that if he didn't behave better, he would compel him to resign. Later this was what Vallejo did.

So incorrigible was young San Jose that it built a jail even before San Francisco felt the need of one. In 1822, the governor ordered that one-third of all the tallow be used for the building of a jail in San Jose. San Francisco had no jail, and often borrowed the one in San Jose for the use of her prisoners who were sent here. However, in 1836 law and order had so subdued crime that there was only one prisoner in the San Jose jail.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

12. LAW AND ORDER IN THE PUEBLO

Indians were seldom imprisoned. The government thought a jail too costly and distinguished for Indians. It was far easier to flog or shoot them. Governor Fages punished theft of cattle among the Indians by death. It was for the civilized Americans to introduce hanging.

Cattle stealing was a fascinating and incurable crime among the Indians.

In 1783 Governor Fages marched with troops against gentiles near Santa Clara for stealing horses from settlers. They killed two Indians and frightened the rest into obedience. In 1788 15 natives including three chiefs, worked in the Presidio for stealing horses. Thirty-five pounds of powder, 800 bullets, 100 flints were sent to San Jose as reserve ammunition.

Horse stealing has always been considered a serious offense in California. In the early days every man was supposed to take care of his life, but property was defenseless. As late as 1852 Governor Burnett, the first governor of California, in a message to the legislature, recommended hanging as a punishment for theft of horses until prisons and jails should be established.

In 1835 no one could mark, brand or kill stock except on days designated by the Ayuntamiento (town council) and never without permission of the juez (judge), who should inform the Alcalde. A violation of this law was punishable by a fine. No one could even give a fandango without permission of the Alcalde. A non-licensed

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

12. LAW AND ORDER IN THE PUEBLO
(Continued)

dance was stopped, and the host was obliged to pay a fine of $20.

At the close of the 18th century the Alcalde ordered immoral girls in San Jose whipped or kept at public work, sweeping streets or carrying brick and mortar for buildings. If the girls had a few reales to pay as a fine, punishment was remitted.

Women were not allowed to go to the pueblo without their husbands. Men and women who went to the mission to sleep without leave were placed in stocks.

There was a single sex standard in Colonial California. All boys over 12 were compelled to sleep in the guardhouse "for protection of family peace." Governor Borica stormed at erring husband from Monterey. He threatened them with exposure. If they persisted in evil they were handcuffed, secluded in a respectable house, and later sentenced to hard work.

The early archives are stained with the misconduct of one Francisco Avila, who must have been the wickedest man in San Jose. He was usually in prison, exile or doing a jail sentence for his sins. One wrongdoer from Los Angeles, Navarro, was exiled to San Jose. So evil was he here that he was exiled to San Francisco, where he is lost in history. One of the laws for the citizens of Santa Cruz was that her citizens must not go on pleasure trips to wicked San Jose.

In 1804 citizens of San Jose, in order to gratify their love of gaudy finery, appeared in soldiers' uniforms. Commandant

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

12. LAW AND ORDER IN THE PUEBLO
(Continued)

de la Guerra at Monterey complained. The governor ordered citizens of San Jose to desist from wearing the insignia of the army. Otherwise they had 18 days in the calabozo. A man who made a scandal in church in San Jose received 25 blows in public or passed a month in stocks.

In 1821 the church threatened anyone who waltzed with excommunication. Juan Bandini introduced the waltz in 1830, when for the first time it was danced at the governor's ball in Monterey.

13. LAW AND ORDER IN THE PUEBLO

At the close of the 18th century the Alcaldes, following the orders of the governor, punished some persons who refused to work. In 1788 settlers were imprisoned and put in irons for refusing to work on the building for the town council.

In 1800 while Alcalde Castro was giving a ball his house was set on fire. Soldiers were called from the Presidio. No one could leave town without permission. In 1800 anyone abroad after 11 o'clock might be arrested.

However, there was one crime in San Jose that seemed almost unpunished. This was killing Indians. In 1784 two boys of the pueblo drowned an Indian to amuse themselves. Because of their youth they were given only 25 lashes in the presence of the natives.

In 1822 the people of the pueblo had a lapse in industry. They could not pay their tallow tax. They appealed to the governor to be released from the tax for that year. The governor very reluctantly

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

13. LAW AND ORDER IN THE PUEBLO
(Continued)

conceded their request. At the same time he reproached them for having squandered the abundance of former years in vice.

In the pueblo law was enforced by the Alcalde, who was a despot, occasionally benevolent. He walked with a gold-headed cane, an emblem of justice doubtless descending from the Romans.

When a new law was sent to San Jose by the governor at Monterey, the Alcalde despatched one of his officers through the pueblo beating a snare drum. The citizens all came into the plaza, and the Alcalde read them the new law. When one had a grievance against his neighbor he went before the Alcalde and told the story. If the Alcalde felt that the citizen had been wronged he summoned the offender. He sent one of his officers who carried aloft the Alcalde's cane, which was law, order, justice, the king and god combined. No One was ever known to disobey the summons of the Alcalde's cane except Captain John C. Fremont when he came on his great exploring expedition.

The ordinary citizens never failed to follow this emblem of justice to the Jusgaldo, where the Alcalde held court. The Jusgado later became the city hall.

Oridinary cases the Alcalde heard in a very few minutes. When there seemed to be important issues at stake the Alcalde called in two or three distinguished citizens to hear with him testimony. The most intricate cases in those days did not occupy more than two or three hours.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

13. LAW AND ORDER IN THE PUEBLO
(Continued)

There are a very few of the Alcalde's records in existence, but by consulting the archives of the governors one finds out what the Alcaldes did. One court house record shows that a man brought suit against an Alcalde for ordering him flogged. Another man went before an Alcalde and complained that his wife would not live with him. The Alcalde sent for the wayward wife, locked her in jail with her husband, told them that they must remain there till they stopped quarreling. No record reveals how long before the quarreling couple was released.

But Oct. 15, 1785, there was great joy among sinners and criminals in San Jose, for on that day the twins, Don Carlos and Don Felipe, were born to the king of Spain. Guns boomed, flags waved, pardon was extended to all.

14. MAKING A LIVING IN THE PUEBLO

If you had come to San Jose from Spain in 1777, how would you have made a living? There was only a little group of houses with tule roofs back of where the Hotel Vendome now stands. There was no irrigation system, no roads. It was a hard struggle for the colonists, but this was how they managed.

Each colonist was given by the government a lot for building a house, as well as free wood. Almost ironically was added "free water." Certainly the colonists had plenty of water. For five years a colonist paid no taxes. The Spanish government provided him with seed, implements and live stock, all of which had to be paid for within

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

14. MAKING A LIVING IN THE PUEBLO
(Continued)

five years from the produce of the land. The first two years each colonist received payment from the government of $116.50 annually. The next three years this was reduced to $60.00. Payment of the subsidy was made in clothing and other necessities.

Everyone worked, but wages were not high. When the colonists needed workmen they went out and threw a riata over an Indian's head and dragged him into the pueblo. Catching an Indian, and making an Indian work were two entirely different matters. After an Indian was flogged into industrial efficiency he was given 25 cents for a day's work to be divided between extra food and clothing or blankets. The most energetic Indians sometimes were paid one third of the produce for their labor. Some of the public buildings in Monterey were built by a hundred San Jose Indians who were escorted to Monterey by a "boss." The Indians worked very obediently in Monterey. They did not revolt because they liked the sea bathing. The Indians were the first Californians to appreciate Monterey as a summer resort.

Often the white people felt that the Indians received more than their share. The governor at Monterey, for example, earned but $4000 a year. The officers received so little that their wives had to take in washing to keep up appearances. A common soldier was paid little more than a hundred dollars a year.

The governor had great difficulty in making the pueblo colonist industrious. The colonist, too, had his trials. He was obliged to sell his produce exclusively to the pueblo at a price fixed

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1935)

14. MAKING A LIVING IN THE PUEBLO
(Continued)

by the government. Even his time was not his own. He was compelled to keep himself and horses in readiness for military service. He was obliged to work on roads, ditches and public buildings for nothing.

A colonist who failed to cultivate his land lost the improvements as well as the land. In 1796 sheep-raising was introduced in San Jose. Each colonist was compelled to keep three sheep to one of large cattle. They were allowed to have only 50 large cattle. Strong governments in those days did not permit their power to be threatened by tyrannical private monopolies.

15. MAKING A LIVING IN THE PUEBLO

Governor Borica tried to make a success of horticulture in San Jose. Even in 1795 the climate of the place attracted attention. The governor decided that this was precisely the spot for cultivation of hemp. He sent a quantity of seed for sowing. The crop was lost, but five fanegas (seven and a half bushels) were saved. In 1796, 30 fanegas (45 bushels) were harvested. The grain saved was turned over to the Indians for rations. Rude machines were sent to San Jose for preparing the fibre of hemp. It was shipped to Monterey, from there to be sent to Mexico. Hemp culture was never a success in San Jose.

Better results were had about the same time when flax was introduced. In 1800 flax was called a success in San Jose.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

15. MAKING A LIVING IN THE PUEBLO
(Continued)

About the same time corn was planted. That failed, but the second sowing was successful.

Horticulture never really thrived in the pueblo. The colonists had bad luck. The dam burst and there was no reservoir. Governor Fages, very ambitious for the prosperity of the oldest pueblo, in 1785 sent Ignacio Vallejo to make a new dam and reservoir for the pueblo.

Vallejo was a strong man of action. He built a reservoir, improved the water supply of the town. The governor felt that Vallejo had put the pueblo on a business basis.

In spite of Vallejo's sound economic wisdom he was a sad trial to the governor who always reproached him for his moral delinquencyand the evil example he set in a community. Finally Vallejo was removed from office.

The governor urged the people in the pueblo to industry. In 1795 he told them to tan hides for saddles, boots and shoes. Good leather products would be bought by the presidio. During the early pueblo days the men who could make saddles were always busy.

In 1798 Larois and Valesteros built a water mill in San Jose. In July, 1799, a man named Villavicino had a loom. At the Santa Clara mission so many blankets were made that none were brought from Mexico after 1797. In 1792 2000 hides were tanned at the Santa Clara mission.

The real prosperity of the pueblo came later when the restriction against owning more than 50 cattle was removed. Then stock

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

15. MAKING A LIVING IN THE PUEBLO
(Continued)

raising became the popular and paying occupation. Cattle were little work, and that work was adventurous and pieturesque. Hides and tallow took the place of money. They could be exchanged for all necessities. Sometimes the trading ships coming to Monterey gave the colonists gold for their hides and tallow.

Early in the pueblo days cattle became so numerous that they had almost no value. There are records of wanton, terrible slaughter of cattle when the business of cattle raising was overdone. During a drought thousands were driven into the sea and drowned. Over production was usually regulated by bears and wolves who when hungry came down from the mountain and prowled about the plain. Frequently wolves were poisoned with a deadly herb, now probably extinct, yerba de pueblo.

For those who wish to compare values in the early days with those of today, here is a list of the prices of a few necessities:

Rosaries	$ 03
Sackcloth, a year	25
Woolen stockings, a pair	25
Silk stockings	1 50
Linen shirts	3 50
Ear rings	25
Copper pots	3 50
Flour, per cwt.	6 00
Wheat, a bushel	1 50

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

15. MAKING A LIVING IN THE PUEBLO
(Continued)

Hens	$ 25
Eggs, a dozen	25
Antelope skins	1 75
Pigs	1 00
Bulls	3 00
Cows	4 00
Mules	6 00
Horses	9 00

16. DAYS OF THE DONS

Until 1816 only two Anglo-Saxons had come to Santa Clara valley. They were John Gilroy, a Scotchman, and Robert Livermore. Gilroy's real name was Cameron but he changed it to avoid arrest and deportation to Scotland. Gilroy landed at Monterey in 1815 from a Hudson Bay company's ship. Ill with scurvy, he was cast upon the shore and left to die. But Gilroy did not die; the climate cured him. He was baptized in 1814 at San Carlos as Juan Antonio Maria Gilroy, the first foreigner to settle permanently in California. He married Senorita Marici Clara Ortega, great granddaughter of the discoverer of San Francisco bay, and daughter of Ygnacio Ortega of Los Ortegas, as the Ortega ranches on which Gilroy now stands were called. The Ortegas owned the San Isidro ranch. Robert Livermore came to San Jose in 1816 and went to Livermore valley. His wife was a Josefe Higuera, widow of Fuentes Molina.

At this time the white population of San Jose and its

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

16. DAYS OF THE DONS
(Continued)

vicinity was only a few hundred. They were mostly Spaniards and Mexicans living on widely separated ranches, acquired through Spanish grants. They came to California by way of Mexico. Among the families of the early part of the nineteenth century best known in San Jose were the Antonio Maria Picos, who lived on and whose gardens extended to First st. Antonio Maria Pico was alcalde of San Jose in 1835. The de Narvaez, now called Narvaez, were other great land owners. The first Narvaez was a Spanish officer, and later the alcalde of San Jose. The ancestor of the Narvaez today in San Jose at that time owned a great San Bautista ranch. It extended from Edenvale to the Willows and beyond. It included the Lone Hill Vineyard ranch.

Governor Arguellos and his descendants lived at Santa Clara. The Arguellos owned the Pulgas ranch, of which the famous El Quito olive ranch is a part.

In what now is called Hall's valley the Bernals were lords of property that has made several men millionaires. Their ranch bore the name of Canada de Pala. The Berryessas had a great domain in the Almaden country and near Berryessa. The Alvisos, for whom the Embarcadero was named, were owners of a vast estate which now includes Milpitas. Their property was also in the Half Moon Bay district. The Chaboyas owned the great Yerba Buena ranch at Evergreen, which joins the Bernal ranch.

Among the first Spaniards to come to this valley were the

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

16. DAYS OF THE DONS
(Continued)

Ortegas, who owned the San Ysidro ranch near Gilroy, and the de la Rosas, who had a vast property near Milpitas. The Sunols, who were both Spanish and French, owned Los Coches, near the Mission San Jose.

Most of these families were of Castillian origin and their social importance was determined not so much by the extent of their domain as by the freedom of their blood from any taint of the Mexican or Indian.

Much has been written of the dazzling luxury of the days of the dons, but this is somewhat exaggerated. The houses were simple, one-story buildings with tiled roofs and a porch in front. Some of the great families had their houses built around a court or patio, but there were only a few of these in California. Even the De la Guerra houses at Santa Barbara today would be considered merely a substantial bungalow for a well-to-do-man.

The splendid raiment of the Spaniards is also considerably exaggerated. People bought rich, substantial clothing, the richest silks, heaviest cloths, but changing fashions did not greatly influence the dons. In 1796 there were three pairs of scarlet silk stockings sold in San Jose. This means that there were three women of fashion in the pueblo. At that time scarlet as well as blue silk stockings were greatly in vogue among the Spanish women.

The wives and daughters of the dons did their shopping when the Russian, English and Yankee vessels came into harbor at Monterey. They traded on the sands for hides and tallow, the

S-230

CLASS 11 HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

16. DAYS OF THE DONS
(Continued)

currency of the day. Occasionally the captain and some of his officers came over to San Jose with pack trains. They brought beautiful laces, shawls, fans, furniture. A few of these are now in possession of the Spanish families, but the collectors have bought most of them.

The furniture of the dons was not luxurious. Much of it came from England, France and China. The beautiful old Spanish chests, for instance, as well as the beautiful Spanish shawls, were made in China.

They had very little silver and few fine porcelains.

The one extravagance of the dons was the silver saddle. A don has been known to give a league of land for one saddle.

The Spanish California's most destructive extravagance was gambling - monte, cock-fighting, bull-fighting, horse racing. He gambled all night. Children gambled buttons off their clothes. Those early gambling debts were the foundation of many a Yankee fortune.

The Spaniards borrowed of the gringos. The gringos were always ready to lend - at from 100 to 150 per cent interest. One of the Castros gave a party. He borrowed $5000 from a gringo and paid ten per cent a month interest. As a usual thing the gringo was paid in land. The gringo was honest. Everyone was honest. The don was a friend of everyone, everyone was a don's friend. The gringos surveyed the land. They gave themselves good measure. Some ranches

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

16. DAYS OF THE DONS
(Continued)

near San Jose were surveyed by Americans for themselves so that 10,000 acres were taken when only 1000 were paid for.

The law? Litigation was expensive and troublesome. After the American occupation, law was against the Spaniards. Still the don borrowed of the gringo. He had no fear of the sharp-eyed, fair people from the Atlantic coast. The don's motto was "Tomorrow never comes."

And so, today in San Jose you will find the smallest houses occupied by the descendants of the dons. They often occupy humble positions, but many of the younger generation show talent for music and all the arts.

17. DAYS OF THE DONS

The distinguishing quality of the days of the Dons was generous, hearty hospitality. Among this landed aristocracy there was no such word as stranger. Every passerby was welcome, not only to food and rest for the night, but to a fresh horse from the corral. Indian and half-breed servants there were by the dozen ready to serve.

Don Antonio Sunol, one of Napoleon's veterans, was known as having the best trained servants in the valley. When guests came each was given an Indian guide and servant. The servant cared for guest's saddle, his horse, fastened his spurs and was always at his command.

Entire families came on visits and remained weeks. Captains

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

17. DAYS OF THE DONS
(Continued)

of trading vessels and their officers, as well as the distinguished travelers Vancouver, Beechy, Markoff, Duhant-Cilly, were entertained by the Dons. Many pretty and tragic romances resulted from these strangers' visits.

The Spaniards loved to dance, but the fandango was not nearly so gay and animated as on the stage. Dana spoke of his disappointment in the lack of animation of the Spanish women in the fandango. They danced very slowly, eyes on the floor, producing almost an effect of solemnity. However the men showed great spirit and grace in the fandango.

When strangers came the Dons gave great balls to which everyone, rich and poor, was invited. Sometimes no invitations were issued, but guests came miles on horseback. All knew they were welcome.

When the Dons wished to be especially gracious a young member of the family in holiday attire rode into the Pueblo, clinking his silver spurs, strumming a light guitar, singing Spanish songs. At the humblest hut or to the plainest old lady he gave a daylight serenade, making the hut a palace and the old lady beautiful. Then the cavalier uncovered and verbally extended the invitation to the great party.

Young ladies went to the dance attended by their mothers or duennas, usually elderly relatives. In the sunny valley love was

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

17. DAYS OF THE DONS
(Continued)

as natural as the sunshine. The duenna looked approvingly at the lovers, glad that she saw her own girlhood relieved. When the love-making was successful the youth told his father his plans; and then, the father of the young lady. If consent was given the trousseau was prepared immediately, and the wedding festivities lasted weeks. The bride's trousseau consisted of dresses and household furnishings. Her marriage portion was cattle, horses, lands.

Once a year there was a great rodeo to which each Don invited all the neighboring Dons and their families. On these occasions the young steers were branded. Only expert vaqueros could brand cattle, and the scene was always spectacular and picturesque. In later times when Tiburcio Vasquez, the bandit, was not following his engaging profession, he branded cattle at rodeo.

At all these festivities great quantities of food were consumed, chickens, beef, tomatoes, frijoles, enchiladas, hot with peppers. At one wedding feast ten tons of provisions were eaten.

Markoff, a Russian traveler, gives a picture of a supper he had at a grandee's house at Santa Clara in 1835. The Spaniards sat with their hats on during the conversation, and they did not remove them during supper. When that event came a tea kettle was put on the table. Supper consisted of a hashed meat dish. It was placed in the center of the table. Markoff ate two small pieces of the meat. They contained so much pepper that his mouth was burned, and he had to give up the supper. The Don's family ate the food with

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

17. DAYS OF THE DONS
(Continued)

great relish. The second course consisted of baked apples and tea. After supper all smoked.

18. THE SUNOLS' ADOBE RUIN

Some years ago workmen were tearing down the walls of an old adobe in the rear of "Decker's Shoeing Shop" on Market st., near the station of the Peninsular road. Few persons noticed it, but it belonged to one of the most famous residences of the old pueblo days. It was formerly the residence of Don Antonio Sunol.

The main portion of the residence stood almost intact until 13 or 14 years ago, when it was bought by the O. K. garage and for the most part razed to make room for the new building. At that time there was considerable excitement because it was known that Don Antonio had been a rich man. He owned the great Rancho del Valle as well as the Rancho 'les Coches in Alameda county. In Don Antonio's time there were no banks and so wealthy people buried their gold in strong boxes. There were rumors that he had hidden treasure in the thick adobe walls. A crowd gathered expecting to find Spanish doubloons, but they were disappointed.

Don Antonio was born in Barcelona, Spain. He came to San Jose in 1818. He had passed several years in Spanish wars, and had served under Jerome Bonaparte. He was a man of education, experience and shrewdness. He married Maria Dolores Bernal, one of the heiresses of the vast Santa Teresa ranch. He kept a large merchandise store, and like many of the old Spaniards he manufactured soap and candles.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

18. THE SUNOLS' ADOBE RUIN
(Continued)

The old dons were never too proud to manufacture soap. Even the Ortegas of Gilroy, who had 33 miles square, incidentally, had a soap factory on what is now called the Rancho del Rey at Monterey. The Hotel Del Monte owns the Rancho del Rey.

Don Antonio Sunol was the first man to work the Almaden mines discovered by his brother-in-law, Berryessa. Sunol's luck went awry in connection with the Almaden. He spent $400 on it, became discouraged and abandoned it.

In trading he was sharp and keen as a Yankee. He sold a great many supplies to Sutter. Among the most interesting early California letters are those that passed between Sutter and Sunol. Don Antonio threatened to seize Sutter's cattle by force if he did not pay his bills. The gringos never got the better of Don Antonio. He died a rich man.

While Don Antonio was a very able business man, he was always interested in public affairs. He was San Jose's first postmaster, and in 1846 he was one of the 12 men appointed by Alcalde Burton to govern San Jose.

Don Antonio was one of the most generous of men. His wine cellar was famous. His servants were perfect. In 1835 he gave the site of St. Joseph's church to the parish. His wife is one of the two persons buried under the altar of the old church. Later when the secularization of the missions came he, with Antonio Maria Pico, bought the Mission of San Rafael for $8000. When Archbishop Allemany

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

18. THE SUNOLS' ADOBE RUIN
(Continued)

came to this country from Spain he was first a guest of Don Antonio who had known him in Barcelona.

Now that the old house is gone not many mementoes of Don Antonio Sunol exist in San Jose. One of the most interesting belongs to his granddaughter, Miss Margarita. It is the engraving of a little Saint Anthony. For years it was worn in the case of Don Antonio's watch. On the back of the engraving there is written in Don Antonio's handwriting that this saint had traveled with him through the war of 1808 and to the Bay of Bristol. The Spanish words are:

"Este santo me a accompanado en la guerra de anno, 1808, i en la navagasion esta la baia de Bristol."

19. AMUSEMENTS IN THE FORTIES

Among the chief amusement in the early '40's in San Jose were the Spanish theatrical companies. Their engagements lasted weeks and often stretched into months. They played both comedy and tragedy. Sometimes they produced operas. An old Spanish lady says that in 1840 she pawned her earrings to see the Spanish plays. The Spanish actors used to appear at the San Jose theater, opposite the Victory. This theater was the first in the city. It was turned into a stable.

Spaniards in those days rode a great deal. The men were in bright colored costumes, but the women used the usual riding habit. The horses were gaily decked out. The harnesses were beautifully embroidered in gorgeous silks. The women did the embroidering.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

19. AMUSEMENTS IN THE FORTIES
(Continued)

There were many private balls in the '40's for the Spaniards danced despite the prophecy of Father Catala, who predicted that they would be destroyed by a fair people which should come to California to find gold. When a ball was given at one of the great ranches people talked about nothing else for weeks.

All the friends of the family were invited to the ball, and that usually meant all their relatives. The Spanish Californians intermarried to such an extent that important families were related to the others. Guests arrived at a ball in carrettas and stayed for several days. They did not sleep during the festivity. Occasionally they napped. When the women danced the men threw their hats upon the heads of the ladies who distinguished themselves for their grace. Then they scattered gold at their feet.

For the gentlemen who did not care to dance, there was as today a trellised arbor called the ramada. It was built for smaking, conversation and cards.

The Spanish Californian men danced with much grace and vivacity. The Montereyans were supposed to excel all others.

Better than dancing the daring young men like hunting bear, antelope and elk. It required great agility as well as deftness with a kinfe to kill an elk. Elks were very cautious. Sportsmen of the time had their legs bound to their horses. Then they pursued the elk down a precipice, hurled a knife into his rear leg, capturing the

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

19. AMUSEMENTS IN THE FORTIES
(Continued)

animal by wounding and laming him.

The elk skin was used in the transportation of tallow to Monterey and San Francisco. The tallow was hardened by the fat of the elk. So elk hunting had a practical aspect. Some of the old dons used to send their sons elk hunting and tell them not to come back till they killed three or four.

Gambling was another popular amusement in the early days in California. Spanish - California women were extremely devout, but frequently during mass one saw outside the church men gambling on outstretched serapes. In their excitement, when they lost sometimes they borrowed and paid interest as high as 12 and 15 per cent a day. After the Americans came, they capitalized this love of gambling among the Spanish - Californians. The Americans had the banks. They allowed the Spanish Californians to play monte.

The most exciting attraction of the pueblo was the bear and bull fight that used to take place in the old plaza. Always there was a bull fight on Sept. 16, the day of the independence of Mexico. A high fence was erected on the plaza just back of where the city hall now stands. The best music in northern California was engaged for the occasion. Traveling toreadors came as actors do nowadasy.

When a toreador appeared in the inclosure he wore splendid striped trousers, a plumed hat and a flaming cape that he flaunted in the face of the animals. Sometimes a toreador killed three or four bulls in one afternoon. The animal was dragged out of the inclosure

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

19. AMUSEMENTS IN THE FORTIES
(Continued)

as soon as he met death. Occasionally the toreador himself was killed.

If a toreador met death in a bull fight he was not allowed to have mass said for his soul. He could not enter the church - dead - nor could be buried in holy ground. The church was greatly opposed to bull fights.

The bull fights ended in 1854 when the legislature passed a bill "to prevent noisy and barbarous amusement on the Sabbath."

This act seemed to the Spanish Californians about San Juan Bautista a very quaint and amazing piece of legislation. They couldn't live without bull fights, but one cautious man consulted Dr. Wiggins, who had lived in San Juan Bautista since 1842, and was friendly with the Spaniards.

Dr. Wiggins was something of a wag, and so, he said to the promoters of the bull fight: "Go ahead with the fight. They can't punish you. You're entitled to trial by jury. The Americans must prove that a bull fight is noisy. This they will find against you. They must prove that a bull fight is barbarous. This will be against you. But they will never find that it was an amusement in Christ's time. Go on with the fight."

They did. The Spanish Californians were arrested, tried and fined. This was the end of the picturesque if

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

19. AMUSEMENTS IN THE FORTIES
(Continued)

brutal institution in California.

20. THE UNCONQUERED ONE

The white bearded old man uncovered. His courtesy made one forget the tattered felt hat, the boots with toes playing hide-and-seek. I was looking at the last of the Dons.

The Don lifted the rusty keg band that fastened the twisted gate to the weather-beaten fence. In slow, difficult English he bade me enter.

"Tell me of the old Pueblo days," I said.

"Ah," he sighed sadly. "You come late. These years English I forget, and you speak no Spanish."

"Let's sit on your steps and try to remember."

The Don limped up the walk of the barren, drab little garden. Water for grass costs, and the Don has no money, only memories of the life that should be in the Pueblo, and is not. The steps of the cottage were hardly wide enough for us two.

He looked at me with kindly, inquiring eyes. Assured that I came from his friends, he began: "Yes, Spanish days were happy. That was a long time ago. Now there is much hard work, much new to see, but not happiness. There are many school houses. There are teachers -"

"Dont you believe in education?"

"What for education if there is only more wrongdoing? Education does not make less hunger? What for education?"

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

20. THE UNCONQUERED ONE
(Continued)

I was a visitor of the Don, not to combat, but to listen.

"In the old Pueblo days we had no automobiles, no street cars, no trains. Everyone had a horse -"

"You don't like automobiles?"

"For the rich. I go in the city, a street car come in front, an automobile behind, a train at my side. Trains, automobiles, street cars only kill poor people. You like to die? Then you no like automobiles."

"But," I answered,"suppose you want to go to Gilroy. In an automobile you go quickly and the fare is only a little -"

"Yes, yes," he chuckled unconvinced. "You meet another automobile, you die cheap! Automobiles not make happy. Money not make happiness. In Pueblo we have no money. What for money, if your belly is full?"

"Suppose," I questioned, "in the old days you were so poor that you had no horse. You couldn't travel?"

The Don smiled pityingly. "You don't know old days. I go to my friend, I say I like to go to Los Angeles. I have one dollar. My friend say, 'Take a horse.' I ride to Monterey. My horse is tired. I have no place to sleep. I stop anywhere. Maybe the family has only one bed. They give it me. They sleep, no matter where. In the morning they say, 'Take a fresh horse.' I take it. I not give money. If I give money they say, 'You think we hungry.' I not insult Spanish people I go to Los Angeles. I live there one month. All

S-230

CLASS 11 HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

20. THE UNCONQUERED ONE
(Continued)

time plenty of friends, plenty laughing, plenty good time. I come back to San Jose. I have one dollar. Spanish people not need money. You think you do that today? You say 'Lend me your automobile, your street car, your train. No. All things now is to please rich people, and to kill poor people."

"Then you would do away with automobiles, street cars, trains, and have everything as it was in the old Pueblo days."

"Why not so?" he replied. "Are people happy now? No. In old times plenty of wood. Today people shiver. They not make fire."

The Don's thin body shivered in his coarse gray shirt. "In old time plenty to eat, to dance, to have good time. Nobody hungry. In old time I kill beef cattle. I hang it up. I give one part to my brother, one to my neighbor, one to my friend, one to stranger. The stranger very bad for Spanish people."

"Americans?" I suggested.

"I not like make you offended, but American not justice. All same with those poor people in Mexico today. American come here in old time. They strangers. Spanish people give American beef cattle. They take no money. What for, money? The American, what he do? He squaate. Is squatte justice?" I didn't know what squatte meant. "The Spanish people say to American, 'Go away, please.' The American stay. No matter to Spanish people. Only a few hundred acres of land."

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

20. THE UNCONQUERED ONE
(Continued)

At last I understood that the Don was speaking of "squatters," "Americans smart, no go away." Spanish say, "This land my land. Americans kill, Spanish people no fight. No worry. Americans take everything. Spanish people poor, Americans teefs. They have all California. Now everybody hurry. Everybody work. In the old time-"

"Even then, didn't the Indians work?"

"Indians work!" He laughed like a sad old Hamlet. "You don't know Indians." The Don closed his eyes and almost snored. "Indian sleep all day, all night, and he eat like coyote!"

As I was leaving the Don observed me curiously.

"You have white hairs. What for? You hurry, too? Your face is young, 35. Perhaps 30. How old are you?"

"I am old," I evaded.

"What for you not say how old? I don't want to marry you. I was born in 1836."

21. TWO MOTHER PEPPER TREES

One of the most beautiful and the most greatly admired trees in California is the pepper. People wonder where it came from.

It is a native of Peru and of other sub-tropical countries in South America where it grows wild. In 1540 Don Antonio de Mendoza, first Spanish viceroy to Peru, sent the pepper tree to Mexico, where it was planted extensively. It became so popular as a shade tree, that Dr. Asa Gray, the botanist, wonders whether it was not indigenous to Mexico.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

21. TWO MOTHER PEPPER TREES

Later the viceroy sent the pepper (arboles de Peru) to Europe, where it was widely known at the close of the 16th century. In Europe pepper trees were called the mastic, or mulli, trees.

The pepper tree is not allied to the pepper of commerce, but to the sumac family. It is a misnomer for the schimus molle. The natives of South America brewed from it a drink.

Precisely how the pepper tree came to California has always been a matter for speculation and doubt. Probably it was first grown at the Mission San Luis Rey, near Oceanside, San Diego. Mrs. Bowman, a well known woman of Los Angeles, says that Don John Warner, one of the earliest settlers of the south, told her that in 1831 he stopped at the Mission San Luis Rey. The padre in charge showed him some curious young plants that had come up. He said that some time before a sailor had brought him a package of seeds. Both the padre and Don John wondered about the plants. The padre afterwards set them out around the mission. They lived many years, and one was standing in 1913, the Mother Pepper tree of California.

The first pepper tree in northern California came to San Jose about 1840, and it passed its entire life on the pepper tree lot, 440 S. Market st., where 30 years ago Mr. Paul Masson built his residence. At that time Mr. Masson tried to have the old pepper tree spared, but it was impossible. Down came the tree. This pepper tree was the mother of all the others in San Jose, in Santa Clara valley, and probably of all the pepper trees in northern California.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

21. TWO MOTHER PEPPER TREES
(Continued)

The Mother Pepper tree arrived in San Jose from Santa Barbara as a very small child. In fact, it was one of a handful of seeds brought by a carefree young man, Sebastian Flores. Flores liked to travel, and he often rode in the southern part of the state. He took great pleasure in flowers and trees, and often he brought to San Jose something odd that pleased him. He found the pepper tree in Santa Barbara.

Sebastian Flores' aunt, Mrs. Juan Sepulveda, lived at 445 S. Market st, in 1840. The lot was given Juan Sepulveda about 1800 by the governor of California for his services as a soldier. To Mrs. Sepulveda, Sebastian Flores brought the seeds of the new tree.

Mrs. Luisa Mesa, daughted of Mr. and Mrs. Sepulveda, was born in the adobe house that stood on the site of Mr. Masson's residence 98 years ago. Mrs. Mesa died a few years ago at the age of 92. She had an excellent memory. She told me of the event of Sebastian Flores bringing the pepper seed.

The Sepulvedas, like all Spanish people, were fond of pepper, and they thought they should be able to grow black pepper such as is used on tables. They watched the sowing of the seed by their mother in a little box. Every day they looked to see signs of green peeping through the earth.

Weeds came first and discouraged them. But at last two young trees peeped above, the ground. When they were old enough

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

21. TWO MOTHER PEPPER TREES
(Continued)

to be transplanted Mrs. Juan Sepulveda set them out in the garden. One withered and died, but one survived. It was the Mother Pepper. She has produced miles and acres of beautiful children.

When Mother Pepper started to blossom people came from afar to look at her. At that time there were irrigating ditches in the streets of San Jose. One of the ditches flowed past the Sepulveda place. Mother Pepper tree had plenty of encouragement and water. She grew to be huge. When she died she seemed to have lived more than 60 years.

As MotherPepper tree grew old she inspired terror. The rumor grew that someone had been hanged on her branches, and ghosts came out of the pepper tree at night. Children fled from her. But Mother Pepper tree was not haunted. She had a placid, happy life.

Sebastian Flores, the careless young man who brought so much beauty into the tree world of northern California, died some years ago in Oakland.

22. THE LIFE OF DONA MARIA

Dona Maria Alviso Sepulveda was born nearly 90 years ago at Milpitas. She died a few years ago. Before her death she told me of her life on the great Milpitas rancho owned by her father, the late Don Jose Alviso, once alcalde of the pueblo of San Jose. The Milpitas rancho was given Don Jose in 1835 and from that grant the town took its name. Milpitas means "Little Gardens." Dona Maria was born in that adobe still standing on the Oakland highway in a

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

22. THE LIFE OF DONA MARIA
(Continued)

cup of sunshine formed by the gold brown Piedmont hills.

Dona Maria had passed all her 80 years in Santa Clara county, but she spoke little English. Only such phrases as "Good morning. Please take chair." Through an interpreter I asked:

"Did you ever visit other towns?"

She shook her head no. "My parents sometimes went to Monterey, but I never went anywhere but to church at Santa Clara till after I was married. I was 25 when I went to San Francisco."

"Where did you go to school?"

"We had a tutor, usually an officer or scholar with fine Castilian manners. One tutor married my grandmother after she became a widow. Another married one of my aunts. The children studied morning and afternoons just as children do today. Sometimes the neighbors who had no tutors sent their children to study with us."

"What were your amusements?"

"Bull fights and balls, birthday celebrations and weddings. Some went to bull fights in the Mission Dolores, some at Santa Clara, but we had them on our own ranch. We built a corral for the fights. All the young men liked to fight the bulls. When we had a ball, people came for miles and stayed. We danced for a week."

"There were five houses in the old times at the ranch, but we never danced in the house. We built a large platform in the garden, inclosed it in canvas. We decorated the canvas with trees, bright ribbons and silks.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

22. THE LIFE OF DONA MARIA
(Continued)

"What did you wear at the balls?"

"Mostly white laces, muslin, but not like the shoddy things today. Sometimes we changed our dresses four or five times a night, and we wore out two pairs of silk slippers at a party. Low slippers trimmed with spangles and beads. We made them ourselves. How we danced! Not rough dancing. Smooth, graceful -"

"Who taught you to dance?" I asked.

Even I understood plainly the answer before the interpreter said: "Spanish people don't need to be taught dancing."

"Please show me how you danced?"

"If I had music," she protested faintly as she stood up.

She tied her handkerchief in a knot and showed how in old days they danced to untie the knot. So expressive and light was her step that one forgot that she was almost ready to shake hands with death. She re-created the ball room, the slow, graceful senoritas, the dashing young caballeros, tossing their graceful hats on her head and flinging gold at her feet. The caballeros themselves then danced before her, vying with each other for her favor.

"Better than the balls were the wedding parties so gay and happy. Sometimes six women worked for a week preparing the food. The bride and groom came from the church riding side by side. As outriders were the attendants of the groom. Two young gentlemen rode on each side of the pair. They held over the head of the bride and groom a gorgeous arch of silks and flowers. The wedding ball was

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

22. THE LIFE OF DONA MARIA
(Continued)

the bravest of all balls. When my sister married we danced four days at our house. Then we all went to the house of her husband's parents and danced four days more. Ah, that was California life, always dancing!"

"What was that old life like?"

"Very happy," she said. "Nobody busy. Now everybody is busy."

"What did you do in the morning?"

She bowed her head. "We prayed. My father woke us at 4 o'clock. 'Viva Jose! Viva Maria!' My father, my mother, the children, the servants, every Indian prayed. 'Viva Jose! Viva Maria!" she chanted.

One saw the row of thick walled adobe houses. The sound of a hundred voices came from the distant Indian quarters. Don Jose was once more lord of Milpitas and the flag of Mexico flew over California. "Again at 4 o'clock everyone said the 'Rosary.' When the evening came we said "Ave Maria."

"Where did you go to church?"

"Mission Santa Clara, Mission San Jose."

"There was a church in San Jose?"

"Oh yes," she said. "But we liked Santa Clara best."

"How did you travel?"

"The ladies drove in the old, two-wheeled carts made by Indians. The gentlemen rode their horses. Ladies never rode with

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

22. THE LIFE OF DONA MARIA
(Continued)

gentlemen. The carts were heavy. They went slowly, but they had hoods to protect us in sun and rain. The carts were large enough to hold six. The oxen were trained especially for the carts. An Indian 'faced' the horses for the Mission. Then he walked on ahead as a guide. We used a long stick with a nail to prod the oxen. The carts creaked so that every half hour the Indian had to stop and soap the wheels with the horn of soap we always carried with us for the purpose. The gentlemen rode on each side of the cart to keep off wild cattle. Sometimes cattle tore at us in droves. Later we had a carriage from England, one of the first in California. It cost $2500."

"How long did it take you to drive to Santa Clara?"

"Four hours and a half," she answered. "And we never missed a Sunday, rain or shine."

"What did you wear to church?" I asked.

Her hands clasped in estatic recollection of one who loves and cannot forget luxury. "Silk dresses, silk so thick that it stood alone. Shawls, rebosos. And we had to sit on the floor of the church in our beautiful clothing. We took a carpet along to sit on."

"Did you get your shawls from Spain?" I asked.

"No, all our silk shawls came from China. They were in wonderful colors, black and red, black and gold. Sometimes of every color like Chinese dishes. The embroidery was an inch thick. The shawls cost a great deal. There are no shawls like those now.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

22. THE LIFE OF DONA MARIA
(Continued)

One of my sisters had 12 of all colors. They cost $200 each."

"What became of them?" I asked.

The same hopeless look always comes over the Spanish Californian when you speak of their vanished possessions. "Lost, stolen. Four were taken one night by Indians who bound and gagged us, trying to force us to tell where my father kept his strong box. We had no banks, and all rich people buried their gold in the ground."

"You had gold?" I asked in surprise.

"Oh yes, Spanish doubloons, but we had no use for money. We raised our food, and we traded hides for clothing. My father used to throw Spanish doubloons worth $20 to the children to scramble for as people throw pennies now."

23. THE LIFE OF DONA MARIA

Dona Maria Alviso Sepulveda told me of the death of her father, Don Jose Alviso, the alcalde of San Jose, son of Don Ignacio Alviso, for whom the town of Alviso was named. Years before it had occurred, but it was very vivid to his daughter, who in the latter years of her life felt the past more intensely than the present.

Dawn came. No salutation from Don Jose, lord of Milpitas.

He was dying. Still young, still basking in the sun of life, unaware and unexpectant, he was stricken by an unseen hand. Swift messengers sped to summon the good father at Santa Clara to shrive Don Jose's soul. Kneeling at the foot of the shrine in the old adobe, vainly the wife and Don Jose prayed for the coming

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

23. THE LIFE OF DONA MARIA
(Continued)

of the father.

The father came, but all that remained of Don Jose was a chill body in the brown habit of Mount Carmel stretched out on the chamber floor, head resting on an adobe slab, eyes fixed on the shrine where a candle ever burned. Even the holy father was awed by Don Jose in his austere, penitential death. In despair the widow of Don Jose lamented. Without the last blessing and absolution her beloved had departed. The father gave her comfort. Don Jose had died a holy death. Scant need had he of priestly ministration. Don Jose was always prepared. For the happiness of the bereaved woman the father chanted, "De Profundis." In the evening he joined the others in "Ave Maria."

In the morning the father said mass for the repose of Don Jose's soul. Soon assembled in the garden a throng of friends, kinsmen, acolytes and holy men who on foot were to follow the remains of Don Jose through the little gardens of Milpitas into the great garden of wild flowers through which for three leagues they must journey to the grace at Santa Clara.

As the black cortege started, for the last time the Indians and the serving people looked at Don Jose. Habited in brown, as he lay on his litter, now more than ever was he the beloved master of these humble people who lamented aloud their grief.

First went the cross bearer. Then followed the fathers in their white surplices and sombre garb. Next was the celebrant

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

23. THE LIFE OF DONA MARIA
(Continued)

chanting the Office of the Dead. Then came Don Jose borne by four of his best beloved friends. Finally came the widow, the children, the kinsmen.

Some doubted that the widow could endure the fatigue of the pilgrimage, but bravely she tottered down the narrow, dusty road. Bravely she followed the trail across the blooming fields through the forest of mustard, unknowing whether the sun shone, forgetting all except that the way was hard as life. The material world seemed so far away that she could hardly hear the priest's words, "Eternal Rest!" "Perpetual Light!" Always she looked down, saying Our Lady of the Rosary. Strong in the spirit, feeble in the flesh, she had no thought for rest when the procession paused by the roadside, "Eternal Rest!" "Perpetual Light!" For her there was neither rest nor light.

When the litter and the mourners passed through the unpaved streets of the pueblo the people uncovered. As the litter was borne along The Alameda the throng increased. When the procession neared the Mission of Santa Clara, the bells tolled, but in the interlaced willows overhead the birds gladly sang. The louder tolled the bells the gladder was the song of the birds. When the chapel doors opened to receive the body of Don Jose the birds sang, and when the last prayer was spoken the birds sang, and when Don Jose was lowered into his grave the birds would not be silent. They knew that Don Jose had found Eternal Rest.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

24. THE MIRACLE RANCH

The Santa Teresa ranch began with a miracle. There are still miracles at Santa Teresa. It is about three miles east of Edenvale, and has been longer occupied by one family than any other ranch near San Jose. It is still the valuable property of Mrs. Ygnacio Bernal, who has more than 300 acres left of the nine leagues granted to Joaquin Bernal, great grandfather of the present generation of Bernals. Don Joaquin came with his parents in the Anza expedition which founded San Francisco. The branches of the Bernal family received as grants "Rincon de las Salinas y Protrero Viejo," (South San Francisco), Rincon de Ballena, Santa Teresa, Laguna de los Oralos Colorado, Embarcadero de Santa Clara, El Alisal, and Canada de Pala.

The first miracle at Santa Teresa was seen by the Indians after the Bernals came to California. Joaquin Bernal took possession of the grant and he lived in a cabin while building an adobe house. The Bernal vaqueros became friendly with the Indians by giving them bandana handkerchiefs and other little gew-gaws. Then the Indians confided in Joaquin Bernal that miracles were in the great spring back of the house.

Whenever an Indian was ill a lady in flowing robes with a white bandage on her forehead came over the hills, took some spring water from the deep spring gushing from the rocks under the oak trees near Joaquin Bernal's cabin and healed the sick.

This story Joaquin Bernal related to the padres, who often came from Santa Clara to say mass under the trees on the ranch and to gain converts. The padres were greatly impressed by the miracle

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

24. THE MIRACLE RANCH
(Continued)

lady of the hills. They decided that the lady on the Bernal ranch was no other than Santa Teresa. So that was how the name came 125 years ago.

With such a beginning one treads softly lest one should step on fairies. One is not surprised at anything at Santa Teresa. There are $10,000 in buried treasure on the ranch.

Not long since outcroppings of quicksilver were found on the place and it is said that the far reaching tunnels from the Almaden have almost reached the Santa Teresa.

Miracles don't often bring profit, but Pedro Bernal, great grandson of Joaquin Bernal, the first settler, has for years sold the Santa Teresa mineral water to the people of San Jose.

The other miracle was discovered by Pedro Bernal. He noticed on the hills back of the house that close to the surface were decomposing shells. As a boy these shells used to thrill him. He knew that they told the story of the day when Santa Teresa was covered by the sea. When Pedro Bernal went abroad a few years later he saw the lime marl pits in England from which vast quantities of carbonate of lime fertilizer had been made. They had the very pit at Santa Teresa.

On Bernal's return to Edenvale he had the deposits on his mother's place assayed. It was the same fertilizer they had used so widely in Europe. The hills were one vast clam bed. When these decomposed clam shells were crushed into powder they produced carbonate

S-230

CLASS HI HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

24. THE MIRACLE RANCH
(Continued)

of lime marl. There are 100 acres of natural fertilizer on the Bernal ranch, enough to manufacture 40 tons a day for 80 years. Among all the wrecked Spanish families the Bernals have been able to survive economically. They have marketed miracles.

25. FREMONT AND DON BRUNO BERNAL'S HORSES

In the late 30's and early 40's of the last century, Don Bruno Bernal of the Santa Teresa ranch, grandfather of the generation of Bernals in business in this city, had the finest horses about San Jose. Don Bruno used to go to La Purissima Mission near Santa Barbara, where the best horses in California were raised, to select wild horses and drive them up through the San Joaquin valley to Santa Teresa ranch. At a long distance one could hear the sound of Don Bruno's bellmare who led all the rest. Today this quaint bell with its golden clapper a century old is in the possession of Mrs. Ygnacio Bernal, who owns Santa Teresa.

Don Bruno and his nine brothers who lived at Santa Teresa were expert horsemen. It took them three years to break a horse properly. Once a horse was broken by the Bernals he responded to the touch of the little fingers. Anyone but a Spanish Californian found it difficult to mount the Bernal horses, so trained that they dipped to the rider. But in a flash the rider had to take advantage of the dip for the next second the horse was off.

When Capt. Fremont in 1846 came up through the valley from Monterey his post was at Laguna Seca, the old Fisher ranch

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

25. FREMONT AND DON BRUNO BERNAL'S HORSES
(Continued)

near Coyote. From there, according to the account given by the Spanish families in the valley, the officers of Capt. Fremont foraged for supplies and horses for the army they were raising. Bernard Shaw defined a gentleman as a man who robs only the rich, and Capt. Fremont's men in this particular qualified.

Don Bruno Bernal had 300 highbred, perfectly trained horses when Capt. Fremont came into the valley. They were used in parades on saint days at San Juan and other mission towns. Don Bruno's handsome son, Guadalupe, always wore a black sombrero and rode Don Bruno's black pride and in the parade at San Juan. The ladies seeing Guadalupe cheered him and called "Viva Bernal, el prieto galland." In this way Guadalupe became known as the black gallant. Don Bruno's pride even at the age of 21, still pranced like a colt and was sold for $300.

The Bernals were informed that Fremont and his men had marked their 300 horses at Santa Teresa for capture, and so, the Bernal boys moved the horses about from one part of the ranch to the other, never keeping them long in one place.

Once Don Antonio Bernal, the best horsemen among the boys, took the horses into the mountains 15 miles from the ranch house. That very night Capt. Charles Weber, Fremont's lieutenant, came to the mountains for the horses. Don Antonio called three times to the bell-mare to go back to the ranch. In a second she was off and the entire 300 horses thundered down to the mountains

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTACLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

25. FREMONT AND DON BRUNO BERNAL'S HORSES
(Continued)

to the hacienda at the Santa Teresa. Greatly disconcerted, Weber and his men stood looking after them while Don Antonio passed the American party and jeered at them in Spanish.

Weber went back to the Laguna Seca, but he did not give up the horses. An opportunity soon came to Fremont's men. The Bernals were branding cattle on their Salinas ranch the Alisal, and they needed all their men. Shortly after the Bernals had gone Weber and his soldiers came to the Santa Teresa.

Only the youngest children were at home with their mother. The boys wanted to fight, but Mrs. Bernal bade them not to resist. One of the vaqueros threw Don Bruno's finest silver trimmed saddle into the top of the odd fig tree at Santa Teresa, but down again it fell at Weber's feet. Luck was with Weber. Fremont's men took saddles and blankets. They even robbed the Indians of their blankets. Not satisfied with 300 horses, they carried off the mule that turned the flour mill-stone at the Santa Teresa.

This brought a protest from the cook, who said to Capt. Weber, "Please leave the mule. He grinds the flour."

"Oh, you have plenty of men. Hitch them up, let them grind flour," was the humorous reply.

The old vaquero was eager to save Don Bruno's best horse, but Don Bruno's pride was precisely the animal chosen by Weber to ride back to Laguna Seca. While Weber was a good horseman he had not been born in the saddle, and he had not been trained to the

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

25. FREMONT AND DON BRUNO BERNAL'S HORSES
(Continued)

Spanish mount. He couldn't mount Don Bruno's horse.

Weber spoke Spanish. He called to the vaquero, "Indian, get on this horse, ride him back and forth a little, so he won't be nervous."

It was the vaquero's chance. For a second he rode the horse back and forth. Then he called "A Dios, Amigos," spurred his horse to the left, and in a second was lost like a quail in the poison oak underbrush. Up the mountain back of the Santa Teresa he went. He never stopped till he drew rein at the Almaden mine.

Fremont's men were obliged to leave without Don Bruno's pride. The Bernals arrived from Salinas that day. They found that all their horses were at Laguna Seca in the camp of Capt. John C. Fremont.

Young Antonio Bernal said, "I'll kill Weber."

26. FREMONT AND DON BRUNO BERNAL'S HORSES

Don Bruno Bernal was heartbroken over the loss of his horses. Some he had bought from La Purissima. Some he had run down wild in the San Joaquin valley. For him each had a personality and a story. His son Antonio threatened to take them from Fremont, but Mrs. Ortega de Bernal forbade.

In the Spanish families the mother was a being loved and revered. Mrs. Bernal ruled her family with the rod of love, which is the rod of iron. What cared she for three hundred horses?

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

26. FREMONT AND DON BRUNO BERNAL'S HORSES
(Continued)

Her son's life alone mattered. She begged Antonio not to go for the horses. Let the gringos have them. She made him promise her not to meet Capt. Weber on the trail.

Don Antonio promised, but every day Weber was on the trail between Laguna Seca and San Jose. In order to avoid the meeting Don Antonio was obliged to go up on the highest mountain on the Santa Teresa ranch, called El Serro, to try to see Weber. He grew impatient under the restraint.

Don Antonio was always in the open, and his sight was like an Indian's. He could tell an American by the way he sat his horse. All Spanish Californians hated Capt. Charles Weber, or as they called him, "Don Carlos Weaver." Don Antonio shared the hatred. He forgot his promise to his mother, rode down the mountains from the hacienda and struck Weber's trail. The winding path was canopied by flaming poison oak. In a bend in the trail Don Antonio lay waiting for Weber.

At sight of Don Antonio, Weber brought his horse to a stop. Don Antonio ran his horse up against Weber's.

"Come on," he said. "I've been waiting for you. Here we are man to man. One of us must die. Mark your distance."

"I don't want to die, Bernal," said Weber. I'm your friend. Let's be friends."

"That don't go. Gringos and Californians can't friends."

Even today the Spanish Californians speak of themselves as Californians as if there were no others.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

26. FREMONT AND DON BRUNO BERNAL'S HORSES
(Continued)

"Yes, we can be friends," pleaded Weber. "Shake hands. I want to do something for you. I'll send east and get you a fine German gun."

"I want no gun from you, said Don Antonio. "You not only stole my father's 300 horses, but you didn't even spare his saddle horses that he rode himself. Mark your distance. You give the signal for shooting. The man quickest with the gun wins."

Weber knew that Don Antonio could clip the beak froma bird. He took his only chance.

"Come with me to Capt. Fremont's post at Laguna Seca. I'll give you back your three best horses."

"And you can't trap me," said Don Antonio.

"I mean it. If you don't get your father's three best horses you can shoot me."

The boy quickly balanced revenge and the desire for his father's happiness.

"All right, Weber. You remember I ride behind you all the way to Laguna Seca. If Fremont's men try to shoot, you die. Remember!"

"All right," said Weber, turning his back and leading the way over the trail to Laguna Seca.

Capt. Fremont met Weber and Don Antonio.
"I promised Mr. Bernal to give him back his father's three best horsed," explained Weber.

Fremont was indignant. "You shouldn't have promised."

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

26. FREMONT AND DON BRUNO BERNAL'S HORSES
(Continued)

Weber didn't go into details. "I must give them back. I brought Mr. Bernal to give him the horses."

Fremont understood. "You can give him two horses, but not this big fellow," he pointed to Don Pedro's pride. "He is the best horse in California. I have made him my expedition horse. I won't give him up."

"I promised," insisted Weber.

"And I'm going to keep you to your promise," said Don Antonio.

"No," said Fremont. "Mr. Bernal, I'll give you the ten best horses of the 300 we got at your ranch. You may have eight instead of the expedition horse."

Intensely Don Antonio considered that offer. The ten best. He thought of his father's joy in repossessing ten of the best of the band of 300.

"I'll take the ten," said Don Antonio.

Within an hour Don Antonio was on his way back from Fremont's camp to the Santa Teresa ranch with ten picked horses, including two of Don Bruno's saddle horses. Capt. Fremont rode about California on Don Bruno's pride.

In a year or so Don Antonio Bernal received from Capt. Weber a beautiful German gun which he always kept. Don Antonio died a few years ago on a ranch near Livermore. The gun is the property of his widow.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

27. DON ANTONIO AND THE HORSE THIEVES

Don Bruno Bernal could hardly believe his eyes when he saw his son Antonio riding back to the Santa Teresa from Laguna Seca with ten of his best horses. Antonio was only 20, but he was the hero of many a day's celebration.

A few years later when California was a possession of the United States, Don Bruno's two best horses were again stolen. The horse thieves came to Santa Teresa when Don Antonio, his brothers, and some cousins were mining in the Tuolumne country. The strangers were just out of prison, they pretended to Don Bruno that they wanted to buy his two best horses.

"No, I won't sell them," said Don Bruno, who had gone out into the field with the thieves. I lost the horses once, I got them back. You couldn't buy them for all the gold in the mines."

Next morning the horses were gone. This time Don Bruno felt certain that he should never see them. Don Antonio and all the young men were absent. There was no one to pursue the thieves.

Life is so much more romantic than romance that Don Antonio once more was to save his father's horses. With his friends and cousins, in a large party he was at that very time returning from the Tuolumne mines. They were coming along the edge of a ravine not far from Bakersfield. As usual Don Antonio was in the lead. In the distance he saw two horsemen. Don Antonio's horse began to whinny. The strangers' horses answered. Don Antonio knew that the horses approaching were from the ranch. What was wrong? Was his mother dead? Were messengers coming to warn him? He rode up to the

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

27. DON ANTONIO AND THE HORSE THIEVES
(Continued)

whinnying horses. Strangers were in the saddle, but the horses were Don Bruno's. He drew rein.

"What's the matter? Where did you get those horses?

"We just bought them from Don Bruno Bernal."

"No, you didn't. My father never sold those horses. You couldn't buy them. You stole them.

The other members of the party came up from behind. Antonio was in trouble again. "Look at those horses!" he said to his brothers and cousins. "These men have stolen them from Santa Teresa."

"We didn't, we bought them of Don Bruno Bernal."

"Let the horses go," urged one of Antonio's brothers.

Antonio was a turbulent soul. When he wasn't hunting elk, killing deer, training wild horses, fighting bulls, he was stalking thieves. The others liked tranquil lives, but tranquility was impossible for Antonio. They told him so. Perhaps the strangers were telling the truth. Perhaps they had bought Don Bruno's horses. The horse, thieves rode on. Don Antonio was disgusted. In silence he rode half a mile when he stopped.

"You fellows are cowards. You let those fellows get away with the horses because you didn't want to fight. I'm going back, and I won't return as long as my horses have hoofs unless I bring the Santa Teresa horses. Francisco, come."

He spoke to his younger brother. Reluctantly Francisco

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

27. DON ANTONIO AND THE HORSE THIEVES
(Continued)

turned back, but Spanish-California boys obeyed their older brothers.

Antonio and Francisco took the opposite side of the ravine. Slowly they crept up on the horse thieves, who, thinking themselves secure, were traveling leisurely. Then Antonio and Francisco went rapidly ahead, crossed the ravine at a safe distance, came back and waited for the thieves in a hidden spot on the trail. When the thieves came in sight Antonio spurred his horse and chugged hard against them, covering them with his gun.

"It's all over. Give me my father's horses or you're dead men," said Antonio, his gun moving in his hands, as if on a pivot.

They protested. "We bought the horses. Don Bruno has the money. When you get home you will know what a mistake you're making."

Antonio kept his gun moving. "Francisco disarm him."

This Francisco quickly did. He threw the weapons to the safe distance of 50 yards. "Now dismount."

Reluctantly the thieves dismounted. After them Antonio threw their saddles. He put to the horses necks ropes. Then he and Francisco together rode back to the Santa Teresa. When Don Bruno saw the horses, saved a second time by his son Antonio, tears were in his eyes, and he embraced his son. He was the happiest man in California.

The thieves continued on their way into the Tuolumne

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

27. DON ANTONIO AND THE HORSE THIEVES
(Continued)

country. A few days later they robbed some prospectors and committed murder. They were captured, brought to San Jose where they were given a trail. They were found guilty and publicly hanged in the Plaza.

They were the first men legally hanged in California.

28. BURIED TREASURE AT SANTA TERESA

For nearly a hundred years $10,000 have lain buried in the Santa Teresa ranch and no one yet has found it. The $10,000 belonged to "old" Changarra, the French saddle maker at Santa Teresa.

Changarra was called "old" because no one knew much about him, and because he was miserly. Changarra was a Frenchman. In the 30's he wandered into Santa Clara county. There was always work for saddle makers on the great ranches, and Don Bruno gave Changarra a place for a saddlery. It was in the adobe building to the left of the great white oak tree, and it was called the talabar teria. Changarra lived in the shop.

Changarra's saddles were not the ornate, effeminate saddles trimmed with filagree and silver that the Monterey elegants used to affect, Changarra's were honest, solid saddles that half covered the horses' backs. They had great success for substantial usage.

Changarra not only made saddles for the Bernals, but for his own private trade. When he got 40 or 50 fine saddles ahead, he set out to market them. Sometimes he went as far south as Santa Barbara, where the Ortegas, relatives of the Bernals, had a great grant. On these trips he made considerable money. Changarra

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

28. BURIED TREASURE AT SANTA TERESA
(Continued)

always saved what he made.

In those days there were no banks, and Changarra always buried his money, changing its hiding place every time he dug it up. He dug it up and reburied it just before he went on his last trip to Santa Barbara. He had $10,000.

On his way back from Santa Barbara between Paso Robles and Bakersfield he stopped for the night. Changarra counted every sou, and so he spent little for hotels. He slept under an oak tree. In the morning he was found dead, his brains dashed out with a club, his gold gone.

Changarra's $10,000 in buried treasure on the Bernal ranch immediately became an object of search. Though people have looked weeks, no one had found it. Spiritualists, occult persons claiming a special power in locating unseen articles, especially gold articles, have made vain search for Changarra's treasure. Doubtless the buried gold is to be one of the future surprises at Santa Teresa.

28. EARLY TROUBLES OF SANTA CLARA MISSION

The Mission Santa Clara was at the flood of its prosperity in the latter part of the eighteenth century under Fathers Catala and Viader. Father Viader was an expert horticulturist and a good business man. He did not hesitate to work in the fields himself, and so he got the greatest possible effort from the Indian workmen. Father Magin Catala was as industrious in the spiritual vineyard as was his colleague in the material. By scores he brought Indians to the mission

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

28. EARLY TROUBLES OF SANTA CLARA MISSION
(Continued)

for baptism.

In the year 1800 neophytes to the number of 1247 lived at the mission and 4000 red men were in the neighboring rancherias. In the year 1797 was grown the largest crop of wheat in the history of the mission land, 8300 bushels. Live stock in great herds roamed over the mission lands. The 15 original animals had increased until there were 5000 of each kind. The orchards of figs, apricots, apples, olives, peaches and pears, as well as the vineyards of the famous mission grapes, were in their first strength and bearing. The industries, too, were thriving. Vancouver reported that the cloth then manufactured at Santa Clara was better than that made in San Francisco.

Father Viader and Catala lived in a house containing eight rooms, each 15 feet square. The room occupied by Father Catala is still shown at the University of Santa Clara. It is now a museum. The guard house was 24 by 15 feet. The store house was 15 feet square. Five houses 17 feet square were occupied by soldiers. The corral was built of stout timbers and adobe. It was 98 feet square and 6 feet high. Twenty-three thatched adobe houses were occupied by the natives.

There was a corral on this side of the Guadalupe where were kept the mission stock. Here also were the rodeo grounds. In the early days a well of water on the grounds of the late Capt. Cook was the dividing line between the land of the pueblo and the mission.

Never was there a feeling of friendliness between the mission and the pueblo. The fathers felt that the life of the pueblo

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

28. EARLY TROUBLES OF SANTA CLARA MISSION
(Continued)

interfered with the spiritual growth of the mission. The only record of aught but saintliness in the biography of Father Magin Catala was when he remonstrated with the commandante of San Jose for selling intoxicants to the mission neophytes. The commandante complained to Governor Borica at Monterey that Father Catala had threatened to burn the pueblo if intoxicants were still sold to the Christianized Indians.

The governor wrote the commandante that the father was a friar and not a Robespierre, and he ordered the soldiers to apologize to the missionary. At the same time he begged Father Catala to bear with the soldiers. He explained that soldiers were not educated in Rome nor in the college of nobles.

Soon afterward another dispute arose between the mission and the pueblo about boundary lines. Viceroy Aranza determined to put an end to friction by establishing permanent land marks. He had Capt. Arguello make a survey. July 31, 1801, the captain sent his report to Don Raymond Carrillo at Monterey. Capt. Arguello set up three permanent land marks. One was at the foot of the Santa Cruz mountains at a place called Parage de los Capitancillos, or the Place of the Little Captains. A compromise was made by giving the oaks and some marshy willow lands at the head of the Guadalupe to the pueblo and part of the mountains to the mission.

Later there arose another dispute about La Calera, or the lime kiln. Jose Larios had rented the great tract from the government and had sold it illegally to the mission.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

28. EARLY TROUBLES OF SANTA CLARA MISSION
(Continued)

A third dispute, and the last to disturb the peace of the church and state was in 1809 when the subject of disagreement was land known as the Calaveras, or Skulls, near the Mission San Jose. The name Calaveras came from the number of Indian skulls found there. Probably an Indian battle was fought on the spot.

The land clearly belonged to the Mission San Jose. Soon afterward greater trouble made the mission forget the pueblo. The cloud of secularization appeared on the horizon.

29. SANTA CLARA'S BEGINNING

Published more than 50 years ago, I found a colorful picture of the padres' experiences with the Indians when they arrived in Santa Clara.

When the fathers came to the valley in August, 1777, with them were three Christianized Indians, who acted as interpreters. One of them was called Chiwack. The fathers went for a walk, and in the thickets they heard a rustling. They continued their promenade, but the rustling continued. They thought it was a wild animal. Chiwack, the Indian, knew better.

Soon out sprang from the bushes a red man of the Santa Clara valley. After him went Chiwack and the fathers. The missionaries thought of course that the strange Indian would flee far. Chiwack understood better the ways of his people. He tiptoed softly through the bushes and found the man hidden by a log. Chiwack captured a youth about 20 years of age and delivered him to the missionaries.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

29. SANTA CLARA'S BEGINNING
(Continued)

The strange Indian thought that he was going to be killed. To his amazement his captors looked only kindness. Through interpreters they expressed hopes that the Spaniards and Indians would befriends. They offered the frightened man a few presents.

Then the Indians said somethinglike this, "Oh, mighty medicine man, our tribe has long heard of and dreaded your approach. Already we feel ourselves enslaved. The renown of your deeds has come to us, your power over spirits of the air, but you I am happily told come not as conqueror, but as friends. Our chief Olino will be greatly pleased."

He explained that he was the adopted son of the chieftain and expected to be his successor. The fathers gave him more gifts, and sent him back to his rancheria.

Father Murguia immediately offered a sacrifice at the primitive altar under the laurel trees. He was saying mass when there returned a number of the red men. The missionaries pretended not to notice the Indians. They remained kneeling, and the Indians were amazed and awed by the strange rites and vestments. They prostrated themselves before the altar.

Father Murguia approached their medicine man and gave them presents. The Indians in turn offered skin, bows and quivers. The young warrior became the spokesman for the Indians of the valley. He said the aged chieftain would like to know why the pale people had come from their own land to the land of the poor Indian. Did

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

29. SANTA CLARA'S BEGINNING
(Continued)

they intend to make captives of the Indians?

Father Murguia replied that the Spaniards came from their own chieftain, the great spirit of the sky, who had made sun, moon, and stars and earth and who ruled Indians and white men. The Spaniards wished not to make captives of them, but to lead the Indians to a land of happiness. The Great Spirit sent his laws from the clouds and unless white and red men obeyed his will never should they see the Great Spirit. The Spaniards had come, declared the priest, to teach the Indians the laws of the Great Spirit. The missionaries wished only to express the will of the Spirit. "Come to our camp, pay a visit to our chieftain," answered the Indians.

The priests took with them on their journey beads and blankets. At the rancheria they found the old chieftain on a seat of wicker work. There was rude music. They were all led to the council room of the rancheria, which was a large hut, larger than the others. When the Indians found the purpose of the coming of the Spaniards there was great joy and much shouting. Indians flocked from other villages and some built their huts on the banks of the Guadalupe to be near the fathers.

Daily mass was said in the open air. The Indians assembled for instruction. This was well enough in the summer and autumn, but the winter was coming and it was necessary to have a substantial house of worship. Tools were sent from Monterey and ornaments for building a crude church. The next year cows, sheep, and

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

29. SANTA CLARA'S BEGINNING
(Continued)

horses arrived. In November, 1779, the river so arose that the church was completely flooded and ruined. That suggested a necessary change in the mission site.

30. FATHER SERRA'S HANDWRITING

In the records at the library of the University of Santa Clara I found several records of the handwriting of Father Junipero Serra. He visited the mission five times. Once after the mission was founded he came. Later he stopped at Santa Clara over night on his way to San Francisco. With Governor Fages he journeyed to the Mission Dolores.

When he came back for the dedication of the new mission he found that Father Murguia, the architect, was dead. Father Serra himself was near death. In 1784 he remained at Santa Clara for three weeks, there went into retreat, and to his friend, Father Palou, made what he thought was his last confession. He lived only a few months after he left Santa Clara for San Carlos, where he died.

On the first page of the baptismal record of Santa Clara is the clear, modern handwriting of Father Serra. Of all the missionaries who there made their record none wrote with such vividness as the founder of the California missions.

Father Serra's first record is as follows: "I name and I send to this mission the two aforesaid first ministers in the name of God. I certify that the content of this first page is true, and thereunto I affix my signature. "FR. JUNIPERO SERRA, "Presidente."

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

30. FATHER SERRA'S HANDWRITING
(Continued)

Father Serra visited the mission of Santa Clara when it was only a struggling child. When the mission was a few months old I traced him in the book of baptism. He wrote as follows: "On the 9th of October, 1777, in the church of this mission of Our Mother of Santa Clara, at the request of the fathers I baptized solemnly a boy of about 8 years. He was instructed according to the capacity of his age. He was the son of gentile parents, Fat-laye and Guenchigmis, of the rancheria San Francisco Solano. I gave the boy the name Jose Maria. His god parents were the soldiers Athanasio Vasquex and Josepha de Castro.

"J. S."

"On the same day, month and year, and in the same church I baptized solemnly a boy who had also been instructed. He was about 7 years old, the son of gentile parents. His father was dead and his mother was Jaujam of the Rancheria Santa Isabel. I gave him the name of Joachim Maria. His god parents were the sergeant of the guard, Joseph Ramon Bojorques, and his wife, Maria Francisco Ramon, to whom, as to the others, I spoke of the spiritual kinship and the obligation contracted. In witness of this I sign myself

"Fr. Junípero Serra,
"Presidente."

Apparently no Spaniard in San Jose was baptized by Father Serra, Again when he came in 1779 I found that he had baptized Indians. In the same clear, bold letters he wrote:

"On Oct. 13, 1779, in the church of this mission of Our

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

30. FATHER SERRA'S HANDWRITING
(Continued)

Mother Saint Claire I baptized solmenly an adult 18 years old, a bachelor, son of gentiles from the Rancheria San Bernardino. I gave him the name of Simon Mariano. His godfather was Don Mariano Nunez Esquivel, royal surgeon of Mexico.

"I baptized also an adult about 24, son of gentile parents from the Rancheria San Francisco Solano. The father of the boy was Estevan, who was baptized, number 59, as recorded in this book. The god-father of the man was Don Juan Francisco de la Quadra, lieutenant of the navy of the royal armada. I gave him the name of Manuel Donulo.

"I baptized solemnly an adult, a woman, married according to the custom of the gentiles, wife of Manuel Donulo, whom I just baptized. She is the mother of four Christians who are called Angel, Antonio, Maria Claire, Tomas Estevan. I gave her the name Antonia Apolonia. Her godfather was Fernando Quiros, lieutenant of the royal navy, whom I instructed in spiritual duty.

"In witness of this I sign myself.

"FR. JUNIPERO SERRA.
"Presidente."

The third time that Father Serra's name appears in the records was Nov. 19, 1781, when the corner stone of the mission was laid. The standard of the Holy Cross was erected, the corner stone was placed and blessed and the building began. Father Serra, Father Juan Crespi of San Carlos, Monterey, and Fathers Murguia and de la Pena were present. The secular godfather of the mission was Don Jose Ramon de la Laso de la Vega, official flag bearer of the San Francisco

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

30. FATHER SERRA'S HANDWRITING
(Continued)

presidio. De la Vega came from San Francisco with much pomp accompanied by his soldiers.

The last time Father Serra signed his name was on the sad occasion after the death of Father Murguia and on the day of the dedication of the church. Father Murguia, after a brief illness, died of a burning fever a few days before the church was consecrated. The ceremony of dedication took place May 15, 1784. There were present besides Father Serra, who celebrated the mass, and Father de la Peda, Father Palou, Don Pedro Fages, lieutenant colonel of the royal troops and military governor vice-Governor, Don Jose Joaquin Maraga, soldiers, Christian and savage Indians and the entire population of the pueblo of San Jose. After the ceremony Father Serra handed the key to Governor Fages. The governor opened the door and became the guardian of the mission. On this occasion Father Serra made no baptisms. His forces, ever whipped to their highest energy, were now spent. He went into retreat for several weeks at Santa Clara, and died three months later at San Carlos.

31. EARLY DEATHS AT SANTA CLARA MISSION

In looking over the record of daaths at Santa Clara mission I found that the first death occurred June 27, 1777. It was that of a little girl, Maria Luisa. "In her own language," wrote Father Murguia, "she was called Vigins." Little Maria was of the Rancheria San Francisco Solano. There is no way of indicating the location of his place, but as it is one of the first from which

S-230

CLASS 11 HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

31. EARLY DEATHS AT SANTA CLARA MISSION
(Continued)

converts were obtained, it was probably not far from Santa Clara.

The first death among the gente de razon was that of Jose Antonio Garcia, soldier of the mission guard. This took place Jan. 25, 1778. Garcia left a widow, Joseph de Acuna.

In the book of deaths is written by Father Palou a touching account of the last days of Father Marguia, whose end came from over-work in building the new mission. Father Palou was the friend and biographer of Father Junipero Serra.

Father Palou's words were: "On May 12, 1784, in the chancel of the new church of the mission which is just being dedicated to Our Seraphic Mother, Santa Clara, on the side of the chancel I buried the Reverend Father Joseph Antonio de Jesus Murguia, the missionary and founder of this mission.

"He was a native of the town of Denayguia of the province of Alava, in Europe, where he was born Dec. 10, 1715. Father Murguia was called by God. He rejected every worldly comfort and retired to that sanctuary of our seraphic order. He took the habit in the Apostolic College of Missionaries of Our Father, St. Francis, in San Fernando, Mexico, for spreading the faith. On June 29, 1736, he was ordained a priest. In 1748 he was sent as a missionary to the mission recently founded by the San Fernando college in Sierra Gorda.

For 19 years with exemplary zeal he worked in that vineyard of the Lord. In the mission assigned to him he built a sumptuous vault which he dedicated to the holy prince and archangel, St. Michael.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

31. EARLY DEATHS AT SANTA CLARA MISSION
(Continued)

From there he was sent to the missions of ancient California. He remained working in the old missions till they were delivered to the reverend Dominican fathers.

"Then he came to the new missions. At the mission of Santa Clara he worked with great fervor and zeal converting many to the Lord as is shown in the book of baptism.

"He built this great church of adobe. As he was decorating it for dedication to be celebrated on the fifteenth of this month as arranged by the Reverend Father Junipero Serra, president of the California missions, God was pleased to call Father Murguia, doubtless to reward him for his apostolic labors.

"Father Murguia prepared for death yesterday, May 17, receiving the holy sacrament. At a quarter past one in the morning he delivered his soul to his Creator. He was 68 years and 5 months old. He was a priest 47 years, 9 months and a half. Forty years he was in the actual work of the missions, always leading an exemplary life and showing great zeal for the salvation of souls and serving the divine power.

Another notable burial record at Santa Clara is that of Father Magin Catala. It was written by Father Viader and it reads as follows:

"At 7 o'clock in the morning, Nov. 22, 1830, my fellow worker, the Rev. Father Magin Catala, apostolic preacher from the College of San Fernando and a missionary of this mission delivered

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

31. EARLY DEATHS AT SANTA CLARA MISSION
(Continued)

his soul to his Creator, confessed his sins and received the Holy Sacrament as he did very often during his long and painful illness. All his life was exemplary, laborious and full of edification as was his death. On the twenty-third of this month he was buried by me, assisted by Father Narciso Duran, in a grave very near the chancel on the side of the Evangelist. Father Duran preached the funeral sermon, but on account of gout he could not say mass. The crowd of people both from the mission and the pueblo was large. Weeping was general, and all showed how much they loved and venerated him. Father Catala was 69 years old a native of the town of Montblanc in Catalogne. Requiescat in pace. Amen."

32. LANGUAGE OF SANTA CLARA INDIANS

Little knowledge is in existence concerning the language of the Santa Clara Indians. The best, and probably the only, authority on the subject is Father Felipe Aroyyo de la Cuesta, missionary at the mission of San Juan Bautista in 1816. Father de la Cuesta during all his spare moments studied the language of the San Juan Indians which he declared, was virtually the same as that of the Santa Clara and of the Indians near San Francisco. He made his observations from a village of 1200 Indians near San Juan. He taught the children to read Spanish, and in teaching them he learned much. The Indians were of the Cosanoan linguistic family, as were undoubtedly the Santa Clara Indians. Their language was called the Mutsun. The neophytes of Santa Clara came from Mariposa, Yokut and the Moqueluenan stocks.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

32. LANGUAGE OF SANTA CLARA INDIANS
(Continued)

During Father de la Cuesta's long residence at San Juan Bautista he discovered that the Indians had no words written. Nor could they distinguish syllables. He frequented especially boys and old men because they had not learned to speak Spanish, and so, their pronunciation was pure.

In the library at the University of Santa Clara I found the grammar and the dictionary compiled by Father de la Cuesta. They were written amidst many difficulties. The author wrote that but for his friends' insistence he would never have finished the books. Owing to political difficulties in 1830 the missionary was driven from one refuge to another. In 1842 he died at Santa Inez.

In order to make accurate his grammar and dictionary he wrote in a preface that he had corrected his manuscript perhaps a thousand times. He said that if one did not speak with the nose, tongue, ears and mouth the Indians laughed. Many persons are under the impression that the Santa Clara Indians were an inferior race, but Father de la Cuesta says that their language was copious, elegant, abundant and eloquent. If language was invented, as the Latin adage goes, to express the sentiments of the soul, the Indians were a race with subtle and poetic feelings.

In the Mutsun grammar and dictionary published in 1862 by the Smithsonian institute, and now in the library at the University of Santa Clara I have been able to find some interesting similarities between the Indian and European languages.

S-230

CLASS 11 HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

32. LANGUAGE OF SANTA CLARA INDIANS
(Continued)

The Mutsun language is wanting in the letters b, d, k, f, r, v and x. Like the Latin language it has no article. Cases of the nouns are changed by affixing a preposition. For instance, in Mutsun the word for father is appa. The genitive is the same, and is translated "of father." Apphuas is the dative and means "for father." The accusative is "appase." The vocative is "appatsu, appame or appatca." The nominative plural is appagma; genitive, appagma; dative, appagamahus; accusative, appagamase; vocative, appagma; ablative, appagmatsu, appagmane or appamatca.

Changing the meaning of the noun by adjoining a preposition is common in most Indian languages. In this the Indian language resembles the language of mystery, the Basque.

In the Mutsun language adjectives do not vary in form. There is no third personal pronoun. Instead of saying "he went," one says "the one who went."

In one respect the Indians agree with some philosophers who deny the existence of the present in time. The Mutsun language has no verb, "to be," "Now" is unrecognized. Everything is either past or future. Instead of saying "Who is God?" they say "Who God?" Not "You are dirty," but "Much you dirty." Instead of "Everything is pretty," "Pretty everything." Instead of "Where are going?" "Where to." Not "Who are you?" but "Who you." Instead of "I am," they say "I find myself," which might be a literal translation from the French, (Je me trouve."

S-230

CLASS 11 HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

32. LANGUAGE OF SANTA CLARA INDIANS
(Continued)

lily.

The Indians counted up to ten. In order to express 11 they said, "Ten and one over." until they reached 20. When they wished to say 80, like the French they said, "Four times 20."

In nearly all languages the words for father and mother are similar. This probably comes from the resemblance in the sound made by babies in trying to express themselves. The Mutsuns said for mamma and papa "ana and appa."

The Indians called the soul the breath of life. Their word was "noson." When they were ill they made noise (tapestle) to attract the devil. They worshipped a stick, the chocon. They spoke of having dresses of leaves and stings. They striped their bodies with red paint made from cinnebar, obtained from the New Almaden mines. From far parts of California and Oregon came Indians to the great mines to obtain cinnebar. Battles were fought for cinnebar, not for gold as white men fight, but for beauty. Indians called the looking glass the shadow. When their hair grew they spoke of it as blooming.

In the Indian language are no prepositions, articles nor participles. There are reasons to believe that they had only one word for love, "matshu," that that their love was not very spiritual. Polygamy was probably a custom. In the dictionary I found the expression "Lend me your wife?"

Circumcision was undoubtedly one of their rites, as it was among the Aztecs. Sodomy was also practiced, and venereal diseases

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

32. LANGUAGE OF SANTA CLARA INDIANS
(Continued)

were known before the Spanish came. Already they were in the Indian language. When a foreign word was introduced it could be easily recognized. A priest was called "patre," their way of saying padre. The plural was patrecena.

The Mutsuns used crowfoot as a poison. The dictionary describes crowfoot as having a large flower. The Spanish equivalent is sardonia from which word comes the sardonic laugh. Before death came laughter as the result of the drug. The Indians spoke of tobacco as an intoxicant. Of course they meant the wild tobacco which is much stronger than ours. From it they may have brewed a drink.

One peculiarity of the Indians shown in the Mutsun dictionary was that the Tulares wore their hair tied. On some occasion, perhaps to show grief or as the greatest possible punishment they burned off the hair. "Cutting the hair with a firebrand" was the expression from which this is inferred.

The Indians of California were probably not wholly democratic in spite of being uncorrupted by anything that could be termed private property. Different classes wore different ornaments. There were decorations both for dancing and war. Many are the references in the dictionary to dancing.

One of their customs is disclosed by the expression, "I come to smell your hand," instead of "I come to kiss your hand."

Most significant is the phrase found by me in the Mutsun

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

32. LANGUAGE OF SANTA CLARA INDIANS
(Continued)

dictionary, "skin soft as a leopard." There were no leopards in California and writing among the Indians was unknown. Plainly for a long time they had heard of leopards which shows that at some period the animals had been in the experience of the race. Perhaps is was in Asia. There was a legend among the Mutsuns that they had come from the north. The belief is prevalent that they came from the Orient by way of the Aleutian islands. In Asis were leopards. And the expression "Skin soft as a leopard," probably tells the story of their origin.

33. EARLY BAPTISMAL RECORDS

At the University of Santa Clara are the first baptismal records in Santa Clara county. St. Joseph's the oldest church in San Jose did not begin to keep records till 1849. In the parchment pages of the heavey, durably bound volumes at Santa Clara I found not only the names of those first baptized, but the names of the early Indian rancherias.

The rancherias are 69 in number. Their names are: Aunen, Apelames, Atsnil, Agualimvro, Cuachus, Chauculimbre, Cuijens, Chuqueas, Caujil, Cotuplarime, Copolimbre, Chapisme, Colomogre, Chipeyquinas, Chachacahuinime, Chipeyqhis, Chanculimbr, del Arco (called Coyote, later known as San Antonio), Dilacumbro, El Roblar (two leagues from Santa Clara), Guechilime, Guelansemme, Guachlochumbre, Guomcomne, Hutomno, Huyustena, Juna, Los Tayssenes, Los Laquisunas, Los Achachinos, Los Lamamas, Los Chipeyquinas, Los Cuyonunnos, Los Toyimas, Los Pitmenes,

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

33. EARLY BAPTISMAL RECORDS
(Continued)

Los Apelames, Los Tanalemes, Los Achachinos, Los Tandinalanes, Los Tazesalames, Los Bolbones, La Gualanumne, Luechas, Los Tugites, Los Chamhiles, Los Laquisma, Los Tulares, Mayemes, Ololosumbro, Santa Clara, Suonmno, San Bernardino, San Francisco Solano, San Jose de Cupertino, Sinemenese, San Carlos, San Jose, San Francisquito, Totate, Toynonbres, Tucusuyesi, Tazesalemes, Tayssenes, Tuxite, Tonul, Trot-rochi, Toyimas, Yacachi, Yocomalimne, Santa Agueda (la calera, the lime kiln on the Jose Larios place near the Guadelupe mine).

The earliest records of Santa Clara are written in Spanish by Father de la Pena and Father Murguia. They show that the first baptisms did not take place at the mission, but at the rancherias. It was difficult for the missionaries to gain a foot hold among the Indians, but fortune favored the fathers at Santa Clara. Soon after they arrived an epidemic broke out among the Indian children. The missionaries volunteered aid. This won the hearts of the mothers. Evidently mothers ruled the Indian as well as Spanish world.

Father de la Pena wrote in the book of baptisms, "Being informed that there were many sick children at the rancherias in the immediate vicinity of the Mission of Santa Clara, on the sixth of June, 1777, I visited two villages. First at the Rancheria San Francisco I baptized a little girl about six months old, daughter of gentiles, called in their language Saunin, and his wife, Tomolinguis, and I gave her the name of Clara. Next day her parents brought her to the church of the mission and I supplied the ceremony of our Catholic

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

33. EARLY BAPTISMAL RECORDS
(Continued)

church.

At the same rancheria I baptized a little girl, daughter of Namagte and his wife, Mayesat. I gave her the name Inez.

The following day at the rancheria San Juan Bautista I baptized a little boy about six months old, the son of Guarcia and his wife, Tupan. I gave him the name Emanuel Joseph.

At the same rancheria I baptized another little girl about seven years old, sister of Emanuel Joseph. I gave her the name of Maria Josepha. At the same rancheria I baptized a little boy about three years old, son of Pajulina and his wife, Ponuen. I gave him the name of San Juan Bautista."

Father de la Pena records that the first baptism among the Spanish people was that of a boy, a love child. Its father was Joseph Antonio Gonzalez, a soldier of the guard. The mother was Maria Oetra Azeves. He baptized the child Antonio, privately in case of necessity, July 31, 1777.

Father Murguia baptized, September 15, 1777, in the church of the Mission of Santa Clara the first legitimate child of Spanish parents, the daughter of Antonio Asebes, a soldier of the guard of the mission, and Maria Feliciana Cortes. The child was christened Joseph Maria. Her godparents were Joachim Castro and his wife, Martina Botiller.

Nearly a year passed before there was written the name of San Jose in the baptismal records. The first child at San Jose to

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

33. EARLY BAPTISMAL RECORDS
(Continued)

be baptized at Santa Clara, Father de la Pena speaks of as the legitimate son of Manuel Gonzales Michaela Bojorquez, and his wife inhabitnats of "New San Jose, which belongs to this mission. I gave him the name Jose Romauldo. His godparents were Jose Ignacia Archuleta and his wife, Ignacia Gertrudis Pacheco, also inhabitants of the same place."

On the 26th of June, 1778, the first adult was baptized at the Mission Santa Clara. He was an old man of the Rancheria San Francisco Solano, Father Murguia gave him the name Manuel.

From June 6, 1777 to July 5, 1804, there were four thousand, five hundred and seventy-five baptisms at the Mission of Santa Clara. From June 5, 1777, till August 20, 1843, ten thousand, three hundred and forty-four names were recorded.

34. TALES FROM BAPTISMAL RECORDS

In the book of early baptisms at Santa Clara I found the name of Anastasio, "One Eye," the Indian chieftain who lived near the Woodhams' ranch. Anastasio was baptized Feb. 4, 1818, by Father Viader. He was about 5 years of age. He came from the rancheria Los Tanalamas. His parents were the neophytes Anastasio and Escolastica. They were baptized the same day that their son was received into the church.

Inygo, who later owned the Inygo ranche, near Sunnyvale, was baptized June 8, 1797, by Father Catala. He came from the rancheria San Bernadino.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

34. Tales from Baptismal records
(Continued)

The baptismal book dicloses that about 1801 the blacksmith at the Mission Santa Clara was an Indian named Pablo Zipriano. He was from the rancheria San Antonio. His daughter, Maria, was baptized by Father Catala.

The Indian Cristaval, who with Marcello and Pio had the Ulistac grant from Pio Pico, was baptized July 24, 1781. He was only 15 days old. His parents were gentiles. He came from the rancheria San Carlos.

In 1841 some Sonoma Indians were baptized. As early as Oct. 10, 1834, according to the records the fathers went as far as the Sierra Nevada mountains for converts. The Reverend Father Diego speaks of baptizing Oct. 10, 1834, a little girl 5 years old, daughter of gentile parents. She came from the tribe Chauchiles, and "was brought to the pueblo San Jose Guadalupe as a result of an expedition made to the Sierra Nevadas. I don't know whether her parents are living or dead. I gave her the name Maria Dolores del Refugio."

A pretty little story was recounted by Father Thomas de la Pena in the record July 25, 1780.

"The last baptism was of a girl about 12 years of age, daughter of gentile parents. Her rancheria is not known because in the month of April some people from the pueblo San Jose found her lost in the mountains ten leagues (30 miles) north of this mission. Although many inquiries have been made concerning her country and relatives it was impossible to find them. She declares that her land is

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

34. Tales from Baptismal records (Continued)

very far. She says that her father is dead, and that her mother was killed by the gentiles. She was held a captive, in her endeavor to escape she went away to look for her brothers and was lost. She was found by Christians. I gave her the name of Marie de los Dolores. Her godmother was Maria Manuella, daughter of the soldier Felipe Santiago Tapia".

In 1841 there was filed a letter to Father Mercado showing that even in the emergency of death only a priest was allowed to administer baptism. Father Mercado was informed that he must rebaptize the son of the Noriega family who lived near where is now the city hall. Because of the child's illness and the danger of death the stepmother of Noriega had poured the holy water upon the baby and had endeavored to take the place of the priest. Father Mercado was informed that he must give the child absolute baptism.

35. FIRST AMERICAN SETTLER IN VALLEY

A Bostonian was the first American settler in the Santa Clara valley. His name was Thomas W. Doak. He was also the first American settler in California. He was a smuggler. The Spanish Californians used to say that he was of the Boston nation. They thought that Bostonians were a race apart.

Doak, or Duke, or Doc came on the ship Albatross in 1816. It was against the law of California for this colony to trade with foreigners, but smugglers frequently ran the gauntlet of the authorities

S-230

CLASS 11 HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

35. FIRST AMERICAN SETTLER IN VALLEY
(Continued)

and landed goods here. They put in at the Ortega rancho Refugio, near Santa Barbara and were captured by the Santa Barbara commandante. Doak was one of the crew taken prisoner with the captain of the Lydia and many others. A settlement was made, they were released and the Lydia allowed to proceed to Monterey. Doak landed there. He liked it. He decided to remain and grow up with the country.

Two years after Doak came he accepted the religion of the land. He was baptised at San Carlos in 1818 as Felipe Santiago Doak. That same year he appears in California history as the decorator of the Mission San Juan Bautista. It was desired to finish the interior decoration of the mission in 1818, but there came a strike. Painter Chavez demanded six reales a day. Extravagance! The padres couldn't afford it, and so, the young convert of the Boston nation did it fornothing.

No wonder that the young painter won a Californian bride. Senorita Maria Castro, daughter of Don Mariano Castro, who owned the Brea rancho, sometimes called Las Animas, the first great rancho in northern California to be settled.

Later Don Filipe Doak lived at Santa Cruz. He came to San Jose in 1833, where his father-in-law was alcalde. In this same Castro family today is a crucifix that was given Don Mariano by Father Junipero Serra. Not much is known about Santa Clara county's first American settler, except that he left six children and he died in about 1848.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

36. THE SHADOW PEOPLE

One of the race tragedies is the disappearance of the California Indian under the Spanish and American conquests. Occasionally hunters meet survivors of the old tribes living alone in the mountains, but the Santa Clara county Indians are a shadow people.

The origin of the Olhones, like that of all the other California Indians, is a mystery. Their language was made up of dialects. At one time 19 different dialects were spoken among the converts at the Mission Dolores, San Francisco. At the same time there were 40 dialects at the Mission San Jose.

The California Indians have been incorrectly called Diggers. The Digger Indians were very few in number. They lived on roots dug from the ground.

Many records have come down to us decribing the appearance of the Indians in the Santa Clara valley. They were tall, erect, light brown in color. They had high cheek bones and fine straight noses. If we insist that our kind of beauty is the highest, these Indians had considerable beauty. In fact their features were not unlike ours.

The Indians in the Santa Clara valley were sun worshippers. They felt that they had to propitiate an evil spirit who followed their actions. When an Indian died friends or relatives decorated the corpse with feathers, flowers, beads, bows and arrows. They cremated the body amid shouts and chants.

Until the Spanish came to this valley there were neither dressmakers or tailors. When Mrs. Indian roamed along the banks of

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

36. THE SHADOW PEOPLE
(Continued)

the Guadalupe her only garment was a wrapper around the waist. On cold days Mrs. Indian appeared with an otter or deer skin in place of the cotton garment. In hot weather Mrs. Indian wore only an apron of tules or rushes. Sometimes Mrs. Indian Chief wore a close fitting skirt woven and plaited with feathers of a water fowl so as to give a downy surface to both sides.

The clothing of the men and children was even simpler. In summer they were naked. In winter they plastered themselves with mud to keep out the cold.

The Indian women were fond of decorating their bodies. Some tattoed their skin. Others wore earrings of wood, strings of shell beads, bands of feathers around the head. The birds most in vogue for self adornment were black eagles, golden winged wood peckers and mountain quail. To obtain a band of wood peckers' feathers was not easy. A suitable band cost the lives of not less than 250 birds. There were 500 feathers in a band, and one wood pecker could supply only two. Even today the fastidious lady of fashion would hardly demand the slaughter of 250 birds for one garment, and so Mrs. Indian in some respects was more difficult to please than Mrs. San Jose.

37. EARLY CALIFORNIA ARCHITECTURE

An American architect has said that the only original American contribution to architecture is the Californian bungalow. Otherwise the United States has evolved nothing from its peculiar needs, taste or climate. Most costly dwellings in America are pro-

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

37. EARLY CALIFORNIA ARCHITECTURE
(Continued)

ductions of French chateaux, English castles or Roman palaces, all of which express the spirit of the warring era that produced them. Americans who cannot afford costly foreign palaces for the most part, live in patchwork of European Roman and Greek taste. The California bungalow is the product of this climate and of the needs of today.

Another original American architecture is that of the Indians of Arizona and New Mexico.

At first the California Indians lived in wikiups made of boughs and straw. These were sanitary, easily renewed, and as Californian residences in the summer were very desirable. Often there were 1500 wikiups in one rancheria (Indian village). San Jose was founded near four or five of such rancherias. They centered about the Gish road.

When the Indians developed taste for permanence they created the adobe brick made of thick mud. These bricks were four by twelve by sixteen inches. They retained heat in winter and kept out the cold in summer. When the Spaniards came they appropriated the Indians' idea. For thick walls of their dwellings they used these sun dried bricks made of clay with which cut straw was mixed, but the walls were never left rough. They were plastered inside and out with mortar made of mud. Later they were finished with a lime wash, either cream, yellow or pink.

At first the buildings of the Spaniards were thatched with

S-230

CLASS 11 HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

37. EARLY CALIFORNIA ARCHITECTURE
(Continued)

straw and reeds. Tules especially were used, but fire made straw roofs unsafe. So the Spaniards introduced for their roof a reproduction of the tiles so much in vogue in Europe. All California houses that were simple or elaborate were built of adobe.

The mission churches began as simply as the Indian wikiups. First the cross was planted. A booth of branches was built over the cross. Bells summoning souls to Jesus swung from the limbs of the trees. Both the ground and the booth were consecrated. With time the booth gave way to the church, which was often 10 or 15 years in building.

The padres designed the churches, and the patient, plodding Indians did the work. The missions were all built in a similar way around a quadrangle. Heavy, hewn beams and strips of leather to bind them together were used. This interior quadrangle was for the purpose of insuring protection in the event of an attack from without. The mission walls were solidly constructed, and in spite of earthquakes some have stood for more than a century.

Each year Californian architecture is becoming more popular. Not only does one see beautiful public buildings, private residences and bungalows made in the Indian-Spanish style in this state, but in both town and country in the east and in Europe are found excellent examples of buildings recalling the history of California.

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

38. MISSION SAN JOSE ACCOUNT BOOK

In the library at the University of Santa Clara I found an account book of the Mission San Jose in the year 1837. From it I learned that the Indians were paid 30 cents a day for their work.

Already the missions were being secularized and were largely in charge of the major domos. One of these was Don Pedro Chaboya, Another was Don Christosomo Galindo and a third was Don Francisco Palomeris. For their services they received $65 a month. The tailor Santana Diaz received $1.50 for making a pair of trousers. The soldiers' suits gave little profit. The tailor had only 25 cents for making them. When he worked for Senor Jose de Jesus Vallejo he received $14 a suit.

The corn grinder or miller made more than $1200 in one year at the Mission San Jose. The account book shows that the weaver was thrifty and industrious. He sold to the mission in one year blankets and serapes amounting to $2813. He spent only $1205 for wood and machinery.

Commandante Vallejo had the largest account with the mission. In one year it amounted to $6000. He bought 12 sombreros for $36. He purchased 500 cows for $1500. He paid $10 each for colts and $3 for pigs. Among the articles paid by the commandante on his own account were 114 skins of deer for which he was accredited with $71.20. The serapes of Commandante Vallejo cost $6 each.

Other persons with accounts at the mission were the shoemaker, the tanner, Juan, the Carpenter, Davila the painter,, who decorated

S-230

CLASS 11 HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

38. MISSION SAN JOSE ACCOUNT BOOK
(Continued)

the Mission Santa Clara, and Senor Amador. There were no matches at the time and Amador bought 50 flints at 3 cents each.

In contrast with the Spanish California names is the account of A. B. Thompson. He was a trader from Maine who came to California in the early thirties and married one of the Carrillos. His full name was Alpheus B. Thompson. In the late thirties he built a house in Yerba Buena. Thompson spent more than $1000 with the mission in 1837.

The tanner at the mission tanned 2760 skins in one year. Thirty-five hundred tiles were sold for $42. Ink was costly, 10 cents a bottle. Coffee was about 10 cents a pound. Tobacco was 30 cents and brandy was 70 cents a bottle.

In order to give an idea of the values of 1837 I took note of a few of the things sold. Six pieces of bleached cotton, $116. Four rebosos, $15, 60 handkerchiefs, $24.60, three dozen stockings, $41; three pieces ribbon, $6; two pairs of boots, $16; three pieces of nankeen, $31.60; ten pounds glass beads for Indians, $19; 45 blankets, $12; two pieces of Lancaster cloth, $6.60; one box of razors, $20; four pieces of Irish linen, $72; ten pieces of flannel, $10; 13 pairs of black gloves, $6; 64 silk handkerchiefs, $89; one iron coffee pot, $2.

39. SECULARIZATION OF SANTA CLARA MISSION

The missions of California were intended by Spain to be

S-230

CLASS 11 HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

39. SECULARIZATION OF SANTA CLARA MISSION
(Continued)

temporary. They were to be maintained only as long as necessary to the Indians. The first step toward secularization was taken September 13, 1813 by Spain when the Spanish Cortes passed a law to transform the missions into secular parishes. No attempt was made to enforce the law because it was discovered to be untimely; the Indians were unprepared to do without the protection of the fathers.

The missions were left alone till the first Mexican governor of California, Jose Maria de Echeandia, came. March 20, 1829, the federal congress of Mexico decreed that all foreigners refusing to swear allegiance to Mexico should leave California in one month and leave Mexico within three months. This included the 26 missionary fathers. The Franciscans promised to avoid politics, but the priests were subjects of Spain, and they refused to deny their country for Mexico. This refusal decreed their exile.

To Santa Clara and the Mission San Jose Mexico might as well have decreed the death of the soul of the community as to exile the fathers. Fathers Magin Catala and Vieder of Santa Clara, and Father Duran of the Mission San Jose had lived for years here. They had served the Indians and the people, they were deeply beloved. The ayuntamiento or town council of San Jose appealed to the governor begging him to make an exception of the three fathers so much needed. Echeandia himself saw the justice of the plea and urged his government that the missionaries be allowed to remain here. Father Magin Catala

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

39. SECULARIZATION OF SANTA CLARA MISSION
(Continued)

never knew the decision of Mexico. He was spared the pain of seeing the decay of his work. He escaped the humiliation of exile. Before three months passed he died at Santa Clara where his bones still remain. His two friends and collegaues Father Viader and Father Duran, said the last prayer over his remains.

When the territorial deputation met at Monterey in July, 1830, it was agreed to transform the missions into pueblos as soon as possible with an alcalde ruling each. All the land previously cultivated by the mission Indians and all cattle should become property of the pueblo. Each Indian family was given a building lot for a house and a plot of land 700 feet square for cultivation. In addition the head of the house was given two horses, a mule, a mare, a yoke of oxen, two cows, two sheep, a goat, a plow point, a rake, a hatchet, an ax and a hoe. Each church was to remain as a house of worship, but other buildings were to be converted into schools and to be used for other public purposes.

This plan was threatened with reversal when Don Manuel Victoria came as governor. Some missionaries had taken an oath of allegiance. Victoria declared that Echeandia's plan was not that of the supreme government. However, Governor Victoria didn't remain long in office. Pio Pico, Juan Bandini and Jose Antonio Carillo made a revolution against him. He yielded his power to Echeandia, but Jose Figueroa was appointed governor.

With Figueroa came Mexican missionaries from the College of

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

39. SECULARIZATION OF SANTA CLARA MISSION
(Continued)

Zacetecas, under Father Garcia Diego, afterwards bishop of California. Father Jose Viader last of the Spanish missionaries at Santa Clara, left in 1833. At 70 years of age, broken with the death knell of the missions in his ears he sailed for Spain, where he died.

The Mexican government went on with the work. Not only did they secularize the missions, but they tried to get possession of the Pious Fund of $1,000.000 by which the missions were largely supported. The Mexican congress ordered the property of the Pious Fund rented for not more than seven years and the proceeds to be used for the missions.

The order of secularization reached Santa Clara December 27, 1836, when General Vallejo was commandant. During the following six years the mission decayed rapidly. In 1840 Visitador-General Hartnell found the Indians very discontented. Majordomo Alviso reported that industries were suspended. Santa Clara now produced nothing but hides. Two-thirds of the sheep and cattle had disappeared.

General Vallejo had 6000 of the mission sheep. Fathers Mercado and Muro tried to take them from Vallejo, but he claimed to hold them for the government. Then Benito Diaz openly charged the general with obtaining his wealth by plundering the missions. An investigation was made but hushed up. During six years the Indians in the missions were reduced from 15,000 to 6000.

July 17, 1842, Father Mercado wrote Alcalde Pico of San Jose that the mission Indians were being demorálized in San Jose groggeries. In turn the alcalde reported to the government that Father Mercado neglected the

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

39. SECULARIZATION OF SANTA CLARA MISSION
(Continued)

Santa Clara mission property.

Conflict between church and state ended almost in violence. With eight men Jesus Pico, brother of the alcalde, went to Santa Clara in the year 1844, arrested Father Mercado and took him to Alviso and put him aboard a vessel bound for Monterey. Later he went to Mexico. When Father Mercado left Santa Clara there were only 130 neophytes.

In 1844 came Father Jose Maria Real, last of the Franciscans. He had charge of the Missions San Jose and San Carlos. Under Father Real matters were even worse than under his predecessors. He knew little about business, and by the time he returned the missions over to Father John Nobili, the Italian Jesuit founder of the University of Santa Clara, through fraudulent transfer and squatters' claims the mission property was almost gone.

After the American occupation Juan Castaneda, Luis Arenas, Benito Diaz claimed that the Santa Clara mission had been sold to them for $1200, but their deed was fraudulently antedated and they did not get possessions.

Later some Americans tried to squat upon the Santa Clara and San Jose missions, but Father Real complained to Governor Mason, at HIST OF VALLEY..... TWO..... MT the same time sending him a list of the effects lost through the Americans. He reported that four thousand dollars worth of property had disappeared and damage had been done to the extent of fifteen thousand, five hundred and seventy-five dollars. Governor Mason sent Captain (afterwards General) Naglee with a body of soldiers to oust the squatters and return possession to the fathers.

Father Real, however, allowed the squatters to remain till after

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

39. SECULARIZATION OF SANTA CLARA MISSION
(Continued)

the harvest. The soldiers lingered long in the valley.

In 1850 Antonio M. Osio of Monterey, tried to get possession of the title which he claimed had been given him by General Castro in 1846. In 1850 Osio rented the mission to a Frenchman for three years. The Frenchman gave it up because of endless troubles with squatters. When he left the mission he took with him the gates, doors and other improvements made by him.

In the absence of Osio, Father Real rented the place to Joel Clayton, thinking that Osio would honor the lease. Meanwhile Osio had rented the property to a man from San Francisco. Clayton refused to leave till reimbursed for his expenses on the grounds.

The orchard was sold by the sheriff under a judgment against the mission. Clayton secured the lease from James Frazier Reed, who had bought it from the sheriff.

Osio began suit for possession when suddenly Charles Clayton, Judge Redman and others bought a title to it under the old Pico sale in 1846 and prosecuted Joel Clayton who gave the premises to them.

Redman and Clayton found the orchard immensely profitable. Father Nobili brought suit against them, but was non-suited.

In 1858 Archbishop Alemany filed a suit before the land commission playing for a confirmation of all the mission property of the Roman Catholic Church. His claim was granted, and the land was so patented. Redman was given a lease on the payment of a thousand dollars a year. In 1864 the orchard came into the hands

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs.Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

(Continued)

of the Santa Clara College.

San Jose's first church, St. Joseph's, was built in part by women, the women of 1803. They were not new women, but plain, simple housewives of that time. They were Spanish women full of devotion to their Savior and eager to serve in whatever way they could. The late Mrs. Luisa Sepulveda Mesa told me about those women of 1803 who helped to build St. Joseph's. Her mother was one of them, and so, she has heard from her mother's own lips the story of how the women of San Jose worked on their first church.

Always San Joseans went to church at Santa Clara. The rich went in carettas, prodding their slow oxen, but too haughty in their rich embroidered shawls to walk. The poor, said Mrs. Mesa with an amused little smile, started later on foot than did the carettas, but arrived first. This was very pleasant in summer, but in those days the angry winter rivers rose in a wild way. Sometimes it was impossible to go to church. Of course many rode, but it was difficult for women to ride in the rain, and so, they planned a church of their own.

One bright July day in 1803 the cornerstone was laid, and then the work went on. Mrs. Mesa said that under the altar the Indians dug a hole and placed therein the treasure of the church. Today there it lies buried. The Spaniards in San Jose had no race feeling against the Indians, and side by side with the red men they worked, senors, senoras, and senoritas. Delicately nurtured women carried the hod. Nothing that they

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs.Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)
(Continued)

could do was too much.

Mrs. Mesa said that her mother and her two sisters worked on the church. They were the daughters of Miguel Pacheco, Mrs. Juan Mesa's maiden name was Francisca Pacheco, and her two sisters were Encarnacion and Petra. Petra Higuerra, grandmother of the Mr. Higuerra who owns a remnant of the great Pala ranch on which now stands the Mt. Pleasant school, was another of the women church builders. Mrs. Mesa said that it was not always easy for the Indians to find good soil for making adobe bricks, and it was necessary to obtain permission of the owners of land to make them. The Indians found several places where adobe bricks could be made. From some distance they carried them to the church. However, many of them were manufactured in the Plaza back of St. Joseph's.

Some of the rich people in the little pueblo were too haughty, and not sufficiently humbly religious to work with the Indians, but they helped by giving money. At last, after much effort, the little church was completed, and it was covered with a thatched roof. It seemed the most beautiful building in the world to those women workers as they knelt on the dirt floor, and looked at the simple little pictures on the walls and worshipped and gave prayers of thanks. No alterations were made in that church till 1835.

In 1805 the Mission of San Jose was in Santa Clara county. During that year the mission had a little war of its

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs.Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)
(Continued)

own. For that day it was considered a real war. Padre Cueva, who was in charge of Mission San Jose, was asked to visit some sick Indian converts living in a rancheria 40 miles distant in the eastern foothills. He was treacherously guided to the wrong rancheria.

He arrived at the tribe called the Luecheas, when he was received by a volley of arrows.

With Padre Cueva was Major-domo Ignacio Higuera, two soldiers and a few neophyte attendants. Higuera was killed, Padre Cueva was struck in the face, one of the soldiers was badly wounded and three neophytes were killed, as were all of the horses. A friendly Indian hurried back to the mission and brought the news of the disaster.

Sergeant Luis Peralta was dispatched with 18 men to punish the Indians. With him were 34 men from San Jose. The natives expected punishment and had fled from their rancheria. They were overtaken and 11 of their number were killed. The survivors defended themselves all night in a cave. Thirty women prisoners were brought back to the Mission San Jose as hostages.

In a few months Sergeant Peralta made another raid, but all was quiet in the rancherias. Many fugitives from the missions volunteered to return to their missions. Some chieftains from as far as Pescadero on the Rio San Francisco, or San Joaquin, came to assure the Spaniards that they had no part in the outbreak.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs.Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

(Continued)

There was a beautiful salutation between the missionary fathers and the Indians. The father said, "Amad a Dios, hijo". - (Love God, my son). The Indian replied, "Amad a Dios, Padre" - (Love God, father). This charming salutation did not keep the Indians from warring against the padres.

Yoscolo, the leader of the last and great revolt against the church in Santa Clara county, was a brilliant young Indian chief who had been educated by the fathers and who was their pride in the early part of the nineteenth century. Yoscolo felt the call of the blood, of the wilderness. He rebelled against authority.

Arming 1000 Indians with bows and arrows he attacked the Santa Clara mission and robbed it of stores and supplies. Then Yoscolo and his men invaded the part of the mission where young Indian girls were being educated and trained. The Indians seized 300 of their women. The young women went willingly back to their tribes. Then the Indians took 3000 head of the padres' cattle and 500 horses and fled to the mountains near Mariposa.

There was probably concerted action between Yoscolo and Estanisloa, or Stanislaus. (A California county was named for this chief). Estanislao's life had once been spared by Father Duran. The chief deserted the Mission San Jose. He assembled 3000 Indians and joined the forces of Yoscolo at Mariposa.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs.Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)
(Continued)

General Vallejo, resident commandant, was ordered to attack the Indians. But Vallejo was unfortunate with Indians whether unsuccessful or victorious. This time with 300 soldiers he pursued the rebels but they escaped to the mountains and were lost to Vallejo.

Yoscolo, who was the highest in command, was a good fighter and strategist, and he became daring. Boldly he came back to San Jose and raided the Santa Clara mission. Then he retired to the Santa Cruz mountains near Los Gatos. This was a wise choice, because the spot chosen was the breeding place of wild cats. (Los Gatos means cats). No one cared to fight an army of Indians and wild cats. Even the hunters dreaded the wilds of Los Gatos.

From Los Gatos Yoscolo made another raid on the Santa Clara mission. The Californians had been pretty patient with Yoscolo. Now Juan Prado Mesa, major domo of the mission, thought it time to gather a force to resist him. The San Jose mission had been attacked by Indians. Four of the southern missions had been burned by Indians and one or two priests had been murdered. Mesa organized a force and followed the rebels into the mountains, where they fought wild cats and red men.

Mesa's forces had flint like guns. The bloody battle lasted all day. Yoscolo, like a good soldier, formed a square of soldiers and ordered his followers to fight lying down. They fought from behind rocks and trees. Flint locks conquered bows

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs.Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)
(Continued)

and arrows. Night brought surrender of the Indians.

But Yoscolo did not surrender until he was wounded. He and the leaders of his army were beheaded.

The surviving Indians were brought back to the Santa Clara mission to be reconverted.

Yoscolo's head was set on the top of the pole planted not far from the front door of the Santa Clara mission . It was an effective warning against rebellion.

Governor Felipe de Neve issued a proclamation from Monterey in 1779 declaring that pueblos were to be founded in California to encourage the people in agriculture. Most especially, however, were the pueblos founded to be useful to the presidios.

Each settler was given two mares, two cows, one calf, two sheep, two goats. They were all breeding animals. Besides they had a yoke of oxen, one plow-shire or point, one hoe, one ax, one cycle, one wood knife, one lance, one musket and one leather shield.

To the community was given for use in common one jack, one boar, three sows, one forge, one anvil, six crow bars, six shovels and coopers' and carpenters' tools.

The lots were equal in size and were 200 varas square. No lot could be divided, nor could any tax, mortgage or burden even for religious purposes be placed on the lot. If this law was violated the property might be taken from the colonist and

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

(Continued)

given to another.

There was common land for wood and pasture, and irrigation ditches were used by all. Each colonist branded his own stock. For five years no taxes were to be paid. If colonists built houses and dug irrigation ditches they might be exempt from taxes.

After five years the stock after it multiplied was divided among the colonists.

After Neve was recalled Fagas became governor and Lieut. Don Jose Moraga at the presidio gave the colonists grants and also irons for branding cattle.

In 1781 the settlers wanted more land and sent this request through the governor to the king of Spain. After a long delay it was decided that no one should have more than 50 cattle. If the grants were outside the pueblo limits the colonists must employ herdsmen to keep the stock from injuring the settlers.

In 1824 when California came under the rule of Mexico, the Mexican citizens were always given preference, though foreigners were protected. No person could have more than one league square of irrigable land nor more than four leagues of non-irrigable land for raising cattle. All owners of land must reside in the territory.

In 1837 Manuel Pinto, Jose Marie Flores, Leandro Rochin, Luis Chabolla, Jose Antonio Sepulveda and Anastacio Alviso appeared for the people and asked of the Mexican government suspension

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

43. THE FIRST SURVEY OF SAN JOSE
(Continued)

land grants till it was determined where were the pueblo and where the mission lands. In 1838 the governor ordered three persons, William Guilnac, Guillermo Castro and Salvio Pacheco to make a map of lands. They surveyed but reported nothing to the government.

As the population increased the demand became greater for an accurate map. William Campbell and his brother in 1847, with surveyors' instruments, made the first survey of San Jose. It was also the first correct California survey.

44. HOW THE ESCHCHOLZIA WAS NAMED

In 1816 there came to San Jose from San Francisco a Russian scientific expedition which changed the name of the beautiful copa de oro, otherwise the golden California poppy, to the Eschcholzia California. Whether he ought to be grateful to this scientific expedition for having burdened the beautiful, innocent flower with such a name is a question, but it is a part of history. This is how it happened.

The Spanish people had been content with calling the poppy the torona, the toronja or the dormidera, or the copa de oro. The Spanish bookish name was copa de oro, which means cup of gold. I rather prefer the more common dormidera (the sleepy one). This name sprang from the habit that the poppy has of taking a nap late in the afternoon. The Spanish Californians used the poppy as a drug. It was a pain killer and a family medicine. Probably the Americans would have always called the sleepy one the poppy but for the Kitzebue scientific expedition.

These learned men arrived in San Francisco on a ship called the Rurik, Otto von Kotzebue, the explorer, was in command. With him was Adalbert

S-230

CLASS II HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

44. HOW THE ESCHCHOLZIA WAS NAMED
(Continued)

von Chamisso, a French noble by birth, a Prussian soldier by education, a botanist by profession and a poet by inspiration. Another great naturalist of the expedition was Dr. Johann Freiderich Eschscholz, who is responsible for the poor golden sleepy one's new name.

The Kotzebue expedition remained one month in San Francisco and vicinity. They had a desire to venture into the unexplored part of California, and so, after a wild trip down the coast, they landed at Alviso. They came to San Jose and went to the Mission Santa Clara.

Though the scientists were disappointed in the beauty of the country, they wrote three books about it. On a previous expedition a scientist who had come to San Francisco with Rezanov, the czar's court chamberlain, called San Francisco and vicinity a flower garden. Chamisso mentions this and writes of his disappointment in the beauty of the flowers. Of course, the Kotzebue season, came during the expedition, and they saw few flowers at their best. "However," wrote Chamisso, "we collected many seeds of many plants and we expect to enrich our gardens thereby."

Indeed, from this expedition resulted not only the name of the poppy, but its introduction to European gardens.

Not till four years later, in 1820, did Chamisso write of the sleepy one of California. Then in Madrid in the "Horae physicae" of the Spaniard, Luis Nee Chamisso invented the name "Eschcholzia Californica" in honor of the "very skillful, very learned, very amicable Eschcholz, doctor of medicine and equally expert in botany and entomology."

The Eschscholzia Californiac is almost exclusively in its wild state

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

44. HOW THE ESCHCHOLZIA WAS NAMED (Continued)

indigenous to this soil. It grows occasionally in Oregon, Washington, upper Mexico and the Great Basin. It belongs in reality to California, where it used to thrive in such quantities that acres of its golden blossoms could be seen at a distance of 25 miles. It is a pity that California cannot even after 100 years give the sleepy one a pleasing name, at least one that can be spelled without a dictionary.

45. FIRST FOREIGNERS BAPTIZED

In the book of baptisms at the University of Santa Clara I caught glimpses of the life of the foreigners, most of them of the Protestant faith, who came to San Jose in the early days.

One of the first foreigners to be baptized at the Mission Santa Clara was Robert Livermore for whom the town of Livermore was named. The ceremony was performed June 20, 1823, by Father Viader, who recorded it as follows:

"I baptized solemnly, conditionally a man 48 years of age of the English nation. He was a native of the town of Springfield, of the province Essex, England. As a boy he had been baptized in the Protestant sect and christened Robert Livermore. He was the legitimate son of Protestant parents, Robert Livermore and Mary Caldwell. His god parents were Juan Albirez and Maria Lutgarda Briones. After he had made a profession of faith and a confession I gave him immediate absolution."

Father Viader recorded that Aug. 18, 1830, he baptized the son of Joseph William Wilson, "a native of North America, and his wife, Josepha Albiso of California." He gave the child the name of

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs.Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

45. FIRST FOREIGNERS BAPTIZED (Continued)

Jose Jacinto Wilson. The godparents were Jose Reyes Bereyessa and his wife, Zacarias Bernal.

Two Americans were baptized July 29, 1832. One was Jorge Ferguson, son of James Ferguson and Rebecca James "of the pueblo Portsmouth in the province of New Hampshire in North America". The other was William Smith of the pueblo New Haven of the province Connecticut. He was the legitimate son of George Smith and Mary Crandall. Don Diego Forbes was the godfather of both.

Later in the year Don Carlos Smith of Massachusetts was baptized. Father Viader again wrote that July 4, 1825, he baptized George Carr of the "English nation".

Don Carlos Gerolt, a native of Germany, was baptized in the early 30s. Very often I found that the baptism was only the forerunner of marriage. Very soon after his baptism Don Carlos Gerolt took a wife, Silveria Pacheco.

Three Americans were baptized Feb. 28, 1837, by Father Moreno. They were Thomas Boone of Kentucky, Thomas Tomlinson and James Van Voorhies of Cincinnati.

46. DUELS IN SPANISH CALIFORNIA

Often I have asked Spanish Californians if in the old days there were duels. Apparently there were few because none of the old people could tell me of them. In Father Viader's book of manuscripts at the University of Santa Clara I found an explanation of this absence of stories of duelling. The penalty was most severe for private war. It was an unpardonable sin.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs.Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

46. DUELS IN SPANISH CALIFORNIA (Continued)

Not only were the duellers thought by the church guilty of the unforgiveable, but their assistants fell under displeasure equal to that of the principals. Even witnesses, counsellors and good parents, all those taking part indirectly in the duel, committed mortal sin.

Nor did it matter whether the duellist lived or died. The fathers held that a duel was a crime against self-respect, against justice, against good example. Disgrace, punishment and confiscation of goods were for the duelists. They were excommunicated by the pope. At the time when the missionary fathers were at the Mission Santa Clara sinners and wrongdoers often made of the church a sanctuary, but duelists had no refuge in the mission. Nor could they be buried in consecrated ground, not even though they died after receiving absolution.

47. DUTIES AND PRICES UNDER GOV. FAGES

Don Pedro Fages was the fourth Spanish governor and the first commandante of California. He came to California several times. He was present at the dedication of the Santa Clara Mission. In fact, Father Serra gave Governor Fages the key and he opened the door of the mission for the first time. In an old book of unpublished Spanish manuscripts written in the clear hand of the fathers now in the library of the University of Santa Clara, I found what were the duties paid by foreigners who wished to trade in California under Governor Fages. At one time there was a severe penalty in all the Spanish provinces for trading with foreigners. Some offenders were

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs.Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

47. DUTIES AND PRICES UNDER GOV. FAGES
(Continued)

even punished by death for their disloyalty to Spain, but as time passed the ruling power saw that Spain was limiting herself by this law, and so, a table was fixed stating the taxes to be paid for trading in California.

Ships were taxed 25 per cent of the value of their goods. Raw tobacco was forbidden entrance, though cigars and snuff were allowed. Raw cotton had a duty of $2 a pound. Seeds were free, a s was quicksilver, scientific surgical instruments and all tools for mines and agriculture. Books were free if unbound, but a censor decided whether the contents of the book conformed with official morality and religion.

Governor Fages on Jan. 2, 1788, fixed the prices of food and supplies. Fresh meat was 2 cents a pound. Dried meat was 1½ cents. Butter brought 5½ cents. A 2-year-old sheep sold for $2. Eggs were 6 cents a dozen. Flour was 2-3/4 cents a pound. A tame horse was $4.50, but a mule was $10. A two-year-old pig brought $1.50. A bull was $3 and a milch cow was $5. Twenty-five pounds of the fruit of cactus brought 10 cents. The same amount of peaches cost 7 cents. Five pounds of apricots were worth only 1 cent.

Many prices were unfixed. Sugar was 5 cents a pound. Chocolate was 12½ cents. An ordinary sombrero was 22 cents. Boots cost $2.50. Saddles were $4.50. Cotton gloves were 50 cents. A leather shield (cuera) was $9. Shields of better quality were $14. Making a shirt was 7½ cents. Drawers cost 15 cents. Spanish brandy was $1.10 a bottle. Mescal was 60 cents. The missions used

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs.Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

47. DUTIES AND PRICES UNDER GOV. FAGES
(Continued)

to sell it for 25 cents. In fact when the mission harvested grapes in abundance at the door of the house they used to sell wine and vinegar for 5 cents a pint and brandy for 10 cents.

49. MISSION MEDICINAL REMEDIES

Father Viader's book compiled in the early part of the eighteenth century is now in the library at the University of Santa Clara. It contains a list of medicinal remedies employed by the mission when the Spanish fathers were in charge. The first physician at San Jose was Surgeon Joseph Davila, who belonged to the presidio. He probably treated mostly the gente de razon. The missionaries were obliged to care for the Indians.

Sweet almond oil was recommended for the kidneys and colic. Camomile was also used for colic. It is even supposed to have saved some lives later in 1850 during the cholera plague. Camphor was employed to heal wounds. Extract of juniper was a preventative of scurvy. For insomnia milk of almonds was drunk. Balm-gentle was an antidote for indigestion. Flower of violets prevented coughing. Tea of elderberries was a cure of erysipelas. Tea of the leaves of senna was a purgative. Powder of the root of julep was a cure for dropsy.

Common mallow was pomade to dissipate tumors. Pomade of frogs was a remedy for scrofula. Plantain cured diarrhea. Licorice root, cassia and sarsparilla were antidotes for poison. A poultice for fractures was made of frogs and quicksilver.

Other remedies in the mission pharmacy were Hungarian and alkali waters, spirits of sweet nitre, liquid laudanum, linaments

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs.Fremont Older (published Evening News 1925)

49. MISSION MEDICINAL REMEDIES (Continued)

of rasio, isis, marshmallow, storax, turpentine, red lead, egg plant, poppy oil, wormwood and scorpions. Oils were made of quince, almond and wool. Other drugs were salts of nitre, cream of tartar, ammonia, wild epicac, salt, castor oil, quinine, rhubarb powder and the blood of the dragon tree.

50. INDIAN WARS IN SANTA CLARA

The Indians of this valley were not savage in comparison with the Indians on the eastern coast. Only the docile redmen became converts of the mission. Some believed that the white men were ghosts of their own ancestors come back from death. On the coming of the fathers the savage, hostile tribes in Santa Clara valley withdrew to the San Joaquin and Tulare regions, where they are lost in legend.

In 1788 there were wars in the valley among the gentiles, as the unconverted Indians were called, the fathers at Santa Clara had considerable difficulty in restraining the neophytes, or converts, from joining the battles.

Indian wars about San Jose were curiously like modern wars in their cause and conduct. War arose from a member of one tribe stealing a rabbit or some acorns from a member of another tribe.

Usually the Ohlone Indians married among themselves, but when by chance an Indian suddenly fell in love with a woman of another tribe and carried her off as his wife it resulted in war. Undoubtedly Yoscolo's attack on the Santa Clara mission in the early part of the 19th century came from the tribal instinct to make war for women.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs.Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

50. INDIAN WARS IN SANTA CLARA
(Continued)

Yoscolo could not understand that the 300 young Indian women were kept at the Santa Clara mission for their own good, and for purposes of education and civilization. His theory was that the women belonged to their tribes. For them he lost his life.

Nations still war for rabbits and acorns; but in this modern time no Troy is burned for a fair Helen. That is left for poets' dreams.

In the old days if the Indian losing his property or sweetheart, who was virtually his slave, could persuade the chief of the tribe to share his anger, from all the mountain tops angry fires flamed up.

War was declared. Poisoned gas is not modern. Probably the idea came from the Indians. The redmen fought with poisoned arrows.

The Indians were among the first believers in preparedness, and they compelled everyone, except babies, to do their share. Women pounded seed, and made ready the provisions for wars.

When all were ready, first marched the young strong men. Then came the older men. Last were the women and children. Sometimes war was a prearranged practice-encounter like a duel or prize fight. This often occurred in the Santa Clara valley. But more often the war was savage, unpracticed, deadly.

The Indians went into battle singing a martial song. In order to terrify their enemies the first victims were the recipients of terrible cruelties, not unlike those seen in Belgium. In fact, there is much to be learned in the perfection of war by studying the Indians.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs.Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

50. INDIAN WARS IN SANTA CLARA
(Continued)

When the battle was on, women picked up the arrows and gave them to the warriors. No quarter was given except to mortally wounded. They were turned over to the old men by whom they were scalped. The scalps were dried as souvenirs of victory. In fact, scalping has been overlooked in the perfection of modern warfare. There is something to be said for it. For instance, scalping might put an end to war itself.

Sometimes the victorious Indians were not satisfied with mere victory. After they had exterminated the entire tribe they ate the bodies of their enemies. This, too, should be considered by the war ministers. If food is scarce in London, Russia, Paris or Berlin, canned Frenchmen, Englishmen, Germans or Russians might be served, thereby lowering the price of food as well as forwarding a campaign against war.

52. EL FLOR DE SAN JOSE

The hollyhock is the flower of San Jose, and it should be cultivated here in masses. The hollyhock's other name is la barra de San Jose, or St. Joseph's staff. The hollyhock used to be in all the old gardens, and the reason why is a pretty story. One of the old padres told it

When the husband was chosen for the Blessed Virgin the young men of her kindred were summoned. They came at the appointed time, each with a staff in hand, as was the way of travelers. It was prophesied that the husband of the Virgin should be he whose staff

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs.Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

52. EL FLOR DE SAN JOSE
(Continued)

should break into bloom. St. Joseph was the honored man. His staff budded. Beautiful flowers like roses bloomed up and down the stem. Thus came the hollyhock, one of the oldest flowers known, the flower of San Jose.

In the old Spanish California gardens, according to our modern sophisticated taste, there was not a great variety of flowers. Besides the hollyhock, one of the most popular flowers was la rosa de Castilla, the Castillian rose. You all know it, the old-fashioned, fragrant, pink rose.Sometimes it bloomed white, and as often as twice a year. The Spanish, like all Latins, are a practical race, and they used the Castillian rose as a wash for bad eyes and a salve for the hands.

Besides the Castillian rose was cultivated the malva, or geranium, which grows so luxuriantly in California. The malva rosa was often planted by the fathers as a wind break. In reality it is the pink mallow. It is seen much in San Francisco, but it grows in Spain. There is some doubt about whether it was brought to California by the fathers from Spain or whether it came from the islands near Santa Barbara, where it grows wild.

53. ON THE WHALER

When the priests went on their expeditions to convert Indians precisely what did they do? How did they convert Indians is the question often asked.

One of the most vivid pictures of the methods employed by the fathers in converting the Indians is shown in the diary of

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs.Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

53. ON THE WHALER
(Continued)

Father Narciso Duran in 1817. For years Father Duran was at the Mission San Jose. He frequently came to Santa Clara where he celebrated mass. He preached the funeral sermon of Father Magin Catala at Santa Clara.

Considerable courage was required for Father Duran to set out to visit the Indians on the Sacramento and San Joaquin rivers in the year 1817. These Indians were wild or "bronchos". Already they had killed Julio, who had been the neophyte alcalde at San Jose. With Father Duran went Lieutenant Don Luis Arguello, then commandante of the royal presidio at San Francisco. Don Luis was an ancestor of the Santa Clara Arguellos. Don Luis was on the launch San Rafael. Father Duran, with another priest, was on the launch San Jose. Theys et out from San Francisco May 13, 1817.

The first day they traveled 36 miles. Then a storm arose. Arguello's main mast was broken, but the party went 18 miles up the Sacramento river. They alighted on dry land and said mass. Father Duran speaks of the banks of the Sacramento as being like a park with their May verdure and their luxuriance of groves of poplar and oak trees.

The missionaries found rancherias of 30 or 40 houses, 40 or 50 paces in circumference. The natives were suspicious of them and at sight of the missionaries fled, disappearing on rafts.

Father Duran speaks of seeing the Sierra Nevadas which seemed covered with snow, though he thought perhaps he was looking at a species of white rock. With the missionaries were christianized

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs.Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

53. ON THE WHALER
(Continued)

Indians and they told them that on the other side of the mountains were white people like the Spaniards. This greatly puzzled the missionaries who could not tell who they were, whether they were the Spanish from New Mexico or the English and Russians from the North.

The first converts made by the missionaries were two old men more than 60. After a week of exploring the Sacramento they found a spot where they decided to erect a cross. Near by in a tule patch were some Indian rafts. The father sent the neophytes to meet the Indians. The gentiles came toward them with fierce shouts.

Immediately Lieutenant Arguello took some soldiers and with other Indians went to talk with them. When the wild Indians saw that their visitors were not hostile they made an apology. They gave the missionaries torous, powdered soap root. The Indians invited the priest and soldiers to visit their rancheria and giving them a parting present of fish they disappeared. When the fathers were to look for the rancheria they could not find it, then they knew they had been tricked. The fathers returned good for evil; they carved a cross on an oak tree and turned back.

After the party had been gone nine days they set out to find the San Joaquin river. Lieutenant Arguello left them to hunt some fugitives from San Jose, who were hiding in the islands. The fathers visited the Nototunnes who had already become Christians at San Jose. They also met the Passasimas, who received them in a friendly manner because many of them had been baptized at San Jose. The missionaries baptized some children and old people, seven in all. The next day

S-230

Class II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs.Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

53. ON THE WHALER
(Continued)

they baptized several more aged heathens.

After the party had been gone ten days they met more than a hundred natives, some Yatchicomnes and others Muquelmnes. Half of the Indians were painted and armed as if for war. When the missionaries showed themselves to be friendly they put aside their arms and asked for peace. They declared that their tribe extended to the Sierra. They promised Father Duran to visit the mission.

Father Duran compared unfavorably the San Joaquin with the Sacramento. He wrote of the barren, treeless banks of the San Joaquin, the only growth being tules. The missionaries did not linger in the San Joaquin, but they hastened back to the presidio at San Francisco, where they arrived at dawn, precisely 13 days after they started. Immediately they all went to the Mission Dolores, where they returned thanks for their safe return.

54. FATHER CATALA AS A MISSIONARY

Father Catala or "Father Magin" as he was called (pronounced Maheen) labored for more than 30 years in Santa Clara. Thousands were his converts at the close of the 18th and the beginning of the 19th centuries.

In San Jose he can never be forgotten because the idea of the Alameda came from him. Under his supervision the trees were planted and cared for in the Beautiful Way.

Before Father Catala came to Santa Clara he served for a year at the Mission San Jose. No one knows precisely the date of his

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs.Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

54. FATHER CATALA AS A MISSIONARY
(Continued)

arrival at Santa Clara, but in 1794 some months before his name appeared in the baptismal register I found that several Indian children had been christened Magin and Magina. In 1851 a Magina was united in marriage with Marcelo, the old Indian chieftain. Father Nobili performed the ceremony.

The first record of Father Catala's name found by me in the baptismal book is Nov. 7, 1794, in the Mission of Santa Clara. He baptised the three-day-old son of Julia and Josepha, neophytes. The boy was called Matias. Father Catala next baptized an Indian woman.

A month later he performed his first baptismal ceremony among the Spanish people or gente de razon. In the Mission of Santa Clara he baptized the daughter of Francisco Albizo and Laura Reyes to whom he gave the name Maria del Rosario. Other Spanish children baptized by Father Catala were Petra Maria Pacheco, daughter of Miguel Pacheco and his wife Maria Juana Sanchez of the "new pueblo which belongs to this mission". Besides these were the children of the Vasquez, Peralta and Berryessa families. Father Catala wrote Berrieza for the name of Berryessa. He baptized a son of the Vallejo family, then written Ballejo. Vallejo at that time was sergeant at the Monterey presidio.

But Father Catala gave little of his life to the gente de razon of San Jose and Santa Clara. Directly after he arrived the pages of the baptismal book filled with great rapidity. Always he went among the rancherias looking for converts. One rancheria was

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs.Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

54. FATHER CATALA AS A MISSIONARY
(Continued)

called San Jose de Cupertino in honor of the famed Joseph Cupertino. Doubtless the present town of Cupertino took its name from this rancheria. On missionary journeys Father Catala always walked. Probably he walked as far as Cupertino, though he had little success in that locality.

However, there were days when Father Catala baptized from 30 to 50 Indians. At first many of his converts were among women. One day he baptized a child and an old Indian woman, 125 years old. She was called Guachian, but he gave her the name Joaquina. Among Father Catala's converts on that very day was Inygo, afterwards one of the alcaldes at the Mission Santa Clara. To him in later time was granted the large tract of land known as the Inygo ranch, where he was buried. Later the ranch came into the possession of the Walkinshaw family.

The last Indian baptized by Father Catala was Basalisa, a little girl of the Tucuanyesei. This occurred Oct. 27, 1827. Then Father Catala's name disappears from the baptismal book. His friend, Father Viader, who said the last prayer over him, carried on the work alone. He continued till broken-hearted he was exiled by Mexico to Spain, where like other Franciscans he died.

In the book of deaths at Santa Clara there is the last record of Father Catala. It is as follows:

"April 17, 1859, when Father Peter de Vos, the Belgian priest, was buried in the church at Santa Clara the body of Father Magin who died in an odor of sactity was found. The coffin in which he lay was

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

54. FATHER CATALA AS A MISSIONARY
(Continued)

opened. His body was decayed but recognizable. Many seeing it were ready t o swear it was Father Catala because they were present when he was buried. There are still signs of his shaven head. (The Franciscans always had their heads shaved). A great deal of earth fell into his coffin when it was taken out. The earth was partly removed, but in order that the bones should not be moved from their place some was left. The coffin was covered with new boards, and afterwards in the presence of people it was nailed together and put into the ground. Underneath lies the body of Father De Vos. Over it is the body of the servant of God, Father Magin. They rest at the side of the pulpit, looking toward the door of the chancel. This was done by my supervision and in my presence.

Father Bosco, S. J., Prefect of Church".

In searching for dry facts of history I found a relic of Father Magin Catala. It was taken from his dead body nearly 100 years ago by Christolfo Galindo, the major domo of Santa Clara mission, and given to the late Mrs. Luisa Mesa. Mrs. Mesa was the daughter of one Juan Sepuveda, the Spanish soldier who, for his services to the king of Spain was given the famous Pepper Tree lot where Paul Masson now lives. She died at 92 and was born in San Jose.

I found Mrs. Mesa several years ago in her kitchen preparing tomatoes and peppers for chili con carne. The bright blue bandana handkerchief on her head stood out boldly against strings of flaming peppers hanging on the wall. In spite of her years Mrs. Mesa was

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

54. FATHER CATALA AS A MISSIONARY
(Continued)

alert, merry and interested in life. Automobiles came to her little house. Ladies in furs and rich garments, with soft Spanish eyes, stepped out and left her jellies and preserves. Like an aged queen in exile Mrs. Mesa received their homage.

I always asked the old Spanish people about Father Magin Catala. "Did your mother know him?"

"Father Magin!" she exclaimed, "Father Magin!" She opened her bodice at the throat and took out a small black velvet bag attached by a ribbon to her neck. "This is sacred. It came from the body of Father Magin. It was given me more than 60 years ago by Mr. Galindo. I used to go to Santa Clara to nurse the sick. Mr. Galindo said he would rather have me have the relic than anyone else. He gave it to me. I haven't seen it in 30 years, but it protects me from harm, it and Father Magin, and the spirits around me."

" May I see it?" I ventured to ask.

She shook her head. "I'll never look at it again, but it protected me from harm. My son was ill. This relic saved him. A friend was in jail. He wore it. He went free. I have lent it to many women at time of childbirth. None ever died."

"Perhaps it will do me good".

Long Mrs. Mesa hesitated. "Have you faith"?

"Yes".

"Very well. I'll let you see the relic."

Slowly Mrs. Mesa's trembling fingers cut open the velvet case. The relic was hidden in several cases made of silk, rusty and rotten.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

54. FATHER CATALA AS A MISSIONARY (Continued)

The last case had not decayed. It opened slowly. It was like a grave the did not want to be disturbed. Finally came the relic, a portion of rusty, spiked armlet that Father Magin had worn. After he died these instruments of torture were found on his arms, on his legs, and on his forehead. Mrs. Mesa pressed the rusty spikes to her lips and to mine. "God sent you here. I haven't seen this in 30 years".

She even picked up the rag of silk which had held the relic.

"I must save everything that has touched this relic of Father Magin. Everything is sacred."

I asked the interpreter to tell Mrs. Mesa that I should like to have a piece of the silk which had encased Father Magin's armlet.

"I don't dare", said the timid man, but finally he ventured. The request pleased Mrs. Mesa. "Will you have faith always?" - she asked.

"Yes".

"Then I'll give you three rings of Father Magin's armlet."

Tenderly she separated them. "No harm can ever come to you now", she said.

I pressed the spiked armlet against my hand. I felt the pain, the exhaltation of self-mortification. For a moment I was a saint.

55. FIRST CALIFORNIAN FEMINIST

The Amazons were the first feminists in the state. Queen Califia was the queen of the Amazons.

One first hears of Queen Califia in a romance called

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

55. FIRST CALIFORNIAN FEMINIST
(Continued)

"The Deeds of Esplandian, the son of Amadis of Gaul", published in Spain in 1510. It was the most popular romance of the day. Undoubtedly it was enjoyed by Cortez, the great explorer.

In this romance Queen Califia ruled the island of California, which was situated on the right hand of the Indies, "very close to the Terrestrial Paradise". Califia was very black, "very large in person, the most beautiful woman on the island, of blooming years, in her thoughts and desire achieving great things, strong of limb, and of great courage, more than any of those who have filled the throne before her".

The island of California was supposed to be peopled by black women without any men. These followers of Califia had strong, "hardened bodies, ardent courage and great force". What better description could be found of a Californian woman of today, the athletes, president-makers?

It was said that Queen Califia and her followers allowed no man to land on the island. In order to keep away men the Amazons had animals and griffins devour every male as he arrived.

The island of Califia was supposed to be an enchanted spot. On the beach one picked up jewels and pebbles of gold. The weapons and arms of the Amazons were all gold, and so was the harness of the wild beasts ridden and tamed by the Amazons.

Califia made an alliance with the pagans, and at the head of armed women and 500 fire-breathing griffins she won many victories. Finally love conquered even this new woman. She married Prince Amadis and became a Christian. Together they performed many deeds of valor

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

55. FIRST CALIFORNIAN FEMINIST
(Continued)

and gained kingdoms.

At the time Cortez came to Mexico the story of Califia was on all lips in Spain. Everyone knows how when Cortez arrived on this continent, by burning his ships, with 700 men he drove himself to the conquest of Mexico. He located mines and took even Montezuma prisoner. The Mexicans thought Cortez and his men were gods, and they did seem to have more than men's allotted strength.

Cortez was never satisfied. He said he was afflicted with the Spaniards' disease, the love of gold. He determined to find the island of Queen Califia. He believed it to be near Mexico, which of course he thought not far from Asia. After Cortez became ruler of Mexico, at his own expense he fitted out several ships to hunt for Califia. Most of them were lost, but loss and time had no terror for Cortez. Finally his men saw the white, chalky cliffs of Lower California. To them he gave the name California. No one knows whether the word is Greek, Latin, Spanish or Indian. It is supposed to mean "hot oven" or "fiery furnace" from the Spanish.

Califia was merely a dream of ardent Spanish fancy, but perhaps only dreamers see truth. The real California was rich in gold beyond even Cortez' dreams. It is "very close to Terrestrial Paradise". And the women of California are of "ardent courage, and of great force".

56. FATHER SERRA'S LAST VISIT

Father Junipero Serra made several journeys to Santa Clara and San Jose. His last visit was in 1784, when he came with Governor Fages to consecrate the new mission church.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

56. FATHER SERRA'S LAST VISIT
(Continued)

At that time Father Serra was very lame. He wore the coarsest hemp sandals, and he walked all the way from Monterey to San Francisco and return when the roads were only trails and wild animals were the most numerous inhabitants of the "vast plain of San Bernardino", as the Santa Clara valley was then called.

On their arrival, Governor Fages and Father Serra were received with ringing bells at Santa Clara, as always happened when a royal governor came. They stopped but for the night at the mission. In the morning Father Serra said mass, and went on to San Francisco. That morning Father Serra said goodbye to Father Murguia, the architect of the mission who had toiled with the Indians to make it a beautiful place of worship and who was looking forward to its consecration. It was the last goodbye.

The governor and Father Serra had been two days at the Mission Dolores at San Francisco when messengers arrived from Santa Clara saying that Father Murguia was near death. Immediately the governor and the great priest set out for Santa Clara, but when they arrived death had silenced the mission bells. Grief alone spoke. Five days before the consecration of the mission the man who had done so much towards its completion had passed away. Already he was in his grave.

The afternoon of the arrival of Governor Fages and Father Serra, May 15, 1784, the ceremony of blessing the new church took place. All the converts were present, several hundred of them, and many of the unredeemed Indians came for the great occasion. The troops arrived from the presidio in their uniforms, and the colonists appeared

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

56. FATHER SERRA'S LAST VISIT
(Continued)

in their brightest and bravest raiment.

Father Serra said mass and preached to the people with great fervor and eloquence. Afterward he confirmed some Indians.

During all the ceremony at which Father Serra presided never once did the people realize that he felt himself near death. Yet with every word and movement he believed that but for the higher power his strength must have failed. When his friend Palou, who afterwards wrote his biography, wished to return to his mission, Father Serra begged him to remain to help prepare him for death. For Father Serra death had no dread, but he wept at the thought of parting from his friend, Father Palou. He feared that this was the last time that they should be together.

To him Father Serra made a general confession, and much of his time he passed in spiritual exercise. During the night he was always at prayer. During the day he performed services for others. With a rock he beat his bare flesh and he extinguished a lighted candle against his own breast. He remained at Santa Clara for about three weeks.

Though Father Serra felt that death was hastening to meet him, while at Santa Clara, he eagerly baptized those desiring baptism. This service for the Master always stirred in him exaltation. Eager to administer the holy sacrament, Father Serra even came into San Jose, visited the sick in their homes and confirmed them. Doubtless there are living here today those whose grandparents were confirmed by Father Junipero Serra.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

56. FATHER SERRA'S LAST VISIT
(Continued)

On the last day that Father Serra came to San Jose, limping, feeble, aged, he set out for Monterey. This was in the month of June. In August he died at his mission. His only property was half a blanket.

57. SANTA CLARA INDIANS

In the early part of the nineteenth century there were about 10,000 Indians in the valley. In the coldest part of the winter they lived in (cuevas) caves, and in the summer in tule straw and mud houses.

They like very much acorns cured by long soaking in water. They were fond of fish and game. After the Spaniards came they ate horse flesh. Their favorite cereal was wild oats made into mush. This they ate sitting around a great clay or mud dish, using spoons of wood or bone.

The Indians regarded dogs and coyotes as sacred animals, but all other living life was their prey. The Indians avoided trouble with the bear in the mountains. When they desired to travel in the mountains they drove the animals away by starting fires. Doubtless many great redwood forests were destroyed by the forest fires of the Indians. All through the valley well-borers find redwood in the wells.

Sometimes the Indians made fire with flints, sometimes by rubbing together willow sticks and igniting the fire with soft, decayed heart of white oak.

The Indians were not given to self-adornment until the Spanish came and set them the example. They had some carved charms, very old, supposed to be relics of a superior race like the Aztecs, which

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

57. SANTA CLARA INDIANS
(Continued)

once inhabited the valley.

In basketry the Indians showed their greatest sense of beauty. Some of their baskets were three and four feet high, interwoven with birds' feathers or with pearls found in certain shells near the sea-shore.

Their musical instruments were few. One was made of elder stick, the inside of which was cut out. Holes were made in the bark. It was played with the fingers like a flute.

Indians needed neither horses nor automobiles for travel. In three days an Indian could go to the top of the Sierra Nevada mountains. Without fatigue he kept pace with a swift horse. After running ten miles he could laugh and talk. The Indians of the interior bartered with the coast Indians for shells. They wore a great many abalone.

Sometimes in the valley one finds flints of obsidian. People wonder where they came from. They came from the great Indian flint factory in Lake county or near St. Helena. A journey from Santa Clara to Lake county for an Indian was only a nice little trot.

The Indians liked to dance and swim. They had a ball game similar to football. Twelve men on each side and each side had a captain. The game was to see which 12 could run 20 or 30 miles and return to the starting place with all 12 men. The winners on their return were given a nice dish of mush.

Another Indian game was played with stones and a board or elk bone, which was flat on one side and round on the other. Each of the Indians took a pile of stones. Each tossed one up. If it came down on the round side the player lost a stone. The game went on till one

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

57. SANTA CLARA INDIANS
(Continued)

or the other obtained all the stones.

When the Spaniards came, sometimes the Indians suspected the strangers were ghosts of their dead ancestors. The Indians, especially when they had trouble with the Spaniards, felt they desired to see no more of the ghosts. It was decided that the ghosts returned because the Indians were buried seated in their graves. After this the Indians cremated their dead.

The Indians believed in the devil but not in heaven. Some of the tribes were thought to possess the power to charm. They could make people ill or crippled. They could even cause death.

At the Mission San Jose a priest was ill. An Indian with supernatural powers was suspected of causing the priest's illness. The Indian was followed. It was found that he had carved an image of the priest and was sticking pegs into it. The image was burned, the Indian flogged and the priest recovered.

The Indian mounds, beginning with the Pounce mound, near Mountain View, and extending along the water as far as Alviso, a re not mounds in the sense of being burial places. Many thousands of Indians are buried there, but the land is merely where the Indians built their rancherias, or towns.

58. OLD SANTA CLARA CUSTOMS

Christenings and weddings were socially occasions of vast importance in Santa Clara. For these always the band put on their brightest uniforms, the women wore their gayest shawls and the

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

58. OLD SANTA CLARA CUSTOMS
(Continued)

caballeros rode their finest horses. For these bells rang. The sponsors of the god-child went from the infant's home to the church escorted by musicians. The ceremony at the baptismal font was witnessed by a throng. As the crowd left the church, it gave itself up to gaiety. Firecrackers, music, bells, soldiers, firing volleys of muskets - all contributed to the life of the day.

The sponsors threw silver among the crowd. When very rich men and women sponsored a baby gold was thrown recklessly among the populace as pennies might be today.

This happened when Encarnacion Pinedo was given her name. Her sponsors were the English consul, James Forbes, and his wife, Anita Galindo de Forbes, and the Forbes threw gold in the streets of Santa Clara.

It was the custom for the godfather (padrino) to buy the child's christening robes and give a feast for all the guests. As there were many children in the Spanish families, christening parties alone supplied an active social life. The last christening at which money was thrown in Santa Clara was 15 years ago, when Antonio Andrez Luis Corsino Bernal, youngest son of the late Igneceo Bernal, was christened, with Don Luis Arguello of Santa Clara acting as godfather. Don Luis' Pockets were bulging with silver, and he threw five and ten cent pieces to the crowd. The small boys gathered about as usual, saying "Bolo padrino" (a present, godfather). This was the usual salutation to the godfathers at the time of christenings.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

58. OLD SANTA CLARA CUSTOMS
(Continued)

A wedding custom was to place 12 coins, either gold or silver, with the wedding ring on a plate. The officiating priest blessed and gave them to the groom. Then the groom said to the bride: "These coins I give thee in token of matrimony". "I accept them", replied the bride.

Then the altar boy placed a plate under the coins, and the bride gave some of them to the church. If she was very devout she gave all.

The fathers brought about many a reform among the Santa Clara county Indians. The native custom had been not to wear mourning for the dead, but to tar the faces and shoulders. The fathers persuaded them to abandon this, the Indians compromising by painting their faces black.

The Indians were compelled to go to church under penalty of flogging. When a native or soldier desired to escape punishment he took refuge in a church. One of the Spanish governors ordered an Indian culprit taken out of the church by force for punishment.

The major-domo's house at Santa Clara shared in every death. It was almost like an undertaker's establishment. Before a funeral took place the dead rested at the house of the major-domo where friends and relatives watched through the night. Then the priests and acolytes carried the remains on a shaft from the house to the church. Mass was there said, the responses always being given by the Indians. Sometimes when the procession came from the pueblo to the Santa Clara church the priests and acolytes went went half way in The Alameda to meet the dead. The bell always tolled till the procession entered the church.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

60. MARCELO'S AGE

Marcelo, the Indian chieftain, has been called the builder of the Santa Clara mission. He helped in the adobe manufacture and he was one of the mission alcaldes. In 1799 he was the foreman who had charge of the other Indians that set out The Alameda under the direction of Father Magin Catala.

Much has been written and surmised about the origin and age of Marcelo. In his later years he was an authority at Santa Clara on by-gone times, but no one thought to write the history of Marcelo himself.

Many have declared that Marcelo was 125 years of age. Some have said that he was a Mexican Aztec and that he came with the fathers of 1777. Others wrote that he came from the far east.

According to the baptismal records at the University of Santa Clara, Marcelo was a California Indian. Probably he was born not far from the mission because the records show that he was baptized in June 1789, 12 years after the mission was founded. At that time missionaries had not gone far for converts.

The record says that Marcelo was baptized at 9 years of age, and that he was the son of gentiles, or unconverted Indians. This entirely disposes of the romantic story published several years ago in San Francisco to the effect that Marcelo was a young mountain chieftain captured after a bloody fight with a priest. Nor is there any truth in the declaration of the same writer that Marcelo's sweetheart saved the mission from an Indian attack and that later Marcelo and she were the first couple married in the mission.

Marcelo was not so old as is generally believed. He was probably born about the year 1780. He died in 1875. He could not have been

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

60. MARCELO'S AGE

(Continued)

present when the first mission was founded, though he doubtless knew its site on Laurel Wood farm. He certainly knew its name, Tshaitka, though it has generally been called Socoistika. Undoubtedly a portion of the first mission was standing when Marcelo became a Santa Clara neophyte.

The record reveals that Marcelo's baptismal number was 1360. Father Pedro Benito Cambon baptized him at the Mission Santa Clara June 15, 1789. The father recorded that Marcelo was the son of Senneo and his wife, Pacanagua, unconverted Indians of the Rancheria de San Bernardino. This was one of the oldest rancherias that was near the mission.

Marcelo is declared to have had six wives, and is said to have been so opposed to polygamy, the custom of the Indians in the valley, that to be quite orthodox in marriage he got rid of his wives by giving them ground glass. The marriage records at Santa Clara show that eight years after he was baptized, March 16, 1797, when he was 17, he married Marcela.

Certain it is that Marcelo's wives did not live long, for the record shows that three years later, June 22, 1800, he took to wife Carpofora, a widow. Father Magin Catala performed the ceremony. Later Marcelo married Rita. Their marital happiness was brief. August 17, 1822, again he became a bridegroom. This time the ceremony was performed by Father Viader. October 10, 1841, Marcelo appears in the records as godfather to the Indians Bruno and Paula. October 15, 1851, Marcelo was again married by Father Nobili to Magina, a widow.

This is Marcelo's last appearance in the mission records as a groom, though the residents of Alviso declare that he had another wife

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

60. MARCELO'S AGE
(Continued)

or two. It is rumored that after the Franciscans departed Marcelo grew lax about ceremonies, though twice a year he walked from Alviso to Santa Clara, said his prayers, broke bread at the university. Of his own will he slept under the hedge. Then with his stick he made his way back to the marshes. The photograph of Marcelo at the Carnegie library in San Jose, taken in San Francisco, whither he went for the celebration of the Jubilee of Pius the Ninth, shows him to have a head of unusual character and beauty. He was more than six feet tall, but the photograph is not full length and so his height is not made visible.

The fathers at Santa Clara always protected Marcelo. One of the most commendable acts of Father Real, last of the Franciscans, was to procure from Governor Pio Pico the grant Ulistac. It is said to have been named for Marcelo's tribe. Half a league of land, 2401 acres, came into the possession of Marcelo and his two friends, Pio and Cristaval, March 19, 1845. On their half league the three Indians settled. The land did not remain long in their possession. Pio died in 1848 and Marcelo was his sole heir.

The Americans came in and on June 14, 1850, Cristaval sold his share to J. D. Hoppe for $2000. Marcelo was not so good a business man as Cristaval. Hoppe bought one-third of the original grant of Marcelo July 25, 1850, for $500. In later time when the Indian was wont to go from door to door asking food of the Alviso ranchers, he declared that Hoppe made him drunk and took his land.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

60. MARCELO'S AGE
(Continued)

But he fared little better when, soon afterward, he sold his remaining interest in the Ulistac grant to Jose Maria Alviso for $300, $30 in silver, six horses and some merchandise. Neither the heirs of Alviso nor Hoppe profited permanently by the transaction. Many of the Alvisos became poor and some of the Hoppes died in the almshouse in San Francisco.

Marcelo had no keen sense of property. He never entirely realized that he had no legal right to the Alviso grant. He continued to live on the old place, a pensioner of the various American neighbors. He died Sept. 25, 1875 at the Fenton's Indian Mound farm, near Alviso. Mrs. Fenton wished to bury him, but the fathers at Santa Clara took charge of the chieftain who had helped make the history of the mission. The record of his burial in Santa Clara cemetery is "Marcellus, Indian, aged 100".

No. 61. COSTUMES IN THE THIRTIES AND FORTIES

Spanish Californian women were fond of wearing black. They said that was the color for the Spanish. The older women thought it to be almost immoral to wear anything but black. But the younger women inclined to white. This was especially true of their taste in mantillas. The style never changed, either a black or white mantilla, rich as the purse could afford. The most beautiful mantillas were of lace. They came from the ships at Monterey and were made in Europe.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

61. COSTUMES IN THE THIRTIES AND FORTIES
(Continued)

Some of the Spanish women were expert with the needle and made their own costumes, but the more coquettish and modish had their dressmaker come annually to the ranches from San Jose. Madame Stock was a fashionable dressmaker at the time. She was a French woman with all the French woman's chic. Madame Stock used to go to a ranch and stay weeks. In those days everything was done by hand. Work was slow, and it cost $10 to have a plain dress made. Fifteen dollars was the price for a handsome gown.

Madame Stock taught Senorita Teresita Gubote, who was also partly French, her trade. Senorita Gubote was a fashionable dressmaker in the later times in San Jose.

Men's tailors used to go to the great ranches and make suits. Their price was $16 or $17 for the work. The cloth was all bought from the trading ships. Often a tailor took his family to the ranches and remained months. His was a long task. There were usually many men in the family, and no sewing machines; several suits were made for each man. One of the best known tailors in the old times was Santana Villagrana.

When there was a wedding there was a long seige with both the dressmakers and the tailors, especially in the house of the bridegroom. In the old Spanish Californian days the mother of the bridegroom gave the bride a donas. When the young man was blessed with acres and cattle this usually consisted of several silk dresses, including the wedding dress, dishes, chests and furniture. In those days a wedding was certainly cheaper for the bride's parents than

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

61. COSTUMES IN THE THIRTIES AND FORTIES
(Continued)

it is today.

62. ORIGINAL SPANISH GRANTS - Part I

Spanish grants were always indefinite and vague in California. A few Spaniards acquired their land by grants from the king of Spain. Some camped on the lands and acquired possession through squatting. Most of the grants came from the Mexican government. Micheltorena gave many grants to Spanish families because he wished to placate the important groups in California. He knew they resented his coming. He knew that Spanish Californians preferred the rule of Spain to that of Mexico.

One of the largest grants in the southern part of Santa Clara county was the Rancho San Luis Gonzaga. It extends into Merced county, and was owned by Juan P. Pacheco. Pacheco pass is on the ranch. This Pacheco family is a very remote connection, if any, of the San Jose Pachecos who used to live at Market st. and Park av., or of the Spanish family of which one of the California governors was a conspicuous member.

Juan Pacheco was from Mexico. In the 40s he always wore a Mexican serape with a hole to put his head through. He kept $9000 or $10,000 in gold in a barrel in his house. One member of the Juan Pacheco family married a Malarin of Santa Clara. Today the Malarins and their relatives, the Fatjos, who came from Spain in '49, own about 50,000 acres of the old Pacheco ranch.

Adjoining the grant of the Rancho San Luis Gonzaga was

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

62. ORIGINAL SPANISH GRANTS - Part I
(Continued)

another great property owned by a Pacheco, Francisco. This is called the Rancho Ausaymas y San Felipe. This ranch extends into San Benito county. Much of it is now the property of Mr. Macomber, who is connected with the Standard Oil Company. James F. Dunne also owns much of the property.

Farther north, and a little towards Santa Cruz county, is Las Animas (the Spirits), which was the property of Jose Maria Sanchez. The Sanchez were connected with the Bernals and the Ortegas. One of them was conspicuous in the fighting around Santa Clara at the time of the Mexican war. Much of Las Animas is now owned by the Sargent family. Sargent station is on the Las Animas ranch.

Near San Juan Bautista was one square league owned by Antonio and Fausten German.

Near Las Animas in San Ysidro, one of the oldest of the Spanish grants. It was made to Francisco Ortega, who was a relative of the duke of Spain. The Ortegas came to San Ysidro about 1800. An Ortega discovered San Francisco bay. They were one of the most important families in Spanish Californian life. The women of the Ortega family were famous for their pearl-like pallor and their beautiful black hair coming to the knees. Much of the Ortega ranch was squandered by Quentin Ortega, and by John Gilroy, in reality John Cameron, the first European settler in the valley. Gilroy married Miss Ortega. The town of Gilroy bears his name. The San Ysidro ranch extends past old Gilroy. A few years ago there were standing

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

62. ORIGINAL SPANISH GRANTS - Part I
(Continued)

in Gilroy ruins of some of the Ortega buildings. Much of the Ortega property passed into the hands of Henry Miller.

Next to the north was the Solis ranch, owned by Ruffino Castro and others. One of the Ortegas married a Castro.

A part of the vast Santa Ana y Quien Sabe, seven square leagues, is in Santa Clara county. It was owned by Juan Miguel Auzas and Manuel Larios.

Far to the north were the two Murphy ranches. One was called Rancho San Francisco de Las Liagas. It was six square leagues. It was first the property of Carlos Castro. It came from Martin Murphy through his wife. He married Miss Bull, a daughter of Liberta Bull, who was formerly Mrs. Fisher.

The Rancho Ojo de Agua de la Coche, near Morgan Hill, was the property of Martin J. C. Murphy. It was at one time owned by Juan Jose Hernandez.

Near by was La Polka, formerly property of the Ortegas, but later owned by Bernard Murphy.

Near Coyote was the Laguna Seca ranch, which was the property of William Fisher. Juan Alvirez was the first owner of this grant.

Another great cattle ranch was the Canada de San Felipe, near Laguna Seca. It belonged to Charles M. Weber, who afterwards moved to Stockton.

The next ranch northward was the Santa Teresa, southwest of Edenvale. It is one of the few ranches in Santa Clara county still in the possession of the family to whom it was granted. The Santa

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

62. ORIGINAL SPANISH GRANTS - Part I
(Continued)

Teresa was first owned by Joaquin Bernal. When Joaquin Bernal petitioned in 1834 to the Mexican government to have the title to his land confirmed he stated that he was 94 years old, and that he had a "posterity of 78 children". He said that he had "2100 head of cattle, 1120 sheep, three mares and 50 tame horses". More than 300 acres of the Santa Teresa today belong to Mrs. Ignacio Bernal.

Over the Santa Teresa hills from the Santa Teresa ranch to the north was the San Vicente ranch given to Jose Berryessa, who married Miss Bernal, daughter of Joaquin Bernal. This was the richest grant in California, one of the richest properties in the history of the world, for thereon was the Almaden quicksilver mine. During the past 100 years since it has been operated it has produced many millions, but once it was abandoned by Antonio Sunol after he had spent $400 in developing it for silver. Mrs. Berryessa sold it for $60,000. Much of the San Vicente is now owned by the Almaden Mining Co.

63. ORIGINAL SPANISH GRANTS - Part II

In Hall's valley near Mt. Hamilton was the grant, Los Huegos, originally owned by John Roland. Much of this ranch belongs to the estate of Robert Morrow of San Francisco.

On the way to Mt. Hamilton is the Rancho Canada de Pala, first granted to Jose Jesus Bernal.

The Yerba Buena grant covered a great deal of Evergreen and beyond, and was made to Antonio Chaboya. Don Pedro Chaboya

S-230

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

63. ORIGINAL SPANISH GRANTS - Part II

also had a great grant, a part of which is now in the possession of his daughter, Mrs. Louisa Long. This is called the Rancho de la Posa San Juan Bautista. The Chaboyas were famous for the extremes in colorings. They were either very dark or very fair. The fair Chaboyas were so fair that they were almost like albinos. When they grew old their hair, instead of turning gray, became black.

The grant of the San Juan Bautista was first given to Augustin Narvaez, an Alcalde, in the early 20's. It was extremely valuable, extending from Market street nearly to Edenvale, including the Willows, and stretching out from the Almaden road. Augustin Narvaez was a naval officer and a son of a member of the band of the king of Spain.

Near Los Gatos was the Rancho Rinconade de Los Gatos, owned by Sebastian Peralta and Jose Hernandez.

To the northeast of San Jose were the three ranches, Rincon de los Esteros (the lowlands). They were granted to Ygnacio Alviso, for whom Alviso was named, who sold part of it to Ellen White, daughter of an early Alcalde; Rafael Alviso and Rafael Berryessa, for whom the town of Berryessa was named. Alviso, Agnews and Berryessa were located on these ranches. Don Jose Alviso had a great ranch called Las Milpitas (Little Gardens). The town of Milpitas is on the Alviso grant, where the old Alviso house still stands. It was built nearly a century ago, and it is the only well-preserved adobe on any of the great ranches near San Jose. It is occupied by some Portuguese fruit growers, but by a little care and

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

63. ORIGINAL SPANISH GRANTS - PART II
(Continued)

expense it might be a most interesting landmark. It has survived without a crack nearly a century of earthquakes.

Not far from the Mission San Jose, which used to be in Santa Clara county, Los Tularcitos was granted to Jose Higuera in 1821. Los Coches, another rancho in that vicinity, was given in 1837 to Don Antonio Sunol.

Near Santa Clara there was the Protrero (pasture) de Santa Clara. The grant was made to James Alexander Forbes, at one time British consul, who sold it to Commodore Robert F. Stockton.

Basilio Bernal was the grantee of the embarcadero of Santa Clara.

Another ranch near Santa Clara was the Quito grant made to H. S. Robles. Later it was the country home of the Arguellos. One of the Arguello boys is named Quito. A part of the ranch was owned by the late Mr. Goodrich, and it is one of the most famous olive orchards in California.

On the site of Mayfield and Palo Alto were three of the oldest Spanish grants. Their names are very similar. Mayfield stands on the Rincon (Corner) de San Francisquito. This grant was made to H, S. Robles.

Palo Alto occupies a very small part of the Rincon De Arroyo San Francisquito. The first owner of this grant was Maria Antonia Mesa, widow of Rafael Soto.

Stanford university is built on the old San Francisquito grant, which was made to Maria Valencia de Rodriguez.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

63. ORIGINAL SPANISH GRANTS - Part II
(Continued)

Some of the Stanford university buildings are on the Corte Madre grant, which was first given to Maximo Martinez. Part of this land was given by the United States court to Domingo Peralta. Much of it is now the property of the Hotalings of San Francisco. Mr. Martinez' daughter, who lived in San Jose, had a clear memory of the Corte Madera days and of her father's war with squatters.

La Purisima Concepceon, one league square, near Alta Mesa, was owned by Juna Briones, the only woman grantee of land in the county.

Near Sunnyvale is the last of Pastoria de las Borregas, owned by Mrs. Richard Carroll, grand-daughter of the original owner, the late Martin Murphy, who owns nearly 4000 acres.

These are the most import Spanish grants, but they do not by any means include all the land of Santa Clara county. There were always great tracts near Saratoga, Los Gatos and Gilroy, where, until the Americans came, the only title was possessed by the coyotes, bear, antelope and elk.

64. PUEBLO COURTSHIPS

As often as possible I used to climb the hill to visit the late Mrs. Luisa Sepulveda Mesa, the then oldest native daughter of San Jose. I went frequently because she was the most articulate person in existence of the old pueblo of San Jose, and life is short. Especially does it seem short in the stormy month of March when one is old.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

64. PUEBLO COURTSHIPS
(Continued)

This day I found her on her wind-swept hill top. "I am glad that you came", she said. "You are my only visitor. Most of the time I pass alone with my saints".

Mrs. Mesa smiled at them in their quaint little century old frames, and rose from a chair covered with coyote skins, took her cane, crossed unsteadily the room to the saints on the wall in the bedroom adjoining. There was St. Joseph, S t. Francis, St. Anthony, St. Inez of the Mountains. She told me of how good they were, how they found her dead mother's silver spoon, how they found her scissors, and how sometimes they lent her small sums, offering of f riends to her holy guardians. I was honored to be with those saints. That very day I saw them perform a miracle. From the purse of the interpreter there rolled to the floor some silver coins. It was not liberality. I know it was St. Anthony.

Not far from Mrs. Mesa's saints is the photograph of her husband. I asked of their courtship. "My courtship was not like American courtships. Spanish girls were held tight in the hands of their parents. American girls are shameful with their lips held up to every man, with their flirtations, theaters and presents. I had no suitor but my husband, and at first I did not know that he was a suitor.

"How should I? I had gone to Monterey with my grandmother. We took a big load of flour and made bread to sell at the capital. Jose appeared at Monterey. He had ridden all the way on his

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

64. PUEBLO COURTSHIPS
(Continued)

favorite horse from San Jose to see me, and I did not know. He never talked with me, but he remained nearly all the time we were there. Then he rode back to San Jose ahead of us. My grandmother, uncle and I came later in the creaking caretta that went so slowly. When we were home Jose came to see my father and mother, not me. He talked with them. He talked with my brothers and sisters. He and I never spoke, but we looked at each other". She smiled with coquetry. "Yes, we did look at each other. Finally one day he came and said to my father and mother that he wanted to marry me. They answered that they were willing if I was. I said I was willing."

"And after you were engaged he kissed you?" I asked. "I like you", she said, "even if you do come always to confess me. No, Jose did not kiss me till after we were married in St. Joseph's. We were very happy. He was a good man. Many years ago he died. No other man ever kissed me. I never had a flirtation. That is the Spanish way".

Then I recalled to her memory women of the pueblo who had been vastly, horribly different, women whose tragic love stories may never be written, but which make up the unwritten history of the old pueblo so much more vivid than written stories. "Ah, but there were Spanish girls very different", I said. "Don't you recall Silveria? Then there was Juana".

"How did you know of them?" she said, half in alarm. "I am

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

64. PUEBLO COURTSHIPS
(Continued)

afraid they are condemned souls, but I pray every night to the saints to help release them from purgatory.

65. SELLING FRUIT IN YERBA BUENA

The late Mrs. Luisa Sepulveda Mesa told me of selling fruit in Yerba Buena in the days before the Americans came. The Sepulvedas had a nice fruit orchard between Market st. and the Guadalupe. The adobe house stood very near Balbach st. It was difficult for people living in the pueblo who had no ranch to make money. So the Sepulvedas used, in the summer to go to Yerba Buena and Monterey to sell produce grown on their small acreage. This was in the forties, when Mrs. Mesa was a young girl.

Mrs. Mesa said that in Yerba Buena she first saw Americans, or at least white English-speaking people, who came into the harbor on board of sailing vessels. Yerba Buena was not a very nice place to shop in. Mrs. Mesa smiled with a touch of scorn at the pretensions of the big parvenue mining camp that has since outstripped the old pueblo of San Jose. There was no shop at Yerba Buena to be compared with Antonio Sunol's nice shop in the pueblo. As for Monterey: Ah, that was where one bought the pretty things. That was the capital. The Sepulvedas went to Yerba Buena simply to sell fruit. They made their purchases in either San Jose or Monterey.

Great expeditions: The Sepulvedas had a huge caretta with high board sides and a canvas on top, for they carried much fruit. In this vehicle they lived during the entire three weeks of their

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

65. SELLING FRUIT IN YERBA BUENA
(Continued)

absence. Days before they set out the Sepulveda ovens, which were in the backyard, were filled with food for the expedition. They had chickens, tortillas and all Spanish delicacies, Though most of the rancheros between San Jose and Yerba Buena were relatives or old friends the travelers stopped in no dwelling during the journey. The precious fruit could not be left outside because Indians might take it. Every night they were obliged to be on guard.

At last they started and the ox teams went so fast that the first day they reached what is now called Palo Alto. Here lived the Rafael Sotos, who were kinsmen of Mrs. Sepulveda. Mrs. Mesa recalled that they used to sleep the first night very near the tall redwood tree near the Southern Pacific station at Palo alto. She asked me if it was still standing and was rather surprised when I told her that it was in existence.

The next night they went on the ranch of Mrs. Mesa's uncle, Antonio Sanchez. He owned the great Burt Buri property which includes most of the property of the Spring Valley Water company. Antonio Sanchez was a great Indian fighter and had a hundred Indians on his place. He was a militant man, a soldier for 45 years. He refused to pay his tithes to the church, and so, for a time was denied a Christian burial. Finally he was buried in the Mission Dolores.

The third day the fruit venders arrived at the Mission

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

65. SELLING FRUIT IN YERBA BUENA
(Continued)

Dolores. Frequently they stopped there. Sometimes they went straight to the little town of scattering adobe houses on the water front where they offered their fruit in a little house lent them for the purpose by either the Valencias or the Sanchezs.

Fruit sold cheap at Yerba Buena. There was no coin smaller than a real, or 12½ cents. For a real the Sepulvedas gave two handsful of peaches, pears or grapes. Sometimes it took them a week or ten days to sell all their fruit. They then set out for home again.

They came back more rapidly than they went. Never did they have any unpleasant experiemces on their journey. Uncle Sepulveda, who went with them, never had to use his gun. The wheels of the caretta did not creak so loudly, and they were not obliged so often to stop to grease them with soap. On the homeward journey the oxen did not need sharp prodding. They were going home to their pueblo.

66. FLOUR MARKETING IN MONTEREY IN PUEBLO DAYS

According to the late Mrs. Luisa Sepulveda Mesa, in the old days of the pueblo of San Jose in the 30's and the 40's of the last century, Monterey was San Jose's best market for flour. The Sepulvedas often went there to sell produce. Though Juan Sepulveda was not a ranchero, only a retired soldier living modestly on his property in Market st. he raised wheat wherever in the vicinity he chose to till the soil. At that time land boundaries were

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

66. FLOUR MARKETING IN MONTEREY IN PUEBLO DAYS - (Cont'd.)

largely imaginary. Mrs. Mesa says that the community was like one family. People were eager to help one another. They tilled any soil that they chose. Mrs. Mesa's father grew wheat, and such wheat! Stories of wheat re-seeding itself two and three times and of the huge crops resulting would sound incredible but for the numbers that bore witness to their existence long after the Americans came.

Mrs. Mesa said that her family found it profitable to sell flour in Monterey after it was made into bread. Several citizens in the pueblo had flour mills turned by horses. Among those who owned mills was David Flores, who lived about where the Keystone grocery now stands. On this crude stone mill Flores ground his own flour and also that of any of the neighbors who desired it. No charges were made for the service. Nearer even than the Flores mill was that owned by Juan Soto, grandfather of the Lightstons, who lived in Eldorado st.

After the fruit season was over and there was no more fruit marketing to be done in Yerba Buena, the Sepulvedas made preparations for the great autumn adventure of Monterey. For weeks they planned the trip because they knew that they would be absent three months. The huge caretta was piled high with flour. Planks were fastened with rawhides to the sides of the vehicle to make it hold more sacks of flour. It was necessary also to cook an immense amount of food for the trip.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

66. FLOUR MARKETING IN MONTEREY IN PUEBLO DAYS - (Cont'd.)

The first night they went into camp near the Twenty-one Mile house. Always on these commercial journeys it was necessary to sleep in the caretta in order to protect the produce from Indians. The second night the travelers camped at San Juan mission. In those days carettas did not attempt to go over the San Juan grade. They went around the mountain and stopped at the Jose Esevia ranch on the plains of Salinas. Farther on they found a friendly welcome from the Alviso family, who had a ranch called Natividad and from which the town takes its name. On the site of the Hotel Del Monte were sand dunes over which it was difficult to make one's way. In fact it took nearly a whole day to traverse the sand dunes.

At Monterey the Sepulvedas saw much of the Gonzaga family, the Linares and the Castros. Every day they were busy making bread and selling it to the soldiers and visitors of the gay capital. It may be imagined how happy were the Montereyans to have opportunity to purchase the fresh bread of the newly harvested wheat of San Jose. After the Sepulvedas had sold the wheat bread they made purchases of gowns and presents in Monterey shops, the best in California. At the expiration of three months they returned to San Jose with a handsome sum of money.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

67. CHABOYA AND THE INDIAN HORSE THIEVES

In the early 40's the missions of Carmel, Soledad, San Juan Bautista, Santa Clara, as well as the ranches owned by the Chaboyas, the Galindos, the Valencias and the Bernals, lost 600 horses. It was easy to locate the guilty ones. Three hundred Indians of the tribe of Juan de Jesus at Laguna Tachi were the thieves. They drove the horses over the mountains through the Tehachapi pass. The Indians went very rapidly. They shot all disabled or slow horses.

The ranchers came together in self-defense. They formed a party to pursue the Indians. The leader of the company was Canuto Boronda of Monterey county. The others in the company were Augustin Bruno Bernal of the Santa Teresa rancho, Francisco Sanches of the Mission de Dolores, Jose Cornelio Hernandez, interpreter of the Santa Clara mission, Canuto and Usebio Boronda of Monterey county, Usebio Galindo of Contra Costa county, Balentin Higuerra of Mission San Jose, Jose Sanchez of San Bruno, Manuel Larios of San Juan, Angel Castro of San Pablo, Ramos Ansar of San Juan, Bisente Abila of Las Aromas, Indian Jose Barbareno of Mission Santa Clara, Quantin Ortega, Julian Canuta, John Cameron Gilroy of San Ysidro, Carlos Espinosa of Del Pajaro, Indian Junipero and Crisistofo Galindo of Santa Clara mission, Antonio Chaboya of San Jose mission, Cruz Chaboya, Anastacio Chaboya of Pala rancho, Jose Berryessa of Rancho San Vicente, Mariano Castro of Rancho de la Brea, Isidro Sanchez of Yerba Buena, Julian El

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

67. CHABOYA AND THE INDIAN HORSE THIEVES - (Cont'd.)

Manzo of San Jose, Estevan de la Torre of Monterey mission, Juan Jose Castro of Rancho San Ysidro, Secundido Roble, Gabriel Espinosa of Natividad rancho, Nozaio Galindo of Contra Costa, Choto Robles of Sonora, Mexico, Felipe Arzio of Mexico City, Sebastian Peralta of Santa Clara mission, Andres Soto of Monte Diablo, Juan Martinez of Contra Costa, Maximo Martinez of Pala Colorado, Juan Gutrion of San Leandro, Jose Bernal, Joaquin Castro, Fraustino German and Justo Larios of San Jose, Antonio Lineras of San Francisco and Augustin Narvaez.

These ranchers took their swiftest horses, their short-barreled guns, and set out in a band to hunt down the thieves. They followed them through the Tehachapi pass, but always the Indians kept a little ahead.

Finally when the ranchers' own horses were exhausted the Spanish Californians came in sight of the Indians, who had camped at the Laguna Tachi, where the wild duck and geese mate. It is a lake just over the summit of the mountains. The red men of this country were always fond of swimming and bathing. In security they were swimming in the lake. Their arrows were stacked, their horses grazing.

Don Canuto Boronda of Monterey was a great horseman and one of the keenest sportsmen of his part of the country. The expedition was in his charge. When Boronda looked down upon the Indians from the mountain top he shivered.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

67. CHABOYA AND THE INDIAN HORSE THIEVES - (Cont'd.)

"Let's go back to San Jose", said Boronda. "The Indians have horses, ours are all exhausted. They have a great stack of arrows, we have only short-barreled guns. They'll kill us all."

Don Pedro Caboya was indignant. "What are we? Cowards? Have we come all this distance to leave our horses with the Indians? Follow me. Let's go and take our horses away from the Indians."

Because Don Pedro Chaboya said that the thing could be done, already it was accomplished. After the horses had rested Don Pedro lined up the men and gave them a little talk. "Clinch your horses tight". They did. "Each man must be ready to shoot. But first burn that stack of Indian arrows". Two men were detailed to burn the arrows. "Don't forget to burn the arrows or we are all dead. It's only a few rods. Ride for your lives". Then Don Pedro gave the final word, "One! Two! Three!".

Like evil spirits the Spanish Californians rushed upon the Indians. The white men were too quick for the red. Before the Indians realized what was happening they saw their arrows burn. Panic. The red men jumped into the tules and hid. Don Pedro's party began to shoot. Several Indians were killed. The chief, Juan de Jesus, was wounded.

Juan de Jesus was a commanding looking man, painted and decorated with all the insignia of rank. Quickly he dragged himself along and hid behind two rocks that protected him on three sides. Through a crevice he could see the Spaniards, but they

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

67. CHABOYA AND THE INDIAN HORSE THIEVES - (Cont'd.)

could not see him. "Come kill me", he moaned.

Don Pedro Chaboya knew the ways of Indians. They were more subtle than the Spaniards. Joaquin Samaqueca, the interpreter, went toward the chief.

"Don't go near him", warned Don Pedro. "He is playing dead". The interpreter did not heed Don Pedro.

"If you go near that Indian he'll kill you, sure."

The foolhardy interpreter went on, to learn that Don Pedro was right. The chief was only playing dead. An arrow pierced the interpreter's chin. He fell backw ounded.

Don Pedro had some skill in caring for the sick. He knew that Chief Juan de Jesus always fought with poisoned arrows. Quickly he sucked the blood from the wound and saved the man's life. Still the Indian moaned.

Don Pedro Chaboya knew that the Indian was only waiting for a chance to bury his remaining arrows in the bodies of the Spanish Californians. There was no safety for any of the party until the chief was dead. It was for Don Pedro, the Spanish chief, to meet the Indian chief in the final encounter.

This Don Pedro Chaboya did.

Like all Spanish people traveling in dangerous countries, Don Pedro Chaboya carried with him a mochia which was a leather shield about three feet in height. Chaboya advanced toward the chief, in his right hand his gun, in his left the leather shield

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

67. CHABOYA AND THE INDIAN HORSE THIEVES - (Cont'd.)

to protect his advance. Swiftly came the noiseless, poisoned messengers of death from behind the rock where Chief Juan de Jesus was hiding. But swifter were the eyes of Don Pedro. With long steps he advanced, holding his shield before him, turning aside the arrows. When Don Pedro was within a few feet of the Indian both knew that the decisive moment of the conflict had come. The Spanish chief shot the Indian through the forehead and took possession of all his arrows.

Don Pedro Chaboya and his followers captured the stolen horses and drove them back to the ranches and missions where they belonged.

68. MASSACRE OF INDIANS

The Spaniards in the early days had comparatively little trouble with the Indians. The most serious conflict occurred in 1829 when the neophytes of San Jose and Santa Clara missions were induced by one of their native alcaldes called Estanislao to fly and fortify themselves with other gentiles near San Joaquin. Father Duran of San Jose sent to San Francisco for troops to destroy the Indian fortification and to recover the fugitives.

Sergt. Antonio Soto with some men was sent to the attack. They found the Indians hidden in dense, extensive willows and brambles. The soldiers attempted to go through the fortification. The Indians attacked them, wounding Soto. The Spanish retreated

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

68. MASSACRE OF INDIANS - (Cont'd.)

to San Jose, where Soto died of his wounds.

The Indians were elated by their first victory over the Spanish. They feasted and danced in the neighboring rancherias. Other Indians soon made common cause with them.

The commandant at San Francisco sent a second expedition of 40 men under the command of Jose Sanchez against the Indians. They marched to the field where the Indians had fortified themselves. They tried to set fire to the fortifications, but failed.

They found that the Indians had constructed several lines of strong wooden palisades. They destroyed the first, but Sanchez thought it imprudent to storm the other works. He returned to San Jose without making an assault.

Then the commandant of San Francisco wrote the commandant of Monterey, who sent 100 men under the command of Ensign Mariano Guadalupe Vallejo with cavalry, infantry, artillery and a field piece for destroying the palisades. This young ensign was afterward Gen. Vallejo, so well known in California history.

Ensign Vallejo marched to San Jose, where he joined the San Francisco forces. He had as auxiliaries some Indians, enemies of the rancheria of Estanislao. From San Jose they went to attack the rebels.

The Indians fought bravely, but they could do nothing against musketry. Their fortification fell before the cannon.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

68. MASSACRE OF INDIANS - (Cont'd.)

They were dislodged and made prisoners. Several of the attacking party were killed.

After the Spanish were victorious one of the most shocking butcheries of prisoners ever known took place. The Indian auxiliaries were allowed to shoot the Indian prisoners. So great was their skill in archery that one arrow was shot through an Indian's head with half of the plume still projecting. Other Indians were hung to trees with ropes made of vines. Some women and old men were shot.

Estanislao escaped slaughter by delivering himself to Father Duran of Mission San Jose. The priest concealed the Indian for a time, and finally procured pardon for him from Governor Echeandia. Ensign Vallejo finished his campaign, marched back to San Jose, and from there to Monterey. This was his first appearance in warfare or public life. Father Duran tried to have Ensign Vallejo prosecuted for the wanton murder of Indians, but he failed.

68. SPECTATOR OF YOSCOLO'S CAPTURE

The late Mrs. Luisa Sepulveda Mesa was born in San Jose in 1828. She saw the head of the dead Indian chieftain, Yoscolo, who was captured by her uncle, Alferez (Captain) Juan Prado Mesa. Many vivid touches to his capture that have been omitted by other historians, Mrs. Mesa supplied. Yet all that she recounted fits perfectly into the narratives. She never read a page of San Jose history and so her memories had especial value. She remembered

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

68. SPECTATOR OF YOSCOLO'S CAPTURE - (Cont'd.)

when she was a little girl and Yoscolo's head was dragged through the streets of the Pueblo, and about the plaza. In those days there was no need of moving pictures in San Jose. Pueblo life transcended films.

Mrs. Mesa told me what was related by all historians. Yoscolo was a wild man from the Tulares, whose conversion at the Santa Clara mission was only skin deep. Placed high in authority at the mission he organized revolts. He ran off with several hundred Indian girls who were living in the nunnery. He stole the fathers' cattle, he looted their stores. Once he and Estanisloa defeated one attacking party on the Stanislaus river, and Mesa himself barely escaped with his life. More than any other Indian Yoscolo spread terror among the inhabitants of the mission and in the pueblo. Not only he kept the inhabitants intimidated, but he had minor followers who always menaced the town. One was Jose Jesus.

Jose Jesus was a handsome young chieftain, who was almost as fair as a Spaniard. He dressed like one. He pretended to be very religious. He knew all the rules of the mission. He knew that Holy Week he was safe from arrest. Holy week was precisely the time chosen by Jose Jesus to ride boldly into San Jose, take anything he choose, and swagger about, making faces at the soldiers as he fled.

Soldiers, citizens and peaceful padres at the mission believed that there would be no peace so long as Yoscolo lived.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

68. SPECTATOR OF YOSCOLO'S CAPTURE - (Cont'd.)

All able-bodied men organized themselves into a posse to capture Yoscolo after he made his last daring raid on the mission. Mrs. Mesa said that an Indian served as a guide of the posse over the trail to the fugitive's hiding place, the Arroyo de Guadalupe, at the foot of the hill near the Guadalupe mine. The Indians were outnumbered, and although they fought well they lost their chieftain.

Gleefully the soldiers prepared to take Yoscolo's head back to the pueblo to show the people that the Indian never again would spread terror among them, Anastasio Mendoza, a stranger to San Jose, a man from Mexico, but unforgettable by Mrs. Mesa even after more than 75 years, because of his deed on that day, decapitated the wounded man. Leading the group, Anastasio Mendoza brought the bloody head into town swinging from the pommel of his saddle by the thick long coarse hair the black head of Yoscolo.

"I remember it as if it were yesterday", said Mrs. Mesa, making a little grimace as if still she saw that black, bloody, huge head suspended from the saddle of Anastasio Mendoza. "It was muy male, muy male". Her look and her own native words had a greater expressiveness than any that can be given by a translation, "very bad, very bad".

It must have been a very bad sight. All through the town the captain and Anastasio Mendoza carried their terrible trophy of victory. All the old people, women and children ran after the gruesome procession shouting "Vivas!" to the soldiers for their victory, and crying out words of gratitude that the Indian was dead.

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

68. SPECTATOR OF YOSCOLO'S CAPTURE - (Cont'd.)

Little Luisa Sepulveda was in the possession of those rejoicing. Her father was one of the heroes. Every one in the pueblo was a hero that day, for Yoscolo was dead. In the peaceful plaza of today the victory was celebrated again and again with music and song. It was one of the strangest scenes ever witnessed in the plaza that has looked upon strange events and tragedies.

When San Jose had completed its revelry over the victory, Anastasio Mendoza and the others carried Yoscolo's great head out The Alameda, the Beautiful Way that was laid out to lead souls to the altar. There before the door of the mission they hoisted their victory into the air. They nailed it to a high pole and as Mrs. Mesa said, Jose Jesus knew better than ever again to ride into the pueblo during Holy week and make faces at soldiers. He learned from what happened to Yoscolo.

69. FIRST OPEN-AIR SCHOOL

Probably a woman in San Jose invented the open air school. She was called Senora Romano. In reality she was Mrs. David Flores, but she came of the well known Romano family, and so, she was always spoken of as Senora Romano. After the Americans came, Senora Romano was known and liked by them. I heard of her from several San Joseans, the late Mrs. Elizabeth McCracken, the Mrs. Mattie Reed Lewis and Mrs. J. Q. A. Ballou.

In the forties, when Mrs. McCracken arrived, the most beautiful garden in San Jose was that of Senora Romano. She told me that because an acequia (irrigation ditch) flowed past Senora Romano's

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

69. FIRST OPEN-AIR SCHOOL - (Cont'd.)

residence near where now stands the Southern Pacific station, Castillian roses, always in bloom, tumbled over the adobe walls surrounding Senora Romano's garden. After the weariness of crossing the plains, and the dust and the grime of the journey, Mrs. McCracken said it was worth the voyage just to look at Senora Romano's garden. It welcomed travelers, and made them understand what California could be like.

I found one of the pupils of Senora Romano's open air school which flourished in this pueblo in 1838. She was the late Mrs. Luisa Sepulveda Mesa, and she lived in King's rd. She was the oldest native daughter of San Jose. Mrs. Mesa spoke little English. After more than 90 years of life in San Jose, hers was still the language of Senora Romano's open air school. But from Mrs. Mesa I learned what it was like and also the names of some of the pupils.

Schools were rare at that time. At some great ranches there were tutors, who taught the children of several rancheros. At times, the fathers gave lessons. The children of the well instructed frequently learned from their parents, but many of the old Spanish families grew up without being able to read and write. Learning was not the fashion, even in Spain, where only a small percentage today can read and write. After the Americans came and schools were common, there was great eagerness among the Spanish Californians to learn. Some of the Spanish children went to American schools.

Senora Romano must have been a kindly, generous-hearted woman because for several years she converted her house into a

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

69. FIRST OPEN-AIR SCHOOL - (Cont'd.)

school room for the benefit of the children of the Spanish families in San Jose. With her worked her two daughters, Antonia and Sacramenta. All three gave their services free.

Some of the children of the wealthy rancheros came into the pueblo and stopped with their relatives in order to attend Senora Romano's school. Mrs. Mesa recalled that besides herself and her sister, Silveria, were the children of Emanuel Pinto. Senora Romano did not confine the children to the house. She let them sit on the porch, or as they called it, the "corridor", which extended the full length of the house.

Senora Romano taught her own children with the others. Her son was a very dark skinned little boy called by his mother in the extravagance of love "Little Blue Sky". Even as a child Mrs. Mesa thought it a droll term of endearment for a boy who looked more like a thunder storm. Senora Romano was sometimes severe with punishment. In order to escape chastisement, Mrs. Mesa resorted to amusing strategy. She was only 9 years of age, but when about to be punished, she used to look up at her teacher and say: "I am going to marry your 'Little Blue Sky'." This always won the heart of Senora Romano, and punishment was delayed till another day, which never came.

70. WASH DAY IN THE GUADALUPE

Wash day always seems gloomy and depressing, but when San Jose consisted of two streets, i.e. Calle de Market and el Camino de Santa Clara, wash day was both picturesque and perilous. Today in

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

70. WASH DAY IN THE GUADALUPE - (Cont'd.)

Italy and Mexico washing is often done in the brooks, and, in those days, until artesian wells were bored, washing was done in the Guadalupe river. Between Park av. and Santa Clara sts. on Mondays the river was lined with wash women.

It was the same Guadalupe that one sees today, only the shallower and narrower. Terrible floods came in the early time and swept away even the houses back of the Farmers' Union, and so, the channel of the river has been widened and deepened. In the pueblo days the shallow river was a tangle of tules, and on the banks were mustard, wild blackberry, live oak and wild grapes.

Washing in the river was very primitive. Each woman had her own heavy plank hewn from a redwood log upon which she kneeled and worked. Life in that time, or was it youth, must have been delicious, because one of the old Spanish ladies in recalling wash day in the Guadalupe, her eyes sparkling, said to me: "How blue the river was, like the sky, and so cool".

Then she told me of the dash of danger in a wash woman's life that gave it precisely the zest to etch it in memory. The wash woman never knew when Indians might lurk on the river's wild banks to make them victims of silent arrows. An armed guard sat on horseback all wash day to protect the workers from the red men. Sometimes Harry Bee, one of the oldest settlers, volunteered. Sometimes one of the Bernals, or the Sunols. Every time a twig rustled there was a little scream of fear from the women, but the wash women in the Guadalupe never were attacked.

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

70. WASH DAY IN THE GUADALUPE - (Cont'd.)

Of course Monday was wash day, but during the rainy season sometimes there was no opportunity to wash oftener than once a fortnight or month. Then the work was continued for several days in succession. The wealthy families like the Sunols, the Picos, the Noriegas, the Bernals, the Morenos, the Garcias, the Monteros, had Indian girls wash for them. Those who could not afford to employ an Indian did the work themselves.

The costume of the wash women of the Guadalupe was very attractive. The workers were bareheaded, they wore low neck dresses and short skirts. Their arms were bare, their sleeves consisted of a puff at the shoulder. Only the strongest young women worked in the Guadalupe, and it is not strange that this band of pretty young senoritas and senoras was laid in wait for by lawless men.

71. SAN JOSE'S DISTINGUISHED WINE MERCHANT

Pio Pico was San Jose's most distinguished wine merchant. In the year 1821 he kept a wine house in San Jose. Those who met the handsome dashing young man with his curly hair and his large jewels did not realize that one day he would be governor of California. Pio Pico was the last Mexican ruler before the American occupation,

To be sure, Pio Pico did not live very long in San Jose, only several months. In his later, more conspicuous life, even in his distinguished old age he did not hesitate to recall of the days when he sold wine and brandy in the San Jose fonda. He spoke

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

71. SAN JOSE'S DISTINGUISHED WINE MERCHANT - (Cont'd.)

He spoke of it very frankly when he dictated his memoirs many years ago to Prof. Barrows of Southern California. It is to be regretted that Governor Pico did not give a more detailed picture of the pueblo of the twenties. He referred to a beautiful Mrs. Pacheco, who was known as the "Star of the North".

Governor Pico explained clearly how he came to have a wine and brandy business in San Jose. Don Jose Antonio Carrillo, his brother-in-law, had married in turn two of Governor Pico's sisters. Don Jose was a very conspicuous as well as a most devout man. He was a descendant of one of Portola's soldiers, a person of considerable distinction and ability, Carrillo and his brother were grantees of Santa Rosa Island. He wished to make a present to his good friends, Fathers Luis Martinez of San Luis Obispo and Juan Cabot of San Miguel. And what could gladden the hearts of the missionaries like wine and brandy from the famous Carrillo cellars?

Governor Pico stated to Prof. Barrows that he delivered wine and brandy to the fathers at San Miguel, and then, he journeyed to Monterey with his five barrels of brandy, which he brought on his own account. He spoke of arriving at the Rancho de la Nacion, where he found his uncle, Don Jose Dolores Pico, in charge of the ranch. Jose Dolores Pico was head of the northern branch of the family. With him for a time stopped his nephew, the future governor.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

71. SAN JOSE'S DISTINGUISHED WINE MERCHANT - (Cont'd.)

Later Pico came to San Jose and remained several months. The pueblo was very small, and so many people made their own wine that he had considerable difficulty in disposing of his property. Finally he placed it in charge of Don Igancio Vallejo, brother of General Vallejo. At that time young Vallejo was only about 18 years of age. After Pico interested Vallejo in selling the brandy he returned to San Diego. He afterwards became a very rich man. Always he wore massive jewels, was interested in sports, and was a vivid expression of old Spanish California. At one time he owned many thousands of acres, but in his old age he lost his great property by giving a blanket mortgage which entirely covered it. He died poor.

72. MEANING OF SANTA CLARA COUNTY SPANISH AND INDIAN NAMES-Part I

No one knows precisely the origin of the name California but it was first used by Don Montalvo in the early part of the sixteenth century in a romance called "Las Sergas de Esplanadian". According to this romance California was an island rich in gold, silver and precious stones. It was inhabited by a beautiful tribe of women, Amazons. Montalvo's romance sent Cortez looking for this magic land. If it hadn't been for Montalvo's romance California might never have been found. Senator Phelan's country place at Saratoga is named "Montalvo" for the man who first used the word California.

It was first planned to call this county San Jose, but Santa Clara county was named for Santa Clara. It was thought

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

72. MEANING OF SANTA CLARA COUNTY SPANISH AND INDIAN NAMES-Part I-(Cond

appropriate that the mission nearest Mission Dolores, San Francisco, which was established for the glory of St. Francis, should be named for his great friend, Santa Clara. Santa Clara was converted and became a Franciscan nun by Saint Francis himself. She was the founder of the poor Clare nuns. The lily was her flower. She died in a trance.

The baby pueblo, San Jose de Guadalupe, was named by Lieut. Moraga for the patron saint of California. Saint Joseph was the foster father of the church. His flowers are the hollyhock and the lily. The river that passes through San Jose is called El Rio de Nuestra Senora de Guadalupe, or the river of Our Lady of the Guadalupe. The word Guadalupe comes from the Arabic word "guada", meaning river, with the Latin word, "lupus", a wolf. It really means "wolf river". There is a town in Spain called Guadalupe, which was in existence before the conquest of Mexico. Guadalupe-Hidalgo is a town near the City of Mexico which has the most popular shrine in Mexico.

Here, in 1531, an Indian was said to have been met on the hillside by the Virgin Mary, and she directed him to gather flowers on barren ground. He returned with armsful of fragrant roses. She told him to take them to the bishop. When he arrived in the City of Mexico the Indian opened the blanket and found the imagine of the Virgin on the inside of the blanket. This picture may now be seen in the cathedral in the City of Guadalupe. This is the shrine where many pilgrims go who believe themselves saved from

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

72. MEANING OF SANTA CLARA COUNTY SPANISH AND INDIAN NAMES - Part I - (Continued)

death miraculously. When the Guadalupe river in San Jose was first described by Father Font of the Anza expedition in 1776, he said that for a league above its mouth it was very deep, on account of its waters being backed up and without current.

The Alameda means a grove of cottonwood, or a shady avenue. Santa Clara's famous rows of trees were sent out in 1799 by Father Magin Catala and 200 Indians.

ALVISO,-ALMADEN

Alviso was named for Don Ignacio Alviso, who came to San Francisco with the Anza expedition in 1775. Don Ignacio was later major domo of the Santa Clara mission, and the grantee of a large ranch.

Almaden is a Moorish word, meaning "the mine". The New Almaden mine was so named because at the time it was first worked successfully as a quicksilver mine. The Almaden was the most valuable in the world. The old Almaden was in Spain. The new Almaden has for a time passed its namesake and has produced more quicksilver than any other mine in the world.

Azul station, springs and mountains were so named because Azul means blue. The water in the springs is very blue. The Azul springs are in the western foothills.

STEVENS CREEK

Arroyo de los Alamitos is a rivulet at New Almaden, and it means rivulet of little poplar trees. It is a tributary of the Guadalupe.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

72. MEANING OF SANTA CLARA CO. SPANISH AND INDIAN NAMES-Part 1-(Cont'd.)

STEVENS CREEK - (Cont'd.)

Arroyo de San Jose de Cupertino is the old name of Stevens creek. It was so christened in 1775 by the members of the Anza expedition for St. Joseph of Cupertino who was born in a stable. Capt. Stevens lived till the 60's at Blackberry farm on Stevens creek and in his honor the name of the creek was altered. From Arroyo de San Jose de Cupertino, the name Cupertino, the town came.

Arroyo Honda means "deep gulch", and a small creek situated in a deep canyon north of Mt. Hamilton bears that name.

Berryessa was so called for one of its early settlers, Nicolas Antonio Berryessa, or Berelleza, who came with the Anza expedition. The Berryessa family received large land grants on which Berryessa stands.

OTHER NAMES

Camino Real, the road connecting the missions, means the "king's highway".

Canada signifies glen, and Canada de los Capitancillos means glen of the little captains.

Coyote is an Aztec word, coyotl, the wolf of western America. There is a town of that name south of San Jose.

El Toro means the bull, and is the name of the high hill near Morgan Hill. In the southern part of the county is El Rancho La Brea which means asphalt.

Estros means creeks into which water flows at flood. The Esteros ranches near Alviso and Berryessa were granted to the families of those names.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

72. MEANING OF SANTA CLARA CO. SPANISH AND INDIAN NAMES-Part 1-(Cont'd.)

OTHER NAMES - (Cont'd.)

Encinal is the name of a small settlement in this county, and it means live oak woods.

Hacienda is the part of New Almaden devoted to smelting. The word usually means the home of the proprietor.

73. MEANING OF SANTA CLARA CO. SPANISH AND INDIAN NAMES - Part 2

Penetencia creek was so called because in the days of the missions the fathers from the mission of Santa Clara used to go half way and meet the fathers of the mission of San Jose and hear their confessions.

La Salud, meaning health, is not far from San Lorenzo river. When the Portola expedition came through the valley there was great illness, but here suddenly every one got well. This canyon took its name from that happy event.

LOMA PRIETA

Loma Prieta, the mountain in the Santa Cruz range, means black hill.

Before 1860 Mount Hamilton was called La Sierra de Santa Ysabel. Then the Rev. Leander Hamilton, father of Edward Hamilton, the writer, climbed the mountain and wrote of it and La Sierra de Santa Ysabel was re-named for him. The Ysabel creek rises east of Mt. Hamilton, flows into Smith creek, becomes Arroyo Honda, late Calaveras, and then flows into San Francisco bay.

Los Gatos was named for the ranch on which it stands, La Rinconada de los Gatos, or, the little corner of the cats. John C.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

73. MEANING OF SANTA CLARA CO. SPANISH AND INDIAN NAMES - Part 2 (Cont'd.)

LOMA PRIETA - (Cont'd.)

Fremont spoke of La Cuesta, or slope, de Los Gatos, meaning, of course, wild cat slope.

Las Llagas means wounds, and is one of the unaltering names. One of the first exploring parties in the valley christened it because the wounds of the Saviour appeared on the body of St. Francis.

Los Altos is one of the beautiful modern towns in the county and means the heights.

PAWN SHOPS

Las Animas rancho in English would be called souls' ranch.

At one time the entire valley was called La Llanura de San Bernardino or the plain of St. Bernard. This was the saint who founded pawn shops, Monte de piedad, which in the beginning were charitable institutions.

The old Arguello ranch, which later became the Maximo Martinez property near Searsville, is called Las Pulgas, or flea ranch, because the Indians there had so many fleas when the Spaniards came.

La Purisima Concepcion, the immaculate conception, was the name of the Juana Brinoez ranch, which is now owned in part by Prof. and Mrs. Nott.

Las Uvas creek was so called for the wild grapes growing there.

MILPITAS

The Pala ranch was named for the Indian word meaning water. Monta Vista is a grammatical error. It is intended to mean, "view of the valley" and so it should be written, "Vista del Vale".

The town of Madrone was named for the beautiful madrone tree. Milpitas is so called for the Mexican word meaning little vegetable

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

73. MEANING OF SANTA CLARA CO. SPANISH AND INDIAN NAMES - Part 2 (Cont'd.)

MILPITAS - (Cont'd.)

gardens. It was here that the Santa Clara mission first had vegetable gardens. This was the name given to Don Jose Alviso's ranch, and from it the town took its name.

Palo Alto was so called because of two high trees that stood near what is now the station when the Anza party camped there a little more than 150 years ago. Palo Alto means high stick or tree. The name Palo Alto is one of the oldest in California.

PACHECO PASS

Pacheco Pass was named for the well known Pacheco family. There have been several branches of that family in this county but none of them closely related to the late Gov. Pacheco. Pacheco pass was so called for the owner of the San Felipe ranch, Don Francisco Pacheco, one of the richest ranchers of California. Don Francisco led a stormy life. Once he was taken prisoner by the Indians and his ranch sacked.

Laguna Seca was the name of the old Fisher ranch not far from Coyote. The name means dry lake.

San Tomas Aquinas creek runs south from Payne av. It rises in the Santa Cruz mountains and empties into Campbell creek.

The Santa Teresa ranch and hills owned by the Bernal family, were named for Santa Teresa, one of the most interesting saints of the Roman Catholic church. In the early days the Indians declared that Santa Teresa appeared at the Bernal ranch, and it was named for her.

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

73. MEANING OF SANTA CLARA CO. SPANISH AND INDIAN NAMES - Part 2 (Cont'd.)

PACHECO PASS - (Cont'd.)

There are many sequoia trees in this county. The sequoias are so-called because of the grandeur and power of Chief Sequoyah of the Cherokees. This remarkable man one day was wounded while hunting. He ceased being a hunter, and invented a language for his tribe. He is the only man ever to perform such a feat, a true sequioa among his fellows.

The Sierra Morena is a spur of the coast range. It runs from ten miles south of San Francisco, through San Mateo county and into Santa Clara county. It may mean brown mountain, or it may have been named for the well known Moreno family.

The town of San Felipe bears the name of the great Pacheco ranch.

Sunol was so called for Don Antonio Sunol, the first postmaster of San Jose and a man who for years was the host of the town. He was a Spaniard and one of Napoleon's veterans.

San Jose is a little town standing on the old Martin Murphy ranch south of San Jose. San Martin was the patron saint of the ranch.

San Francisquito creek at Palo Alto means Little St. Francis creek.

74. MISSION CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS

The late Don Francisco Gonzales of Santa Clara and Half Moon Bay told me how when he was a boy in the 40's Christmas was celebrated in the streets of Santa Clara and at all the old

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

74. MISSION CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS -(Cont'd.)

missions. It was a great, joyous occasion in which during his six years residence in the missions as an acolyte he often took part.

As soon as the hour struck marking the birth of Jesus the procession of masked serenaders appeared in the streets. They carried gaily decorated poles from which silvery bells rang and bright ribbons waved.

First came two angels. Then there was a hermit, who had a huge rosary and cross to frighten the devil with. When the devil played pranks the hermit shook at him the cross and quelled him. The devil was the comedian of the serenaders. His mask had horns and a long red tongue. Behind the angel was Bartolo, the lazy man.

The leaders were followed by about ten shepherds all singing litanies. Mrs. Gonzales sang for me a few phrases of the litany chanted by the Christmas serenaders.

This procession visited each house near the mission on Christmas day and was always a lively diversion. The devil often tried to enter a house, but the hermit shook the cross at him and tried to keep him out. If he was not successful he put his foot on the neck of the devil. Meanwhile Bartolo pretended that he had fallen asleep. The others woke him and tried to incite him to attack the devil.

When the devil was fully subdued the townspeople invited the serenaders into the house. In each residence they were prepared exactly the same feast, fried tortillas in syrup, one of

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

74. MISSION CHRISTMAS CELEBRATIONS - (Cont'd.)

the great delicacies of the Spanish Californian families. So many tortillas were needed each Christmas that they were cooked by the tubful, but the women of Spanish California never wearied of feeding the devil, Bartolo, the angels, the hermit, and the shepherd who annually paid them a visit.

75. REVOLUTIONS IN CALIFORNIA

The first Mexican revolution in California was announced in 1822 by Father Fernando de San Vincent. The Spanish governor, Don Pablo de Sola, refused to serve under the new government and left Monterey with a few royalist soldiers.

Don Luis Arguello was appointed temporary governor. California was declared a territory and a legislature was established. Don Jose Noreiga, captain of the presidio at Santa Barbara, was sent as deputy to the general congress at Mexico, but the congress refused to receive him.

Then Lieut. Col. Jose Echeandia, the first Mexican governor, was sent. He was very popular, but for the fact that he appointed alcaldes and superintendents for the missions, and he sought to oust the Franciscans.

Another revolution occurred in 1830, when in the absence of the governor at San Diego, Paymaster Don Vincente Herrara induced the unpaid troops at Monterey to revolt. The governor came back and order was re-established. The governor punished Father Martinez and Father Sanchez, president of the missions, who had refused to take the oath of allegiance.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

75. REVOLUTIONS IN CALIFORNIA - (Cont'd.)

Lieut. Col. Don Manuel Victoria was the next governor. He was very unpopular in San Jose, and there was revolt against him here, as well as in San Diego and Los Angeles. When he left California he was wounded, and two prominent young Californians, Jose Avila and the other Romauldo Pacheco, father of the late Governor Pacheco, died as the result of a combat in which Victoria was engaged. Avila and Pacheco had been great friends, having been married on the same day.

After Governor Figueroa and Governor Gutierrez there appeared Governor Chico. A few months later Gutierrez overthrew Chico.

In 1836 a party sprang up which declared California should be for Californians. Don Bautista Alvarado headed the movement which started at San Juan Bautista. Alvarado marched to Monterey and seized t he battery. With 66 men Gutierrez shut himself up in the presidio. Although Alvarado had no ammunition, Thomas Larkin and Capt. Hinckley supplied powder. Gutierrez was abandoned by his soldiers and he surrendered.

Then the provincial legislature was established with Alvarado as governor, Vallejo as military commander and Jose Castro, prefect, at Monterey. It was to be a free and independent state with the privilege of being a member of the Mexican confederation if the federal system was re-established. At Santa Barbara Alvarado met Andres Castillero, who afterwards discovered the quicksilver mines at New Almaden. A conference between Alvarado

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

75. REVOLUTIONS IN CALIFORNIA - (Cont'd.)

and Castillero was held. Alvarado decided to recognize the supremacy of the Mexican government and Castillero was sent to Mexico as a deputy to the congress from California with a salary of 3000 a year.

Castillero went to Mexico. On the 17th of August, 1837, on hearing how great was the wealth of the missions, the government placed them under the supervision of governors.

On the 1st of November, 1837, Don Carlos Carillo was sent as governor of California, but Alvarado refused to surrender the office. Mexico acknowledged Alvarado.

In April, 1840, the Anglo-Saxons in California tried to stir up a revolt against Alvarado, but he exiled them and put down the revolt.

In 1842 Micheltorena came as governor to take the place of Vallejo, Alvarado and Castro, but Micheltorena failed to get possession of the office. Instead he found a war and he left. It was easy enough to obtain an appointment as governor of California, but it was quite another matter to get into the governor's seat after landing in California.

76. EARLY TRAVEL

Spanish-Californians were afraid of earthquakes and horse-drawn carriages. Their dependable oxen seldom ran away. When Californians did ride they chose oxen and carrettas. They were suspicious of horses and carriages.

Micheltorena, the most unpopular of all the Mexican governors, tried to introduce carriages into the territory.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

76. EARLY TRAVEL (Cont'd.)

He brought an ambulance to California and grandly drove about in it, but he had no harness, The horses were fastened with riatas to the vehicle, and upon each horse was seated a vaquero to manage the animal. Micheltorena's ambulance was impressive as the latest gringo style, but it did not set the fashion in California.

The carretta with its wheels of solid wood, its flexible rawhide body suspended between the front and rear axle, still remained in vogue. Sometimes to add to its chic it had a leather canopy supported by willow supports. Francisco Rico, in 1844, was an entire day in going from the Presidio to Yerba Buena. It was thought that he hurried too much for perfect repose. Why hurry in that mad gringo way? The Spanish-Californians were not discouraged by the creaking wheels of the carretta. Did they not announce that someone was traveling and stir the interest of the slumbering Californians?

In 1844 there were only two carriages in California, one owned by the Padres, and one by Jose de la Guerra. When one wanted to make speed one rode. Spanish-Californians rode well, across country, down precipes, up mountains. Americans also in the early days became wonderful horsemen.

The late Ralph Lowe told me that when he came to California in the early 50's he rode to San Francisco one day and back to San Jose the next. At that time horsemen were confined to no narrow mountain trails, but had the splendid freedom of a scarcely worn road three miles wide with no fence to interrupt. Of course

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

76. EARLY TRAVEL (Cont'd.)

there were no bridges. One forded streams, but that added to the zest of travel. Bayard Taylor wrote of the exhilirating episode of fording the Pajaro river on his journey to San Jose after the first convention at Monterey in 1849. From San Jose he went to San Francisco. He spoke of waiting at Secundino Robles' ranch near Palo Alto while a beef was killed for supper the first night on the journey. He also told of his pleasanter stay at the ranch of Francisco Sanchez, near Milbrae. He praised the good, flealess, beds which he wrote of as unusual at the time in California.

Later if one didn't want to ride one could take the passenger stage to San Francisco and pay from $16 to $32 for the fare. One could pay $5 and go to Alviso and catch a sailing boat for San Francisco. Sometimes the vessel did not sail. It all depended upon the wind, but one had the pleasing diversion of speculating as to when the wind's caprice would carry one to San Francisco. In later times there was the steamer line, but this was by no means popular. It was considered almost as venturesome to take a steamer, as it is today to go in an airship. The steamer Jennie Lind exploded on its first trip, killing a number of the most prominent citizens of San Jose. The older people shook their heads and declared that these new-fangled inventions brought with them only new ways of dying. It was safer to stick to the good lod ox teams and carrettas.

The first carriage in San Jose was brought in by the James F. Reeds in 1849.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

76. THE BELLES OF 1829

One of the most interesting pictures of early San Jose and Santa Clara was given by Alfred Robinson, who came here in 1829. Robinson was an intelligent young trader of Boston. He married Miss de la Guerra of Santa Barbara. His son, the late James Robinson, married Miss Caroline Hawes of Redwood City.

After his marriage with Miss de la Guerra, Alfred Robinson was always spoken of affectionately as "Don Alfred" Robinson. He gives one of the most vivid pictures of all the early writers. He celebrated the beauty of the women of San Jose in 1829. After his visit here he wrote in his book, "No part of Mexico can show so large a share of fine eyes, fair proportions, beautiful complexions as San Jose. There are few places in the world where women are more chaste, industrious or correct. The men are indolent and have many vices, caring little for children. They are unworthy members of society".

Don Alfred Robinson came to San Jose and Santa Clara twice on business. There were only four or five merchants in the towns, mostly foreigners. Once he was obliged to return concerning a misunderstanding of a business transaction of the fathers. He went to Santa Clara and easily adjusted the matter. Don Alfred was interested not only in business but in people. He wrote of the hundreds of gaily dressed San Joseans he found riding Sundays in The Alameda.

Don Alfred went with Father Viader from the Mission of Santa Clara to the Mission of San Jose on one of the feast days.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

76. THE BELLES OF 1829 - (Continued)

Don Alfred speaks of the hundreds of Indians who started the night before for the Mission San Jose. Not till morning did Don Alfred and Father Viader set out.

A carriage was brought to the mission door, invented by Father Viader and made by the Indians. It was so narrow that it was for only one person. It had low wheels, and the wagon itself was covered with brown cotton. The seat was stuffed with lambs' wool to take the place of springs. The harness was a green hide twisted into a rope. It was not pretty, but strong. Father Viader went into the carriage, the others rode.

The carriage was drawn by a black mule on which was seated an Indian boy. Another Indian led the mule with a riata. Two vaqueros with lassos fastened to the axle wheels of the carriage to help the mule up a steep place in case of an emergency. Then behind the carriage came the four pages of the priests. The alcaldes, or Indian foremen, from the mission, were in the rear. Blue and red ribbon pennants floated from their hats.

As the procession neared the Mission San Jose the bells began to ring. They did not cease until the fathers embraced. One of the Mexican governors was jealous of this attention paid to the fathers. He ordered that the honor of ringing the bells at his approach be given him. After that time when any governor traveled in California the bells began to ring as the great man approached the mission.

Mass was said at the Mission San Jose. In the little church were thirty musicians. They played violins, flutes, trumpets,

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

76. THE BELLES OF 1829 - (Continued)

drums. When an Indian made an error inmusic the father followed him so closely that he was able to chide him. As the people went out of the church there was a shower of rockets. The visitors were given cigars, and the fathers took a siesta.

Then the Indians came, painted red and black to look like demons, and danced for the visitors. They formed a circle, all the while dancing, but fixed in one spot. Twelve Indians seated on the ground beat time to the singing.

After the dancing there was a bear fight in which the bull, as usual, killed the bear, because the bear was tied.

In the afternoon chocolate was served, but no liquor. At sundown the bells rang. In the evening there were rockets. Don Alfred went to sleep to the sound of shouting Indians.

The next morning all early went back over the grassy plain to Santa Clara.

78. AN INDIAN DUEL

San Jose history does not disclose many duels. However, there was one. It had great intensity, and was fought between two Indians, Marcello and Inygo. Each was a chief. Each had been a great man at the Mission Santa Clara. Their duel was not a punctilious, code duello affair. It was fought to the death, with clubs. Like all duels of romance, it was fought for a woman. The woman was Marcello's wife, his fourth.

"She was very pretty", said Marcello in Spanish to the Fentons, on whose ranch he lived. "Prettier than any of your

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

78. AN INDIAN DUEL (Continued)

American women, prettier than Spanish women either".

When the duel occurred Marcello was only 90 and middle-aged, but his heart was not even middle-aged. The cause of the duel was Inygo, the rival who lived six miles to the north.

Inygo also thought that Mrs. Marcello was beautiful. He bought her baskets and red handkerchiefs from San Jose. He felt that Mrs. Marcello understood secrets in his soul that others were too blind to see. He told her so. He told her also that she was beautiful. He pointed to his own rancheria. He told her that there she should also find the best fish and game and plenty of hides for furs, furs that the gringo women looked at with envy and covetousness. He told her also that Marcello did not appreciate her. He intimated that Marcello had fed his other wives ground glass when he wanted freedom. He, Inygo, respected and loved Mrs. Marcello too much ever to give her ground glass. He would treat her better than any Spaniard would treat his lady. And as for the Americans - he grunted with disgust. Again and again in secret Inygo charmed Mrs. Marcello until always she sat with her eyes fixed on the low marshes waiting for his coming.

One day in Marcello's absence, without warning or without explanation, Mrs. Marcello fled with Inygo to his rancherie.

Marcello returned to his deserted dwelling. His tribesmen explained what had happened. At first he grunted, then he yelled his anger. His squaw had left him, him the great Marcello. Why, all this valley had belonged to him. He had ridden from

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

78. AN INDIAN DUEL (Continued)

eastern foothills to the western before a white man had built a fence. Who was Inygo? No more than a Digger.

Brandishing a club, Marcello went swift as a jack rabbit to the Inygo ranch. He confronted the guilty lovers. What did they care about the fathers or the church? What did they care about the gringo's law made to protect gringo thieves? Mrs. Marcello and Inygo loved each other. They defied the fathers, the laws and Marcello.

Such a whoop from Marcello! He had not forgotten when long afterward he tranquilly told the Fentons how he attacked Inygo with his club, how Inygo defended himself. Quite tranquilly he told how he beat his rival's club out of his hands, how he made him look like quivering red jelly, how in a climax of anger he bit off his ear and left him for dead.

Inygo did not die, but always after that duel he was a broken man. His face was scarred and marred by a swelling on one side of his head. The missing ear has puzzled his historians. Frequently I had wondered about it, and asked its whereabouts. I wastold that Inygo lost his ear "while being civilized".

Marcello regained his wife by taking her roughly by the arm and leading her back to the rancheria. Once more in possession of the beautiful woman, Marcello had no anger against Inygo. Nor did he lose faith in women. He married two more, but even after they died there shone always in his memory like a star the face of

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

78. AN INDIAN DUEL (Continued)

his beautiful fourth wife.

Twenty-five years later when Marcello was 100 he still longed for adventures in love. He engaged himself to a fair young squaw of Alviso. There was a betrothal supper, but when the merriment was at its height there appeared at the supper table a bold young Lochinvar who carried off the bride-to-be. Had Marcello been a few years younger, there would have been another duel with clubs. But he felt that it was time for him to give up romance. He went quietly back to his hut, took a drink of whisky, fell asleep and snored.

79. THE BIG BEAR HUNTERS

In the 30's and 40's there were several celebrated bear hunters in the Santa Clara valley. Among the most conspicuous were Don Secundino Robles, Don Antonio Bernal, Don Juan Pinto, Don Julio Valencia, Don Pedro Chaboya and Captain or Alfers Juan Pedro Mesa, the commandant at the Presidio. Mesa was paid by Gov. Solis to ride from the Presidio to San Jose and back to kill bears. Mesa was the first white settler at Mountain View.

Mesa was also a famous Indian hunter. His forces captured Yoscolo, the Indian rebel, near Los Gatos, and brought back his black, shaggy head to the mission. The late Mrs. Espinosa, daughter of the Secundino Robles, told me that even after Mesa cut off Yoscolo's ear, it moved and jumped on the ground. Finally it was placed on a pole near the mission. Mesa died of a wound given

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

79. THE BIG BEAR HUNTERS (Continued)

him later by an Indian.

Often Don Antonio Bernal and Don Pedro Chaboya, who were related by marriage, hunted together. Once Bernal became separated from his companion. He fought in a rough canyon with a bear nearly all night, but he had the bear tangled in his riata and he held him at bay.

Don Antonio Bernal never shot a bear except at close range. For a man to shoot a bear at a distance was recklessly to throw away life. To kill at the first shot required courage, a steady hand and experience. In those times there were no repeating rifles. Hunters used the old fashioned ramrod. There could be no second shot. Don Antonio Bernal never shot a bear until the animal was seated on his haunches ready to spring. Then Bernal looked him in the eye and shot at the heart.

Mesa found many bears near Mountain View because Black Mountain was also ever green. Bears like green food. After a matanza, the great slaughtering time, the bears used to come down into the valley and give a roar that froze the blood of cattle. During the matanza many bears were killed. Forty met their death one night near Mountain View when they were encountered by one of the Estudillos and some soldiers from the Presidio.

At times the bear was killed by a trap which consisted of a hole in the ground covered with heavy timber. The bait was some raw meat placed on the timbers. The hunter hid in a hole

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

79. THE BIG BEAR HUNTERS (Continued)

beneath the timber. When the bear came to eat the hunter shot him from beneath.

This method did not appeal to daring sportsmen like Don Pedro Chaboya, Don Antonio Bernal and Don Secundino Robles, who were what the Spanish call "men of heart". Today they would be designated as "men of nerve". These sportsmen liked to face Mr. Bear and worst him. They were all strong, powerful, with the sportsman's instinct to give his victim a chance.

Always these bear hunters captured the bear on horseback and with a riata greased six feet with tallow. A bear uses his hands like a man. He can climb a rope, and with one blow of his great hook-like claws he kills his victim. The most savage bear are tan colored. These the Bernals and Chaboya often captured for their famous bear and bull fights.

Usually it took three or four men to capture a bear weighing 1400 pounds. Chaboya and Bernal frequently hunted together. They had with them their vaqueros. They used only their best trained horses, horses that could pull great weight with their backs and saddles after the bear had been bound.

Bernal and Chaboya always opened wide their riata as they flung them at the bear. Bernal could throw a riata 75 feet. They used riatas made of tested, twisted, green rawhide. This caught the neck of the bear and another riata caught the animal's foot. The bear was choked until his tongue hung out. Although apparently dead, he lived. After the bear was helpless the problem was how to get his great body back to the ranch alive. The hunters

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

79. THE BIG BEAR HUNTERS (Continued)

cut a huge limb from an oak tree. Half unconscious, the bear was tied by the neck and all four feet were bound to the limb. Then horses were attached to the limb and the great bear was dragged miles down hill and across creeks till finally he reached the oak corral at the ranch for a second death.

At the Bernal ranch is a huge, white, scarred oak to which more than 700 bears were tied. After the bear was fastened with log chains to the great oak tree four or five of the wildest bulls were brought down from the mountains. Then came great crowds to see the bear and bulls tied together foot by foot to fight it out. Several bulls on each occasion met death trying to gore the bear. Finally the bear's strength weakened. The horns of a bull severed the artery in his throat.

The fiesta was ended.

80. SPANISH-CALIFORNIAN CHRISTMAS

From the late Sostenes Garcia I learned of the Spanish-California Christmas. Before the Americans came no one in California had a Santa Claus or celebrated Christmas as is done today. Christmas in California in the old days was the Christmas of Spain. In Spain Christmas is a religious fiesta. The jolly Santa Claus coming down the chimney to fill empty stockings was a German fancy.

Garcia recalled Christmas as it was at San Juan mission when he was an acolyte. He put on his red and white robes and went

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

80. SPANISH-CALIFORNIAN CHRISTMAS (Continued)

into the belfry and rang the bell at exactly midnight, ushering in the day. All the lads in town began whistling to indicate joy that Jesus was born. It was even said the birds sang, and that the cocks crowed at midnight, saying "Christ is born". All the people assembling in the church at midnight greeted each other with "Feliz Buenos Noches!" This was the Spanish "Merry Christmas".

After early morning mass and a sermon by the priest all of which lasted two or three hours, they met at each others' houses for breakfast. After breakfast they went back to church where again they celebrated mass. After a second mass they came together for the great feast of the mid-day meal. For this calves and chickens had been killed a day or two previously.

When the feast was finished usually there was a bull fight in the plaza. After the bull fight was over there was a supper. Always in the evening there was a ball. Sometimes they danced all night and sometimes all the next day. The older people who did not dance and some of the younger ones who did, gambled. They played monte. They lost large sums at malia and conquean. Often the wealthy lost $1000 on a card. When they did not have money they wagered heifers or calves. If they desired to give a note instead of writing one as is the custom today a man plucked out one of the hairs of his beard, put it in an envelope as a hostage. When the note was redeemed the hair of the beard was destroyed.

The late Mrs. Trinidad Garcia Parr, who passed many Christmases at Santa Clara and Santa Cruz, says that in both those

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

80. SPANISH-CALIFORNIAN CHRISTMAS (Continued)

places the celebration was largely of a religious nature. At midnight the shepherds appeared in the mission singing in worship of the Holy Child, who was reposing in the cradle. One of the incidents of the little drama of the shepherds was when the Angel of St. Michael placed his foot on the neck of the devil. From the church the shepherds went to all the important houses and sang their songs and played their drama. They were entertained by the ladies.

According to Mrs. Parr and Garcia no presents were exchanged at Christmas.

81. CHRISTMAS SPORT OF SIXTY YEARS AGO

In the seventies a large number of San Joseans had a novel Christmas celebration. Many of the first to come to San Jose were keen sportsmen. Some were born in Missouri, but their forebears were pioneers in that state from Kentucky and Virginia, where most of the plantation owners had their own hounds. Isaac Branham came to San Jose with 100 hounds, which he had brought across the plains. James Frazier Reed started from Springfield, Ill., with a large pack, but in the terrible experiences of the Donner party they all died on the plains. However, his sons later in San Jose kept hounds. The Quivey boys, sons of Peter Quivey, who used to own most of Hall's valley, also had a pack. John Trimble had some and so did D. R. Bailey, who lived near the New Almaden mine. In fact, it was with Bailey that "Uncle" Isaac Branham made his famous trade of a house and lot for a hound.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

81. CHRISTMAS SPORT OF SIXTY YEARS AGO (Continued)

Sam Broughton was another of the early settlers devoted to hunting with hounds.

Often these men went out into the hills with their dogs and brought back deer. Seated about the camp fire one night, one remarked it was a pity that hunting was such a rough life that women could not camp with them, and so, could not see the hounds in full cry after a deer or coyote. Quickly it was decided to get up a hunting party for the ladies. It was arranged for one Christmas day in the early seventies, a surprise to the ladies. And surprise it was.

The hunting ground was out near the old Chapman's quicksilver mine, not far from Oak Hill cemetery. It was decided to take all the available hounds there and let them hunt some animal with the ladies of the town as an audience. But what should they run down? A deer was not obtainable. A coyote alone was feasible. They bought a coyote of Mr. O'Donnell, who kept O'Donnell's botanical and zoological gardens in William st.

When the sportsmen set out for the hunting ground the coyote gave promise of furnishing excellent sport, for in his effort to escape he nearly hanged himself. On horseback 200 sportsmen followed the coyote in the wagon. An immense audience awaited in the Monterey rd. for the show to begin. A hundred leashed hounds smelled the coyote and filled the air with their baying. When all the women friends of the hunters were assembled it was decided to give the coyote a good long start of the hounds,

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

81. CHRISTMAS SPORT OF SIXTY YEARS AGO (Continued)

so that the race would be more exciting.

The coyote was turned loose. He sat on his haunches and would not stir, They prodded him and he would not budge. Great was the consternation of the managers of the performance. In the excitement of the occasion one of the hounds broke from his leash and was at the throat of the coyote. Still the coyote would not fight. Without resistance he died and almost spoiled the performance. The hunters were disappointed. Determined they were to have a performance even though the chief performer was dead. Two of the masters of the hounds volunteered to mount the swiftest horses, and each attaching a rope to the coyote to drag the coyote over the hills far ahead of the hounds so that the ladies might see what a real hunt was like.

Far on ahead of the dogs dashed the horsemen, followed by 100 baying fox hounds, keen on the scent of the coyote. This was sport. The crowd followed. The leaders of the chase excited by the success of their improvised entertainment turned down the Monterey rd. toward San Jose. They desired to show the spectacle to the town. Of course the dogs followed, and so did the guests, and all the countryside - walking, running, racing.

In town they arrived just as the non-sportsmen element of the community were leaving church. A dead coyote, 200 hunters, a crowd of horsemen, a wild mob of vehicles and 100 baying hounds on a quiet Christmas morning in Market and then in First st. disturbed Christmas worship. For a moment it was difficult to say which were

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

81. CHRISTMAS SPORT OF SIXTY YEARS AGO (Continued)

more amazed - the hunters or the church-going element of the community.

The dead coyote was buried. The hounds were leashed, and once more prevailed calm. As a novelty the entertainment was greatly enjoyed, but never again was Christmas in San Jose observed in this manner.

83. SAN JOSE'S OLDEST NATIVE SON

San Jose's oldest native son sat in the doorway of his whitewashed barn in North Eighth st. making a horse hair bridle. He was born in 1837. His name is Bartolo Sepulveda. His father was Juan Sepulveda, an invalido soldier. Juan Sepulveda was given the lot on which stands the residence of Paul Masson for his long service in the army of the king of Spain.

Juan Sepulveda, then 11 years of age, sat by his grandfather's side learning to make horse hair bridles. His is the last generation that will attempt this nice trade requiring so much skill that it approximates an art. Juan speaks English, he must learn to work in American ways. There is no time in American life for spending one month making a horse hair bridle for a Don. That belonged to the days in California when tomorrow never came. Little Juan sat and listened as we talked of those days, the fairy land of long ago, of the yesterday forever gone.

Mr. Sepulveda gave me a picture of the boy's and man's life in the pueblo when Americans were a far greater curiosity than are Indians today. He says that the first school attended by him was in the early forties when Senor Douarte in a little adobe between

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

83. SAN JOSE'S OLDEST NATIVE SON (Continued)

the San Jose Hardware Co. and the postoffice had a school. Senor Douarte had in his class both boys and girls. Sundays the pupils were taken to church by a teacher or respectable old man. Senor Douarte got into a scandal and was obliged to leave the pueblo.

As a boy Mr. Sepulveda says that he saw bull and bear fights near where is now the postoffice. A stockade was built for the occasion. He says that once the bear got away, and he had to be killed in Orchard st. One of the best bull fighters of Mr. Sepulveda's time was Francisco Soto, uncle to Mr. Sepulveda, and to the Lightston family. Horses were so well trained that they did most of the work. Alone they could almost fight the bulls. Indians were very expert in bull fighting and liked it vastly.

The costumes of Mr. Sepulveda's boyhood were very picturesque. Men wore velvet trousers laced at the sides and serapes. Their hats were huge sombreros trimmed with silver.

On holidays the plaza, in front of the City hall, was always gay with people, and on some of the church fete days fireworks were touched off there. Through the plaza ran an irrigation ditch from the Canoas creek. This has all been filled in. Near the ditch were hanged the first men in the pueblo.

Mr. Sepulveda recalls the battle of Santa Clara. His father was in the engagement. He remembers that the Spanish Californians had only swords and riatas in the fight. They rendered the American cannon useless by dragging it off its mounting with a riata. He recalls seeing the first large body of Americans ride

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

83. SAN JOSE'S OLDEST NATIVE SON (Continued)

through the pueblo. They were all on horseback. They had weapons. They were yelling. They did no damage in the pueblo. They went about trying to get saddles and firearms.

Mr. Sepulveda spoke of the difference between the manners of those times and of today. He knew well Father Jose Maria Real, the last of the Franciscan fathers. Father Real often stopped with the Sepulvedas when he came to San Jose from Santa Clara. Bartolo Sepulveda was always ordered by his father to make haste, take off the holy man's spurs, kneel and kiss his feet. Notwithstanding these acts of devotion on the part of devout families, Mr. Sepulveda says that always there were some religious slackers. There was a list kept of these, and if a man did not go to confession occasionally he was sent for by the alcalde and the fathers and told to confess.

84. SANTA CLARA'S DAY

Of all the many feast days at the Santa Clara mission the one celebrated with most zest was Santa Clara's day. Indeed the last 12 days celebration in 1851 was marked by so much gaiety that it ended the bull fights at the mission. It was in the days of Father Real, the last of the Franciscans at the mission. In comparison with his holy self-flagellating predecessors Father Real seemed to have been touched by the world. Father Real was a Mexican Franciscan and he gently posed fun at the self denying, bare-foot, brown-robed friars. To his way of thinking the best expression of God was life, and when Father Real was at Santa Clara the mission was a great social center.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

84. SANTA CLARA'S DAY (Continued)

Santa Clara's day was in June, but by the Franciscans it was celebrated August 12. The last time there was a bull fight on Santa Clara's day at sunrise the matin bells called all to prayer. The people went in bright colors. By the wayside they found stalls where were sold fruits, cakes, sweet-meats and refreshments. Breakfast was at 11. Then the games began.

Cock-fights there were of course. Exciting sports most attracted. One game was to spread on the ground a rawhide. The horseman stationed himself at some distance. Suddenly the rider spurred his horse. The animal darted forward. The game was for the rider to stop short the horse with his front feet on the rawhide.

Another sport was to bury a rooster in the sand, only his head visible. From a distance of 60 yards the rider rode to the rooster. Suddenly the horseman dipped downward and seized the rooster by the neck. Sometimes the rider was unhorsed, but more often he bore away the bird as a trophy.

The bear and bull fights in the plaza, however, was the great sport. During the last festivities it is said that four Indians, 12 bulls, two bears and one horse was killed and several men were wounded. When a death occurred the band struck up a lively air to drown the moans of the dying. Even tragedy could not kill joy.

I found when glancing through the files of the Visitor, the first newspaper in San Jose, of 1851, that the community was greatly horrified by the tragedies resulting from the last bull fight. Letters were written to the editor in French and English

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

84. SANTA CLARA'S DAY (Continued)

urging the community to put an end to the cruel sport. It was said that no one fought except the poor Indians. The white men only pretended to fight in order to carry off the glory.

The protests had their effect. Besides the Jesuits came and preached against the sport. It was the last bull fight at Santa Clara.

Strangely enough I found a year or two later in the same paper expressions of regret that this picturesque if brutal sport had vanished.

85. ALVARADO'S WEDDING

The most fashionable wedding ever celebrated at Santa Clara mission in the old days was that of Governor Juan Bautista Alvarado and Senorita Martina Castro on August 24, 1839. Senorita Castro was the daughter of Don Francisco Castro of the San Pablo rancho.

The San Pablo rancho was one of the largest grants in California. It was long in litigation. It included Castroville and the present Mare Island. (Isla de la Llegua). A mare (llegua) jumped from the San Pablo stock boat and swam to the island now bearing its present name.

Martina Castro and her sisters were famed beauties in their day. Their father had been commandante at Yerba Buena, and he was a great Indian fighter as well. Alvarado was the nephew of Gen. Vallejo, and so, when these two important young people decided to wed,

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

85. ALVARADO'S WEDDING (Continued)

for many leagues was the province excited.

Alvarado himself was a strong man, but at times weak of excitement. He drank much, and in his later years his vice nearly wrecked him. Always he was an individual. As a boy when all the California youth wore their hair long, to the horror of his mother Juan Bautista refused to conform to the fashion. That refusal gave other boys courage to revolt, and so, the rebellion of Alvarado changed California from a long haired into a short haired community. As a man Alvarado had his own way. The Mexican government tried to replace him with other governors, but he stood his ground and held his power. The beautiful Martina Castro was desired by many suitors, but Alvarado carried her off from others.

After the wedding day was fixed Alvarado presented his betrothed with jewels, linens and beautifully embroidered gay Chinese shawls suited to the future wife of the governor. When it was decided that the wedding would take place at Santa Clara the musicians who played in those days at christenings and marriages began practicing their choicest selections. The musicians were Leandro Rochin, Mariano Romero, Jose Sepulveda and Angel Alviso. Their instruments were the violin and the guitar. The Indian band at the Santa Clara mission also prepared to distinguish themselves, and their leader, Joaquin, gave the players many a sharp blow on the head when they made a mistake. In the mission band was the clarionet, the flute, the cello, cymbals, the bass and small drums.

A day or two before the wedding a terrible rumor spread in the community. Messengers from Monterey said that the governor was

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

85. ALVARADO'S WEDDING (Continued)

ill. At first it was said that the wedding would be delayed. Others feared that Martina Castro was to be jilted. Others thought it was far worse. It was commonly said that the governor was not ill, he was intoxicated. This may have been an error, but it has always been believed that Alvarado was too drunk to go to his wedding.

Whatever the truth was, drunk or ill, the governor was a man of honor. He sent his power of attorney with the authority to wed Senorita Martina Castro to his future brother-in-law, Ramon Estrada, who had married Maria Castro, the greatest beauty of northern California.

Preparations for the wedding went on as planned. At the entrance to the Santa Clara mission were arches of white muslin decorated with bright ribbons, flags, streamers. As the bridal party approached the church people were so lost in the beauty of the bride that they forgot that the bridegroom was absent. Firecrackers snapped. Cannon boomed. Musicians met the party at the door, and there remained until the ceremony was over, when they again played.

The Reverend Father Gonzales performed the ceremony.

After the marriage the wedding party, consisting of the Castros and the Estradas, set out for Monterey. Then the real festivities began. The governor's bride felt herself a queen when the troops came out from the Presidio to meet her. At the governor's residence were distinguished officers, friends, relatives. Among the relatives present were Gen. Jose Castro and Gen. Vallejo. There was feasting, dancing and toasts. As soon as Governor Alvarado was

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

FROM A SERIES BY MRS. FREMONT OLDER (PUBLISHED EVENING NEWS 1925)

85. ALVARADO'S WEDDING (Continued)

himself once more he gave a great ball, to which came guests from Sonoma to San Diego. Then her excellency Martina Castro de Alvarado took her place as the first lady in California.

87. SCHOOL LIFE AT MISSIONS

The late Francisco Gonzales of Santa Clara and Half Moon Bay told me a few years ago his school life in the 30's and 40's at Santa Clara. His teacher was Father Antonio Real, brother of Father Jose Maria Real, who was so long at the Mission Santa Clara. Father Antonio often came here on long visits. Even recently among the old miners at the New Almaden I heard of the goodness of Father Antonio.

In Spanish California learning was not so strenuously sought as it is today. Boys thought themselves in luck if they learned to read. Little feeling of caste existed at the missions. At Santa Cruz Mexican and Indian boys were in the same school room, a large apartment belonging to the church.

According to Francisco Gonzales the system of discipline employed by Father Real was one of great extremes of indulgence and severity. Father Antonio gave them every temptation to insubordination, but if they yielded, chastisement was certain and terrible.

One day Father Antonio set the task for the pupils, and then, as was his habit, he went to his own adjoining room to take a siesta.

At first the boys were attentive to their studies. When they heard Father Antonio snore they began giggling and throwing at

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

87. SCHOOL LIFE AT MISSIONS (Continued)

each other paper balls. Soon there came hobbling to the father's door for confession an old man. There was no danger. Was not Father Antonio asleep? At the old man straightway the boys hurled balls, books, everything movable in the school room, with all the energy and lack of mercy of youth. They were drunk with the wild, lawless joy of disobedience. Then Father Antonio appeared in the doorway.

At a glance he recognized the culprits. They feared terrible punishment at his hands, but he had nothing to do with chastisement. "Pull up your shirts", he said. "Bare your backs."

In terror they obeyed.

To one lad he gave a rawhide. His order was that the boy with the rawhide should lash the bare back of the boy nearest him. This was continued till 15 boys had received punishment at the hands of their schoolmates. From that time old men hobbled to Father Antonio Real's confessional.

88. SPANISH CALIFORNIAN HORSEWOMEN

The late Francisco Gonzales of Santa Clara and Half Moon Bay recalled well the expert horsewomen of California of the 30's and 40's. The loveliest woman of her time on horseback was living a few years ago in Gilroy. She was Miss Jesusita Robles, daughter of the late Secundino Robles. Now she is the widow of Miguel Espinosa. In the arena at Santa Clara several times she dared the angry bulls. Mr. Gonzales remembered her best in the Plaza de Toros at the Mission Dolores about 1850.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

88. SPANISH CALIFORNIAN HORSEWOMEN (Continued)

Secundino Robles, on whose ranch now stands Stanford university, was the promoter of the fight. The arena was about half as large as an ordinary city block. Mr. Gonzales told me that Miss Robles did not ride astride at the Mission Dolores. Gracefully she sat in the side saddle. Miss Robles teased the bull by pinning on his side a few bandarias, and made a very lovely novel picture, looking her loveliest in a ruffled white dress. Real toreadors always fought the bulls on foot, but Miss Jesusita Robles had a wonderful horse trained to strike a bull powerfully with his shoulder, and then, quickly get out of the way.

Some California horsewomen rode astride like men. One was Miss Escolastica Rodriguez. She mounted the wildest horses and feared neither bulls or steers. The Rodriguez ranch was near Soquel. Miss Escolastica married a man named Joseph Day, who lived near Lodi. For some years Mrs. Day was a resident of Santa Clara.

The Espinozas, who had a ranch near Castroville on the road to Monterey, furnished many daring horsemen and women to California. Miguel Espinoza had much renown as a gentleman toreador. Of the same family Mr. Gonzales says, was a young woman who was altogether the most courageous of all the courageous Spanish Californians. Mr. Gonzales declared that Miss Espinoza was seen by him to lasso the wildest steer and drag the animal fighting and bucking all the way into the corral. Fear she knew not, and she even had the temerity to kill the animal herself. Mr. Gonzales said that these exploits of women in the old days did not attract so much attention as they

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

88. SPANISH CALIFORNIAN HORSEWOMEN (Continued)

would today because they were so common.

89. A BULL FIGHT ROMANCE

Probably the only girl who ever faced an angry bull in the arena at Santa Clara was the late Miss Jesusita Robles, daughter of Secundino Robles, widow of Miguel Espinosa. She lived in Gilroy.

At more than 80 years of age Mrs. Espinosa told me of her experiences in the arena. Her father, when she was a mere child, taught her to ride, to throw the riata, to face the savage bull brought by him to meet the bear. She was quick, alert and graceful, and she was always at SecundinoRobles' side. She was his favorite child. She showed me one of the few existing pictures of Robles. He delighted in his little daughter's daring. She saw many bull fights, and her greatest admiration was for the toreadors. If only she could pin the banderias on the wild bull, she felt that she could be the happiest person living.

Banderias were like ribbon-decked arrows. In order to excite the bull they were thrust into his neck before the fight. They adorned the animal, but they also drove him into bellowing fury.

Secundino Robles told his daughter that she might go into the arena wearing a scarlet dress and pin the banderias on the bull's neck. It was for the child almost like being a man, a hero, a toreador. Clad in a scarlet dress with short skirts, low neck and short sleeves when she was only 15 years old, at the Santa Clara mission, Miss Jesusita Robles first thrust the banderia into the bull's neck. As usual, the animal started to charge, but she rode a

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

89. A BULL FIGHT ROMANCE (Continued)

trained horse that knew when to dip and swing away from the bull at the right moment. Great was the applause of the crowd. Jesusita was the true daughter of Secundino.

Jesusita was called the girl toreador. Her fame spread. San Francisco, then in the mad excitement of the gold rush, wanted to see the girl pin the banderia on the bull at the Mission Dolores. Secundino arranged a bull fight at the Mission Dolores. There were two tiers of seats crowded with people. Thousands were turned away.

As the time approached for entering the arena, the 15-year old girl in her short scarlet dress grew afraid. Not at the bull, but of the crowd. The thought of appearing in that costume before all those strangers so terrified Miss Jesusita that her courage weakened. She simply could not appear.

Unobserved by them, she watched the fight. What she saw was the beginning of romance in her life. Miguel Espinosa of Monterey, an amateur, volunteered to go into the arena and meet the bull. This he did so valiantly that he hurled the animal to the ground, stood upon him and bowed to the applauding San Franciscans. But he saw only Jesusita Robles. You can guess the last chapter of the story. The parents objected, but Miss Jesusita became Mrs. Miguel Espinosa. The Espinosas had twenty-four children.

Mrs. Espinosa's memory of the old days was vivid, but all she retained in substance of that time were two Canton shawls, more than sixty years of age, given her by Miguel Espinosa. One shawl looked like a yellow-red flame splashed with blue light. The other

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

89. A BULL FIGHT ROMANCE (Continued)

was creamy white embroidered with bold blue, black, yellow and red blossoms. A few years ago Madam Calve in her great role of "Carmen" wore such a shawl. Stanford university tried to buy Mrs. Espinosa's shawls because they seem a part of the existence of the institution.

"Not for a thousand dollars will I sell them", said Mrs. Espinosa, hugging close her treasure. "I am very poor, but they are all I have left. Perhaps I shall need them when I buy back the ranch."

Mrs. Espinosa was sustained by the dream which keeps alive so many broken Spanish Californians - "When I buy back the ranch". But before her death she was obliged to part with them.

90. THE BULL FIGHTER PROMOTER

One of the most picturesque figures in the history of San Jose and Santa Clara was Secundino Robles, bear hunter, bull fighter, miner, rancher and manager of bull fights. He was an excellent type of the hidalgo of the 20s, 30s and 40s.

Jose Antonio Robles, father of Secundino and Teodoro, came from Zacaticas. He married one of the Merlopes family. They lived at La Villa di Branciforte, which flourished for a time near the Mission of the Holy Cross, otherwise Santa Cruz. There were born Secundino and Teodore, the brothers so well known in Santa Clara county.

The Robles were cousins of Father Antonio and Father Real of the Santa Clara mission. Their uncles Antonio Garcia and Antonio Robles were attorneys for the fathers. Secundino became the mayordomo of the mission. Next to the fathers he was the most important

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

90. THE BULL FIGHT PROMOTER (Continued)

man. He managed all their property and conducted their trading.

The late Mrs. Miguel Espinosa, who was more than 80, and lived in Gilroy, was the daughter of Secundino. She bore out Hall, the San Jose historian, who said that Secundino Robles was the first white man told by the Indians of the location of the New Almaden mine. Robles became an eighth owner of the mine.

Later he sold his interest for the great ranch, the Santa Rita, near Mayfield. Joseph de la Pena was the purchaser. Diego Forbes, the first real estate man in the county, conducted the sale. How much de la Pena paid in gold varies in estimate from $15,000 to $75,000. Robles was an inveterate gambler, and it is said that he lost most of the gold in a night.

Near Castroville Teodoro Robles erected the finest adobe in the county. Robles also had the first divorce, July 30, 1856. On the Santa Rita ranch Secundino Robles built one of the few two-story adobe houses in the county. Here always was a shrine to Our Lady of Refuge. Today nothing remains of the house. A vegetable garden is on the site. Long before Robles died the property passed out of his hands. Judge W. T. Wallace and Mr. Ryland of San Jose and Jeremiah Clarke of San Francisco became owners of his ranch. Robles became very poor. A part of Stanford University stands on the Robles' ranch.

While Robles was in his youth and middle age, he was unforgetable in his bright Spanish clothes, serape at his waist. Neither he nor others could believe that this reckless, daring live-today-for-tomorrow-never-comes Californian could be a ward of the county. He

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

90. THE BULL FIGHT PROMOTER (Continued)

was more than six feet tall, wiry as an Indian, and as quick. He could shoot like an Indian, as fast as one could think . The Indians had great fear of him. And so had bear.

Martin Murphy of San Jose says that when Secundino Robles was an old man he used to dine every Sunday at the ranch of his grandfather, the late Martin Murphy. The present site of Sunnyvale is a part of the Murphy ranch. Mr. Murphy says that even when 80, Robles was so strong in the saddle that two or three men pulling at a riata fastened around his waist failed to unhorse him. Years of bear hunting and bull fighting had developed Robles' muscles to an amazing degree. As an old man Robles was as fleet of foot as an Indian. At the Murphy ranch Robles used to run foot races with men years younger than himself. He won them, too.

When Secundino Robles first moved to Mayfield his fortune was at its flood. All who passed that way, Mexicans or Americans, were entertained at the Santa Rita ranch. No money was taken for the hospitality. Such an offer would have been spurned.

When the gringo mortgages began to cover the Santa Rita, the ranch was turned into a road house. Mrs. Secundino Robles had 29 children. Some had died at birth, but those who lived worked. On the roof of the Robles' house waw a place for dancing. The Robles girls were extremely pretty. They were always becomingly dressed. The ranch house became a popular stopping place for travelers.

In the very early days of the Santa Clara mission, Secundino Robles organized bull and bear fights. In the log corral

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

90. THE BULL FIGHT PROMOTER (Continued)

on his ranch at Mayfield he continued the amusement. Now it was for profit. He asked $1.00 for seats in the shade, and 50 cents for seats in the sun. After the discovery of gold during the great rush of the American to Yerba Buena in San Francisco, he organized bull fights at the Mission Dolores which were largely attended.

Secundino Robles died about 40 years ago. His widow followed him a few years later. At the time of the Robles' death their grandchildren numbered more than a hundred.

91. SPANISH SERENADES

In these days one never hears serenaders singing Spanish songs in the streets of San Jose, but even 50 years ago this was a common occurrence. A reminder of a Spanish serenade came recently when some of the old friends of Mrs. Luisa Chaboya Long serenaded her on the evening of her birthday at the old Chaboya ranch near Oak Hill cemetery. She is nearly 80. This serenade brought back the long-gone days when the spirit of Spain ruled in San Jose. Today a young lawyer, doctor or merchant who should set out with the guitar, flute, or accordeon and play it, singing the while under a lady's window, would feel a culprit. For a few days he would scarcely dare meet his friends. Now he takes his lady to the movies and shows her a picture of a Spanish caballero serenading his sweetheart.

In the old times serenades were an accepted beautiful part of life. Sometimes a serenade was merely a respectful compliment. On birthdays the young serenaded the old. The serenaders

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

91. SPANISH SERENADES (Continued)

were invited into the house and given cakes and coffee.

If a young woman from San Juan or San Jose visited Monterey the young Montereyans brought out their stringed instruments. The youth of Monterey were the most finished and cultivated of the old Californians, and they sang extremely well. They came in numbers to honor the fair visitor. When the Montereyans came to San Jose the youth of the pueblo serenaded the maidens and the Montereyans sang under the windows of the senoritas.

Ignacio Castro was one of the best of the musicians in Monterey. When he came here to visit his cousins, the Mariano Castros, who used to live where the Farmers' Union now stands, the pueblo heard rare singing.

Often the serenade was the only expression left to a lover for telling his passion. The story comes down to us of the late Sixto Chaboya. As a youth he desperately, hopelessly loved his cousin, who lived ten miles to the eastward. Every morning he mounted his horse and rode more than three leagues across the country to salute her in song. He could not close his eyes till he had paid this compliment to the lady of his dreams. Chaboya was always invited by the family into the house.

There were the forbidden lovers who wooed their ladies on the guitar only from a distance. Sometimes only the fair one heard, and she heard because she listened with her heart as well as with her ears. Perhaps these serenades were most beautiful of all, and lived longest to the listener's memory.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

91. SPANISH SERENADES (Continued)

In those times there was a wonderful old violinist in San Jose named Avato. He played at all the parties. There was a music teacher named Flores who taught all the stringed instruments. Some of the Spanish-Californians had considerable talent for music. One of the Arguellos of Santa Clara wrote the Mexican national air.

Here are two of the most popular Spanish serenades given in old San Jose:

UNA SERENATA

Sal' a tu ventana mujer angelical
Sal' mas galana que un astro real.
Sal' virgen pura, tu eres mi bien
Tu mi ventura mi amor bien.

Esta serenata yo te oforesco porque
Solo apetesco amarte a ti.
Sal', virgen pura, tu eres mi bien
Tu mi ventura mi amor bien.

UNA OTRA SERENATA

Via siempre Teresita hermosa,
Marimonita rosa que el manecer
Con il viento se marchita.

El fin precioso diamante
Dame una corespondencia mira
Que esta la preciencia
He perdido por amarte
He perdido por amarte
Y que me olvides no.

No es justo
No como ni duermo
Augusto de penser en tu
Deidad pues te tengo voluntad
Y que me olvides
No es justo.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

91. SPANISH SERENADES (Continued)

A SERENADE

Come to they window, angel love,
Splendid as any star above.
Come, pure virgin, thou who art
My life, my love, and joy of my heart.

This serenade I offer to thee
Because thou alone art worshiped by me.
Come, pure virgin, thou who are
My life, my love, and joy of my heart.

ANOTHER SERENADE

Live forever, Teresita,
Be not thou born far away
Like the rose Marimonita
By the wind at break of day.

Give me a look, my precious one
Equal to all I've lost for thee.
Pay me fairly, and let none
Of thy memory stir from me.

'Tis not fair that food and sleep
I forego for love of thee.
Goddess, since thy laws I keep,
Give love's reward to me.

92. OPENING FATHER NOBILI'S GRAVE

The late Andrew P. Hill, the photographer and painter who did such splendid work in saving the redwoods, was present at the opening of Father Nobili's grave at Santa Clara. Mr. Hill was not a pioneer, but the son of a pioneer fur trader, Elijah B. Hill, a cousin of President Garfield. Elijah Hill died in California in the early 50s and his son, the painter, was born in Ohio about the same time, and so, Andrew P. Hill was admitted to the Society of Pioneers. He came to San Jose in October, 1867. He was brought

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

92. OPENING FATHER NOBILI'S GRAVE (Continued)

here by his uncle, A. H. Rose, owner of the great Keystone mine in Amador county. Though the family were non-Catholics the boy was placed at school in Santa Clara. While there the great earthquake of '68 occurred which wrecked the church at the Mission San Jose. It also wrecked the brick walls of the chapel at the University of Santa Clara.

Mr. Hill said that the earthquake of October 1868 equalled in violence the earthquake in 1906. The earthquake of 1868 came in swells like those of the ocean. At the time Andrew P. Hill was in the infirmary having his head treated for a wound, but looking out of the window he saw the earth rise and fall. Plaster dropped upon the heads of the students and one young man created much merriment by shouting when the plaster struck his head, "I am dead, I am dead"!

After the panic had subsided, it was found that the brick walls of of the chapel were unsafe. Mr. Hill with other students helped to pull down the walls. It was found necessary to move the bodies buried in the chapel, and so, Father Nobili's grave was opened.

Mr. Hill had never seen Father Nobili in life, but he described how he looked in death. The skin had entirely disappeared and left the skull shiny and bone-white. The dome of the head looked huge. The hair was lying in the coffin. Even after many years in the grave the skeleton had dignity and distinction. Father Nobili's priestly robes were intact. His hands had turned brown but they still clung to the crucifix.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

93. REAL PENETENCIA CREEK

The creek rising in Alum Rock park and wandering down between silvery sycamores to the valley in reality is not Penetencia creek. Its correct name is the Arroyo del Aguage, "rapid current". It was known to the Indians as Shistuk in the early days after reaching the valley. It spread out over fields. In rainy season it used to flood the old James Murphy ranch. About 1864 a deep ditch was plowed to empty this overflow into the Coyote creek.

Out of a grove of willows near by rises the real Penetencia creek, which the Indians called Yukisma. It meanders north, past Milpitas, and empties into San Francisco bay. At the junction of Capitol av. and Milpitas rd., under some small oaks the fathers from Mission Santa Clara used to meet the Mission San Jose and walking under oaks confess to each other.

The fathers traveled to the Penetencia in an odd looking **calesa**, a wagon fitted with windows on the sides and front but devoid of glass. The calesa seated two persons. In the early days Father Jose Viader, who came to Santa Clara in 1795, invented a curious vehicle, very narrow with low wheels. The seat, stuffed with lamb's wool, was large enough for one. The entire framework was covered with brown cotton. The harness was made of strong green hide. At the side rode an Indian boy guiding him. A mule was hitched to the calesa. On his back sat an Indian forcing forward and guiding the animal by means of a riata. On either side of the wagon rode a vaquero with a lasso tied to the axle tree to help the mule over the steep places.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

93. REAL PENETENCIA CREEK (Continued)

When Father Viader went to confession or journeyed to visit the fathers at the Mission San Jose he attracted much attention. Too much attention thought Father Lopez, guardian of the California mission. He forbade the father or any other missionary to use a carriage. So, Father Viader was obliged to abandon his state vehicle and walk, as did the other Franciscans.

94. JUAN PRADO MESA - INDIAN FIGHTER

Bravest of all the Indian fighters in this vicinity was Alferez (Capt.) Juan Prado Mesa. His adobe house and Spanish corn mill used to stand on the high hill on El Monte av., about a mile from Los Altos, on land now owned by C. R. Puckhaber, who formerly lived in Fresno. It was called "the fort". It is said to have had port holes.

The house contained four rooms, and fires were made inside the building. The Alferez built his mill and residence on the hill-top because Indians regarded him as their enemy. For several years previously the Alferez lived on the bank of old Adobe creek. The first Alferez Mesa place was among the chaparral, and Indians from ambush used to send arrows in the direction of the fighter at every chance. Nothing terrified the Indians so much as to tell them that Alferez "was after them".

Alferez Juan Prado Mesa came into the Mountain View country in about 1836. The original Alferez Mesa home place later was owned by the Griffin heirs of the firm of Skelley & Griffin. The second

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

94. JUAN PRADO MESA - INDIAN FIGHTER (Continued)

Alferez Mesa place belongs to Mr. Puckhaber. The five acres surrounding the second home place are set out to fruit. There is a palm bordered road leading to the summit of the hill which commands all the surrounding country. The exposed place was a protection to the Indian fighter. For many years the old mill stood there and was the source of many romantic stories. About 18 years ago it was razed to the ground. Ex-Postmaster James C. Kennedy of Mountain View says that Alferez Mesa was able to obtain water even on the hilltop where he built his mill. Mr. Kennedy's uncle by marriage, Thomas Brooks, about 20 years ago broke up the old mill stones because they were in his way when he was plowing. When I visited the spot recently I found a portion of one of the stones. The Mesa house was never finished because Alferez Mesa died before his task was completed.

As soon as the Alferez was dead squatters and claimants for his land fell upon the San Gregorio ranch like wolves. Henry C. Curtis demanded 500 acres, but he got nothing. William W. White tried to obtain 100 acres, but failed. William A. Dana asked for 2551 acres, but this was denied him. James W. Weekes, one of the alcaldes of San Jose, put in his claim for 3051 acres, but this was refused. One of William A. Dana's claims was allowed. There was also allowed the claim of Alferez Mesa's daughter, Encarnacion. She obtained nearly 900 acres of her father's square league of land. The rest of the ranch was divided into small lots.

Juan Prado Mesa was the grandson of Corporal Jose Valerio Mesa, who came with Anza's company in 1774. Anza paid the expenses of

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

94. JUAN PRADO MESA - INDIAN FIGHTER (Continued)

the expedition himself, and picked his own soldiers. It may be imagined that they were men of unusual fibre. From the men of the Anza expedition came the Spanish pioneers of the sturdiest character. Prado Mesa's father was Jose Antonio Mesa. Prado married Mycaela Higuera. He was a soldier at the Presidio in San Francisco in 1828. In 1832 he was a corporal at Santa Clara. In 1836 he was promoted to the position of sergeant.

The year 1837 found him acting Alferez or commandant. In 1839 he was full Alferez at the head of the garrison of San Francisco. In that same year he was given the square league of the San Antonio ranch by Governor Alvarado. He was also given a lot in San Francisco. He was Alferez until 1845, and was commander at the time of a minor revolt in San Francisco and Santa Clara against Salvador Vallejo. The soldiers protested against ill-treatment, no food and clothing. Vallejo tried to get the soldiers court martialed, but he only succeeded in obtaining a transfer of eight soldiers to the Presidio.

The most famous of all Alferez Mesa's encounters with the Indians was one which also shows his remorseless way of fighting. Yoscolo, though but 21 years of age, was responsible for all the Indians at the Santa Clara mission. With about 500 Indians from the outside he broke open the mission stores and made off with supplies and blankets. As Mesa had only a few soldiers at Santa Clara he was helpless. Yoscolo beguiled away about 200 neophytes and fled with 2000 mission horses.

On the banks of what is now the Stanislaus river Yoscolo and Stanislaus, a powerful chieftain, joined forces and fought a

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

94. JUAN PRADO MESA - INDIAN FIGHTER (Continued)

battle with the Spaniards. They used strategy so excellent that they defeated the Californians. This emboldened Yoscolo to make another attack on the Mission Santa Clara. Then he retreated to Wild Cat Corner or Los Gatos, and awaited attack. This time Alferez Mesa went after the Indians with 100 men. Yoscolo moved half way down the mountain to meet Mesa. He moved to death. All day the battle raged. Yoscolo was wounded and immediately beheaded, together with some of his lieutenants. Yoscolo's head was exhibited on a pole in front of the mission for several days, and the few surviving members of Yoscolo's tribe were turned over to the mission, as one writer expressed it, to have their civilization renewed.

It is not strange that as long as he lived, Alferez Mesa realized the need of being on his guard against Indians, and felt safe only when he wore a leather coat and was guarded and had an outlook on every side. He died at his ranch near Los Altos. The cause of death was an old Indian wound from a flint which struck just below the belt.

Alferez Mesa was buried in the Santa Clara cemetery and his grave is near the gate.

95. REMINISCENSES OF ALFEREZ MESA

Only one person met by me knew Alferez Juan Prado Mesa, the Indian fighter. That person was his niece by marriage, the late Mrs. Luisa Sepulveda Mesa, who was born more than 95 years ago in San Jose. She was the widow of the late Jose Mesa. His father-in-law, Jose Domingo, was brother to the great Prado.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

95. REMINISCENSES OF ALFEREZ MESA (Continued)

Mrs. Mesa told me that Alferez Prado, the commandant at the Presidio, the captor of Yoscolo, was no hero to his relatives. They all thought him a grouchy old fellow, who scolded his wife too much. The Prado Mesas had spoiled children, and Alferez was always nagging his sweet wife, Mycada Higuera, about it. He said that it was her fault. In reality it was his own. Mrs. Mesa said that her uncle-in-law seldom came into the pueblo. For the most part he lived at his ranch not far from Los Altos.

Mrs. Mesa recalled that when Alferez Mesa did come into town in the middle 40s it was to attend the wedding of his brother, Pedro, who married Petra Higuera. The Higueras owned the great Pala grant, which includes the site of the Mount Pleasant school building. Peter Higuera was a cousin of Mrs. Mesa and also of Mrs. Prado Mesa, who was also a Higuera.

On this same day there were married also Rafaela Soto and Lorenzo Pacheco, two other cousins of Mrs. Mesa. The young people were all inter-related and so, they decided to have a double wedding at Santa Clara. Prado Mesa was best man for his brother, and the lovely Silveria Pacheco was the attendant of Petra Higuera.

Only witnesses and relatives went to the wedding. But all the pueblo of San Jose met them on the banks of the Guadalupe as they rode back from Santa Clara. Mrs. Luisa Sepulveda Mesa was among them. Some San Joseans were on horseback and some on foot. Some of the gaily-dressed receiving party greeted the happy couples with arches of flowers, flags and ribbons. Under these arches rode the two happy couples. Mrs. Mesa said that one of the brides wore

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

95. REMINISCENCES OF ALFEREZ MESA (Continued)

a yellow brocade gown with her roses. The ladies wore brocades, rebosos, silk slippers. Spanish-California of the 40s was not enslaved by Paris. Mrs. Mesa said that modern women do not know how to dress, but in those days of rebosos, scarfs, shawls, gold and tortoise shell combs, exquisite embroideries, they understood. That day all San Jose was at its best, and so was Pedro Mesa.

Mrs. Mesa described the Alferez as being of medium height with a dark beard, but no mustache. He wore fine deer high boots with the tops folded down. They were laced with silk ribbons. He had on the usual short jacket of black and the wide Spanish trousers that buttoned up the outer seams of the legs.

All the guests of the two wedding parties first went to the Soto residence, in San Pedro st., between Eldorado and Santa Clara sts., and over their chocolate congratulated the brides and grooms. The ball began, but after a few dances the Higuera and Pedro Mesa wedding party rode into the eastern foothills where for four days the merriment went on. Mrs. Mesa did not go into the hills to dance. She remained at the Soto-Pacheco fandango in San Pedro st.

96. FIRST CEMETERY

The first cemetery of the county was lost with the first mission site. When that is discovered nearby will be found a cemetery. The second cemetery was God's Acre at the Mission Santa Clara. It was between the boys' chapel and the parish church, and is indicated by an old black cross and railing.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

96. FIRST CEMETERY (Continued)

Father Colligan, formerly of the University of Santa Clara, and now at St. Ignatius' college, San Francisco, is a deep student of early Santa Clara history. Recently he told me that during his stay at Santa Clara he excavated a small part of God's acre and found skeletons not more than three feet below the surface. Superintendent Koehle of the Santa Clara cemetery tells me that in his boyhood while the chapel was in building he recalls that moccasins, beads, Indian garments and bones were dug up.

Some of the fathers were buried in the church at Santa Clara. There were Father Magin Catala, Father Nobile and Father de Vos. All except Father Catala have been removed.

A few persons were buried under the altar at St. Joseph's church. Among them was Mrs. Antonio Sunol, whose husband gave the site for St. Joseph's church.

In 1856 the Santa Clara Catholic cemetery was established, and when the Americans came a Protestant cemetery was laid out there.

San Joseans always suffered from the inconvenience of not having their own cemetery, and so, Don Pedro Chaboya decided to give to the pueblo a part of his ranch, "La Pala de San Juan Bautista", for a burial place. This was the beginning of what is now called Oak Hill cemetery.

Even today one hears the old Spanish people speak of Oak Hill as "Chaboya". Mrs. Long, daughter of Don Pedro Chaboya, tells me that the man who came to select the site for Oak Hill was the first person there buried. Many of the cholera victims were interred

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

96. FIRST CEMETERY (Continued)

at Oak Hill, and she describes how in 1850 Tully rd. leading to the cemetery was black with the litters of the dead.

The only old cemetery in San Jose is at William and Thirteenth sts. Charles C. Reed says that seven horse thieves lynched in one night at Seventh and William sts. were buried there, as were several other persons in the old days. The street now passes over the spot.

97. MISSION RECIPE FOR OLIVE OIL

One of the most interesting volumes of the University of Santa Clara is Father Viader's book compiled by him in the early part of the 19th century. It was roughly bound by mission workers and consists of a series of manuscripts, letters, rules and regulations for missionaries and Indians, arranged in permanent form by the priest who gave the best years of his life to the mission. In fact it is a small encyclopedia. From it may be learned everything from making sausages to saving souls. This was the mission way of making olive oil: First spread the olives upon a mat and leave them till they are wrinkled from ripeness. Then crush them thoroughly in mortars used by old women. Place the olives in a large kettle. Add water to give the olives the consistency of thick atole paste. After boiling thoroughly take part of the olives and put them into a rough sack of coarse cloth which will allow the oil to pass through. Tie well the sack and press it into a dish of hot water.

Add many times to the dough hot water, until nothing but pure water passes out. When an olive press is not available press

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

97. MISSION RECIPE FOR OLIVE OIL (Continued)

the sack between the two boards of a carpenter's press.

After the juice has been crushed from the olives place it upon the fire with water and boil moderately. Then with a ladle or dipper skim into an earthen pot or kettle all the oil which rises to the surface. In order to make the oil very pure, pour it into a spotless kettle with a great deal of hot water. It will be such a good color and taste that you will be delighted to eat it.

98. TWO ROMANCES

I was looking for romances in Spanish California in San Jose, and I found it. I must not give you the real names of Don Pedro's two daughters, for one of them, Luisa, still lives. She tole me the story.

When Santa Clara county was young senoritas were well-behaved, devout and obedient. Engracia, Don Pedro's daughter, was everything but devout.

Engracia was different from other girls. She was different from her sister Luisa. Engracia always smiled. She smiled on her way to church. She even smiled during mass. She could talk with a man and smile without blushing. Luisa never could. She knew that no daughter of a Don should smile during mass or speak to a man without blushing.

Engracia always bewildered Luisa. Once Luisa found her alone in the great hall at the hacienda with Carlos Juarez. Engracia and Carlos were close together. Engracia never blushed

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

98. TWO ROMANCES (Continued)

even when discovered. Luisa was shocked that a daughter of her father could so behave.

But when the footsteps of Don and Luisa fled, left the tall, dark Carlos Juarez to explain to Don Pedro that he had come to buy one of Don Pedro's horses. Don Pedro believed it, but Luisa did not reproach her older sister. In Spanish California families one respected elders, even elder sisters.

That very night the situation grew grave. A guitar tinkled in the distance. Luisa suspected that Carlos Juarez was serenading Engracia. Don Pedro and his wife looked at their daughters. All seemed innocent of any knowledge of any serenader, but most innocent of all was Engracia. Luisa blushed. Don Pedro and his wife stared hard at her. Luisa was a strange girl.

Very timidly that night when they were alone Luisa asked Engracia if she knew who had been the serenader.

"Of course", replied Engracia. "Carlos Juarez. I am going to marry him".

"Carlos Juarez! He is half Mexican! Madre de Dios! What will our parents say?"

"It matters not if he is an Indian", said Engracia. "I will marry him". You, Luisa, must tell our parents tomorrow".

" I am afraid", said Luisa. "They will be very angry. They will never consent."

"I will marry Carlos if I am killed with him", decided Engracia.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WASYOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

98. TWO ROMANCES (Continued)

"No one in our family ever disobeyed their parents. You wouldn't disgrace them", pleaded Luisa.

"I will marry Carlos", said Engracia obstinately.

Neither of the girls slept, but Luisa told Engracia that no matter what she did she would always love her.

In the morning Luisa confessed to her father that Engracia wanted to marry Carlos Juarez. She wished to have the banns published immediately at Santa Clara.

Don Pedro raged. Carlos Juarez like a thief had stolen his daughter. Never should he have her. He stormed at Luisa, too. She was a bad girl to bring him such a message. In fear Luisa sought Engracia. Straight to Don Pedro went Engracia.

"What Luisa said is true. I am going to marry Carlos. I would like your consent, father".

"Gringo girl!" he raged at her. "I would rather see you dead than mix your blood with that worthless Mexican."

"I'd rather be dead than live without Carlos. If you don't publish the banns Carlos and I will go without them to Sonoma and live on his ranch."

Disgrace Don Pedro could not endure. He was beaten. The banns were published at Santa Clara. But during the days preceding the wedding at the hacienda no one smiled.

Luisa wished to go with Engracia to the church, but she dared not further anger Don Pedro. And so, without feast or celebration, like a funeral Engracia's wedding day approached. But Engracia's soul was feasting.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

98. TWO ROMANCES (Continued)

Even before the appointed hour Carlos Juarez' horse pranced outside the gate of the patio. Tenderly Engracia kissed her weeping family farewell. To the servants she gave warm handclasps, for she was going to live in far away Sonoma. Only the mother of God knew when again she would see San Jose. One happy moment there was in her going. As she stepped to the deep door of the adobe house, Don Pedro said, "Engracia, daughter, kneel, let me give you my blessing."

All the weeping family shed tears in joy. Perhaps Don Pedro would go to the church with Engracia.

Engracia herself gave a little sob of happiness as she knelt and said, "Yes, father".

Quick as a flash Don Pedro drew from his belt the short ugly rawhide used by him in breaking the will of unruly animals. Blow after blow fell upon Engracia's thinly covered shoulders, making her low as a beast. In defense the mother sprang forward, but the wild blows fell upon her, too, and silenced all.

Screaming, Engracia fled from the haciends and flung her bleeding body into her lover's arms. Tenderly Carlos Juarez lifted her into the saddle, away they rode to Santa Clara and were married.

"And they lived happily?" I asked Luisa.

"No girl who disobeys her parents is ever happy", said Luisa, now broken, old. "Carlos had eyes for all women. Engracia lived alone on the Sonoma ranch with an Indian servant. Her heart

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

98. TWO ROMANCES (Continued)

broke. When she was old my father forgave her".

"And you had no romance?" I asked.

"No", she answered. "Guadalupe, my husband, was the son of my father's best friend. All wished us to marry. Guadalupe's mother gave me beautiful silk dresses, linen, silver, jewels, as Spanish California mothers did. We rode to Santa Clara under canopies of flags and flowers. The Mission church was filled. The wedding party danced two weeks. Guadalupe and I had eight children. We never quarreled. Rich or poor we were happy. Fifty-five years we were happy. When he died my brain seemed numb. It is numb today. I sit here in this little room, looking at his picture. I feel death devouring my body. I am glad. I want to go to him".

I left her looking at her husband's picture. I wondered which sister had had the great romance, Engracia or Luisa.

99. NEIGHBORS IN 1841

The Don and I took a walk through fashionable San Jose in 1841. With us was a map of the city, as it was at that time. I looked at the map, but the don turned back his memory. The days of 1841 were very real to the don. They were the days of his youth. He knew all the adobe houses in Market st. between the Southern Pacific station and San Salvador st. He had danced in them. He had flirted in them. He was related to their occupants. As we walked he paused near the Farmers Union and pointed down San Pedro st. and said:

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

99. NEIGHBORS IN 1841 (Continued)

"Louis Peralta lived here. His wife was named Loretta. The Peraltas probably had the most important grant of land in California - Oakland and Alameda and all those suburbs. The San Jose Peraltas afterwards lived in Santa Clara."

As we passed toward the city hall the don said: "Juan Alvirez lived here. The Alvirez had a ranch near the Twelve-mile house. Next to the Alvirez house are the two Pacheco houses. They belonged to Luis and his brother Dolores".

In 1846 Dolores Pacheco was alcalde. He tried to arrest Capt. Fremont for taking a horse from the Peraltas. Fremont defied the alcalde's summons, and said he could pay attention to no such trifles, and went on his conquering way.

At the corner of Santa Clara st. the Don paused. "Here was the house of an odd old character, Jose Sibrian. The children loved to tease him. On the upper corner lived a widow, Juana Pacheco. That next house toward the city hall belonged to Louis Altamirano. Near the Altamiranos was Pedro Mesa. He moved to Los Angeles. Near the Mesas were the Sepulvedas. Mesa married a Sepulveda."

The don paused as we neared the station of the Peninsular railroad. "There was where Antonio Sunol lived. He was the first postmaster of San Jose.

"In this house", said the don, pausing before the nearest neighbor of the Sunols, "lived Dolores Bernal. Sunol married a Bernal".

As we went up South Market st. we came to the house of Jose Noriega. Next to the Noriega house was that of Salvador Garcia.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

99. NEIGHBORS IN 1841 (Continued)

"He played well the drum", said the don.

Near where stands the former residence of John D. McKensie was the house of Capt. Viego. "He was a stranger", said the don. "He married Juana Galindo. For a long time the Galindos were at the Santa Clara mission".

By this time we had reached the outer border of fashionable San Jose in 1841. We crossed the street and paused near the old Columbia hospital. "There across the street was the old rancheria. The Indians lived here - not the broncos, the wild Indians, but the Christian Indians who worked at the mission. They lived in houses built of a double trellis of willows. The trellis was filled with mud. The houses had tule roofs. The Indians wore serapes and blankets which they bought at the mission where they worked. They went into the mountains for acorns. They brought back the acorns and made them into atole flour. This was used as a mush".

As we came down Market st. we passed the Quinto adobe. For a moment we paused at the home of Augustin Narvaez. Narvaez was an alcalde of San Jose in the twenties. He is the ancestor of the Narvaez of today. Neighbor to the Narvaez was Jose Maria Amador. That county was named for his family. The Amadors had a large estate near Pleasanton.

On the site of the old Pioneer foundry, a part of which is occupied today by the Montgomery hotel, the don recalled that there lived in 1841 an Irishman named Bill Walsh. Walsh's neighbor was Antonio Higuera. He married Ambrosia Pacheco. The Higueras were of Contra Costa county. Next Antonio Higuera was Juan Bernal,

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

99. NEIGHBORS IN 1841 (Continued)

brother of Joaquin Bernal.

On the corner of San Fernando and Market sts. opposite St. Joseph's church was the residence of Antonio Maria Pico. This is probably the most famous residence in San Jose in 1841. The Picos had a richly furnished house, several attractive daughters, much distinction and true Spanish hospitality. Socially, they led Spanish Californians in San Jose. In 1846, Antonio Pico, who was a relative of Pio Pico, was the first alcalde. The Pico garden had in the rear a vineyard where many entertainments were given. The vineyard extended to where the San Jose Hardware Co. building on Market st. now stands.

After passing St. Joseph's church we came to the house of Leandro Rochin, who was a musician. He played often at dances. Next Rochin was the house of Thomas Bowen, a lumber man. His neighbor was Charles M. Weber, who came to San Jose in 1841. Weber played an important part in local history. Weber's creek, famous during the gold rush, was named for him. He laid out Stockton. Before Weber went to Stockton he gave to Frank Lightston, for whom Lightston alley was named, all of his San Jose property as a wedding present. This lot extended back of Hart's store.

In the middle of the street where Market joins Post not far from Weber's house, stood the juzgado, or city hall.

On the site of the old Wells Fargo building was the house of Juan Soto, a relative of the great bear fighter. Soto married Petra Pacheco. Next Juan Soto's adobe was that of Peter Chaboya. In 1846 Pedro Chaboya was second alcalde. He was more famous,

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

99. NEIGHBORS IN 1841 (Continued)

locally, for being the brother of the daring Cruz Chaboya, who was a fearless bear fighter. He used to put woolly "chaps" over his shoulders and frighten the bear out of the thickets while the other hunters stood on guard at the trails and lassoed the animals as they emerged from the forest.

Below the residence of Pedro Chaboya was the adobe of the Gregoria family. They had ranches near Salinas. As we neared the Southern Pacific station the don pointed out to the house of Luis Chaboya.

During our tour of fashionable San Jose in 1841, the don's eyes brightened, his step quickened, his hat was at a gallant angle. His youth seemed to revive as he pronounced the great names of 1841. Now those names have lost their glamor. The great people of San Jose today think of these great people of 1841 as "greasers". They tell you that the Mexicans were lazy. Mexicans cared only for singing, dancing, gambling and bull fights.

As we went up Market st. again I noticed on the map a house back of the Farmers' Union, belonging to a family named "Amesquitas".

"Who were the Amesquitas?" I asked the don.

"I never heard of them", he answered.

I consulted history. Of all the original settlers who came to San Jose in 1777, the only one remaining in 1841 bore the name "Amesquitas".

Doubtless in their adobe the Amesquitas of 1777 smiled at these parvenus of 1841.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

100. SAN JOSE'S SLAVE MARKET

In the days of Mexican rule San Joseans had Indian slaves. I have this on the word of the late Mrs. Dolores Martinez Espinosa, who passed her time between San Jose and Mountain View. She was the daughter of Maximo Martinez, one of the largest Spanish-Californian landholders. She was born 95 years ago near First and Santa Clara sts. before those streets existed. When she was six years of age she went to live at the Canada del Corte de Madera ranch in the western foothills. The property included Portola valley and all the Spring Valley Water Co. property. The Martinez took up their residence on the ranch in 1838, but the grant was given them in 1833 by Governor Figueroa. Although the Martinez left the pueblo in 1838 they were always in touch with the life of the community because here lived many of their relatives.

One of the best known of the relatives was Mrs. Espinosa's aunt, Mrs. David Flores, who had a famous pear orchard near the site of the Southern Pacific station. American pioneers recall going there and buying all the pears they could eat for 25 cents. They were allowed to take no pears with them. Mrs. Flores was well known to all Americans in the late 40's as Senora Romano. She had a delightful wild rose garden kept ever fresh by its proximity to the acequia. Senora Romano was born Romano Martinez. She was a sister of Maximo Martinez and was called Senora Romano. She was of beautiful benevolent nature. She had a charming adobe house near the site of the Keystone grocery where she kept the

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

100. SAN JOSE'S SLAVE MARKET (Continued)

first open air school in San Jose. She asked nothing for her services as a teacher.

Senora Romano had Indian slaves. Her niece, Mrs. Espinosa, said Mrs. Flores owned two slaves named Pedro and Jesus. They were brought from the Tulares, where they were captured. Mrs. Espinosa said that some San Jose families went into the Tulares, captured Indian babies and sold them in San Jose.

Indian mothers resisted fiercely giving up their children. Some of them used to swim out into the middle of the river and take refuge on a pile of rocks placed there by the Indians for the protection of the race from the white men who came to civilize them. Mrs. Espinosa said that the Spanish Californians were good to their Indian slaves and always had them baptized. Only in the days of her childhood, the 30's and 40's, did slavery exist in San Jose. It gradually disappeared.

Mrs. Espinosa said that the Tulare Indians had great skill in carving abalone shells. They used to go to Pescadero and gather abalone shells, which they carved exquisitely and made into earrings, beads, necklaces and rings.

101. FOREIGNERS IN THE VALLEY

The first American came to California from Boston on a trading ship in 1775. The Spaniards said that he was of the "Boston Nation". In California for long an American was known as a "Boston man". The name of this American was Joseph O'Cayne. Like so many Americans, he was born in Ireland, but his parents lived in Boston.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

101. FOREIGNERS IN THE VALLEY (Continued)

The first American to settle in California landed at Monterey March 11, 1816. His name was Thomas W. Doak. He was really born in Boston. He married Maria, daughter of Jose Maria de Castro, of the Las Animas rancho. They lived near Gilroy. Doak was the first American settler in the valley. He took possession of the ranch, afterwards property of Henry Miller at Bloomfield.

In 1820 there were 13 foreigners in California. Three were Americans, two Scotchmen, one a Russian, one Portuguese and three negroes.

The first English speaking person in the Santa Clara valley was John Cameron Gilroy. Sick with scurvy, he was put ashore from an English ship in Monterey. He was taken by Mrs. Maria Teodora Peralta, wife of Jose Apolanaria Bernal, to her father's ranch at Antonio, Alameda county. So quickly did the boy recover his health that he decided to remain in California, and in 1819 he applied for permission to live here. He married Maria Clara Ortega of the San Isidro rancho, the granddaughter of the Pathfinder Ortega. Her father, Ignacio, gave him one sitio of San Isidro. He was baptized in the Mission of San Carlos. The Gilroys were married in the church at San Juan Bautista.

The Spanish Californians intercared little to have settlers settle in the state. They passed laws to make this difficult. Foreigners were compelled to bring passports. They were allowed neither to form settlements here nor on the islands.

In 1824, after the Spanish flag was changed to the Mexicans, only those baptized in the Catholic church and desirous

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

101. FOREIGNERS IN THE VALLEY (Continued)

of becoming Mexican citizens were allowed to acquire land. Few ever did. When foreigners came to this country they displayed such arrogance that the Californians feared them, though they received all strangers with hospitality. Even trappers and explorers were suspected. Capt. John C. Fremont and his armed men were greatly dreaded. It was rumored that men in power at Washington looked forward to the day when the American flag should wave from coast to coast. In 1840 Governor Alvarado demanded the arrest of all foreigners. Fifty or sixty Americans under Castro were sent to San Blas. The Mexican government disowned this act, and the Americans were returned to California.

In 1842, the late John Parrott, United States consul at Mazatlan, afterwards one of the richest men in San Francisco property, was the cause of a very unwise naval exploit which almost brought a war with Mexico.

Mr. Parrott wrote Com. Thomas Catesby Jones that England was to buy California for $7,000,000 and that war was imminent. Parrott told the commodore to hurry to Monterey.

Jones set sail from Lima Sept. 3, 1842. He arrived at Monterey with two vessels. They anchored under the guns of the castillo. Then the commodore sent Capt. Armstrong ashore with a flag of truce to demand the surrender of the fort to the United States, "To avoid sacrifice of human life and the horrors of war". Alvarado, to whom the demand was presented, was given till 9 o'clock to consider the proposal. The governor saw that resistance was useless, and he signed articles of capitulation.

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

101. FOREIGNERS IN THE VALLEY (Continued)

Com. Jones landed with 150 men under Com. Stribling. With music and flying colors the garrison marched out to the fort. They surrendered arms at government house.

The American troops took possession of the castillo, and for the first time in California raised the Stars and Stripes. The frigate and the sloop fired salutes. Guns of the fort replied.

Soon Com. Jones learned that Mr. Parrott was mistaken. The conquest of Mexico had not begun. The United States and Mexico were still friendly, and England had not bought California. Com. Jones returned the flag to Governor Alvarado, apologized, saluted the Mexican flag and sailed away. His act was disavowed by his own government. He was ordered home for trial, but he was exonerated by the secretary of the navy.

102. WASH DAY IN ADOBE AND SAN FRANCISQUITO CREEK

The late Mrs. Trinidad Espinosa, daughter of the late Secundino Robles, recently described to me that gay occasion, wash day, among the Spanish-Californians in the vicinity of what is now Palo Alto and Los Altos. This was in the late 40s and 50s after the Robles came to the Santa Rita ranch. Mrs. Robles lived near Mayfield on a portion of that estate which in the early days was owned by her father. Mrs. Espinosa was 78 years of age, but time had not dulled her recollection.

Among Spanish-Californians blue Monday was unknown. It was a day of festivity. About every fortnight all the families within washing distance of Adobe creek, near Los Altos, journeyed thither for the event. They took the laundry in the caretta and

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

102. WASH DAY IN ADOBE AND SAN FRANCISQUITO CREEK (Continued)

set out with the children. There were the Castros, Robles, Sotos, Mesas, and Mirandas. The Mesas were the children of Alferez Prado Mesa, the Indian fighter. They lived on the old Mesa place near Adobe creek. The Castros came from Mountain View. Juana Briones Miranda lived on the Purisima Concepcion, not far from what is now Los Altos.

The first day the families camped on the banks of Adobe creek, and they had a barbecue after they washed. They did laundry on planks in the creek. Sometimes from the mountains came bears who stood gazing in wonder at them for their strange performance. Older people did the cooking and the young people did the hard work. The second day the clothes were rinsed and dried. Then they journeyed back home to anticipate another reunion on the next wash day.

Sometimes the Robles did not go to wash in the Adobe. They traveled farther to the Rodriguez, who owned the Buelna's San Francisquito ranch, through which the San Francisquito creek ran and on the banks of which lived the family near the old crossing not far from Monahan house. Mrs. Rodriguez-Buelna had several adopted children by a former marriage. So there were plenty of young people for gaiety. At the Rodriguez ranch on which stands Stanford university, there was dancing at the end of the first day's washing. Francisco Rodriguez himself played the violin, and when the father tired one of his sons took his place. So far was it to the San Francisquito where now is Palo Alto that not often did the Robles go there for wash day. As a general thing they washed at what now is Los Altos on the banks of the Adobe. For picnics and parties Mrs. Espinosa recalled that often they visited the

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

102. WASH DAY IN ADOBE AND SAN FRANCISQUITO CREEK (Continued)

Greers at Woodside. She said that they had oxen so trained that they could trot almost as well as some horses.

103. EATING PANCAKES WITH FREMONT

The late Sostenes Garcia who lived at 379 Autumn st. once ate pancakes in the camp of Colonel John C. Fremont when in 1846 Fremont marched through the valley. Mr. Garcia was only a child at the time, but to him it was an unforgetable adventure. Not only did he actually penetrate the camp of the great gringo, but he had a new exquisite gastronomic experience, pancakes and molasses.

Mr. Garcia was one of the last of his generation of Californians. In talking with him one glimpsed their courtesy, their grace, their generosity, their color, their intensity of feeling. He was the son of Bernade Garcia who married the daughter of Quentin Ortega. Mr. Garcia was born at Soap Lake, three miles from San Isidro. The lake took its name from the fact that there Bernade Garcia and his brother-in-law made soap. In the early days soap was difficult to obtain, and so, its manufacture was profitable.

In 1846 Bernade Garcia was killed near the Mission Soledad by Indians. Soon after came the Mexican war and the presence of Fremont and his soldiers in the valley. This brought chaos to the life of the Widow Garcia. All Californians were in great fear, they huddled about San Juan Bautista. Not far away were Fremont and his soldiers, But Mrs. Garcia felt protected by proximity to the fathers.

The men of the family were eager to make observations of what the gringos were doing, and so they decided to climb a high

CLASS II * HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

103. EATING PANCAKES WITH FREMONT (Continued)

hill for the purpose. This expedition did not appeal to the lad Sostenes. He decided to make an expedition of his own. He would not merely look at the gringos from loma alta, he would go into their camp, he would meet the gringos, he would know what kind of men they were. As soon as the other men were gone, fast as his feet would take him, ran the lad into the camp of Fremont. The boy was wholly unafraid. Mr. Garcia couldn't say how many soldiers there were - perhaps 100, perhaps 500. Some were in uniforms, and some were not. Fremont himself he could not distinguish from the soldiers.

To the soldiers the lad was a real excitement. They could not understand his language, nor he theirs, but they gave him hospitality that a Californian might have envied, they gave him pancakes and molasses! Little Sostenes already was half converted to the American cause, he did not think Americans could be so very bad or they would not have invented anything so delicious as pancakes and molasses. They were better than tortillas, better than tamales, better than frijoles.

After that life was anything but pancakes and molasses for the boy. Only a few miles away those same soldiers, his hosts, met some Spanish-Californians, and blood flowed. His Uncle "Chavez" and a relative, Juan Ignacio Cantua, were both wounded by the gringo soldiers. Terror spread through Spanish California. All that could fled toward Monterey, where was General Castro. Senora Castro was a cousin of the Garcias. Both Senora Garcia and Senora Castro were

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

103. EATING PANCAKES WITH FREMONT (Continued)

descended from the Ortegas of Gilroy. To the Castros the Widow Garcia went with her children.

By ox-teams they traveled, and Sostenes Garcia did not know how they ever arrived. The way from San Juan to safety and Monterey seemed to have no end. The oxen were goaded at the top of their speed. Senora Garcia wept and prayed. The boy did not understand what it all meant, except that his mother said that this was war.

War, as the boy saw it at Monterey, was very delightful, in spite of the fact that the cousins fell into each others arms in tears. How could they weep? - thought the boy. Did not women like to weep? It must be so, else they could not shed tears when there was so much excitement in town.

The men who gave him molasses and pancakes were all in blue uniforms but the Spanish Californians were in gloom, General Castro weeping like a woman. The boy went away from the tomb-like house. Outside in the streets there was music, not sugary sweet music of stringed instruments, but the stirring music of American brass bands.

It was a new world to the boy. His blood raced wild, his feet danced. Out in the blue bay were those great war vessels, those wonderful vessels of destruction. Never before had he seen anything like them. They promised travel and distant lands and war.

At the Custom house there was a vast crowd, they were raising a new flag, a red, white and blue flag spangled with stars.

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

103. EATING PANCAKES WITH FREMONT (Continued)

The boy liked to see people throw their hats into the air and shout as if they were happy. He wished his own countrymen would stop weeping. Why should they weep just because their flag fell? Couldn't they hear the music?

The boy spent hours in the streets of Monterey that day that the Mexican flag fell never to rise again. Then weary of music and excitement he went back to the house of General Castro. The Castros had heard nothing, seen nothing of the celebration. Were they deaf?

"I shall always be a Mexican", vowed the General.

"I shall always like pancakes and molasses", thought Sostenes Garcia.

104. COSTUME OF A CABALLERO

At the Pala ranch I found the costume of a caballero, Joaquin Higuera. The Pala was once a league square. Now it contains only a few hundred acres. It lies in a lordly way on the eastern foothills in the Mount Pleasant district, and in a remote tranquil manner seems to survey the Santa Clara valley and busy San Jose as if it had the contempt of the Spanish-Californian for the bustling gringo and the busy gringo life. On the Higuera hills there is absence of effort and struggle. Goats browse, vineyards smile quiet smiles of Bacchus and joy. Here is still spoken the language of the other days. One speaks through an interpreter to these native Californians, who are descended from the soldier, Don Ignacio Higuera, who in 1790 was stationed at the Presidio of San

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

104. COSTUME OF A CABALLERO (Continued)

Francisco. One talks of the time when all the hills for a league were given by Gen. Castro in 1835 to Bernardo Higuera's grandfather, Joaquin Higuera. One looks at the passive, intense, dark countenance of the lady of the Pala ranch, who was born a Chaboya of Evergreen. One admires the grace with which she wears her reboso. We feel that we are in another land.

The caballero's costume was worn by Joaquin Higuera in the days before the Americans came. Since that time only once has it been brought out, that was for a gala day in San Jose, when the late Bernardo Higuera, its recent owner, donned it for a San Jose fiesta. That day part of the caballero's costume, the short velvet jacket, was stolen. Now their still remain at the Higuera ranch the navy blue broadcloth trousers with flaring legs, split at the side with their silver buttons still showing. There is an applique of black cloth on the sides made with much skill. All the work was done by hand.

The Higueras have also the yellow faja or embroidered fringed silk scarf that the caballero wore around his waist, the thrilling yellow of Mexico. There are the brown buckskin leggings, soft as velvet and handsomely embossed, all the work of Indians. The leggings folded generously double and were tied with a small, brocaded scarf. These the caballero wore when he rode after cattle. His riata also is there in the ranch house, and some reales, his coins. One is glad that these momentoes are at the ranch. The

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

104. COSTUME OF A CABALLERO (Continued)

spirit of Spain is in the air. One sees it in the brown eyed children that one meets on the road, the occasional horseman with a bright handkerchief and a silver-mounted, horsehair bridle, in the scattered distant dwellings. At last, one says, this is Spanish-California.

104. SAN JUAN BAUTISTA IN THE FORTIES

The late Sostenes Garcia passed his boyhood between San Juan Bautista and San Isidro. His grandfather was Quentin Ortega, and his uncle was John Gilroy. Mr. Garcia had a photograph of his grandfather Ortega and his two daughters. One was Mrs. Garcia and the other was that daughter, Mrs. Sanchez, so well known in the valley because of her five husbands, all of whom came to a tragic death. She ended her days at San Juan Bautista.

However, the dominating figure in the picture was of Quentin Ortega himself, the grand senor of fiction, with his commanding head and his handsome, arrogant countenance.

Quentin Ortega, aided by John Gilroy, spent the Ortega fortune. Sostenes Garcia lived at San Isidro when life was being lived recklessly by Ortega and Gilroy. They lived as if the leagues could never be squandered, staking $3000 on a card. The lad thought it great fun. Gilroy and his grandfather gambled all night, and of course such great gentlemen never rose to greet the sun. The boy was full of energy. Up early he was, crawling under the gaming tables, picking up the gold, that, as he said, his relatives disdained to stoop for.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

104. SAN JUAN BAUTISTA IN THE FORTIES (Continued)

The Ortega fortune disappeared with incredible rapidity. The little boy found himself in an American world without any American equipment to meet American conditions. But he always made an effort. Until his death at 85 he worked with youths picking tomatoes and prunes, gardening, doing whatever came his way.

After the Ortegas lost their ranch, Mr. Garcia for a time lived at San Juan Baptisa mission, with Father Anza. Often he served as an acolyte. He liked that life. He liked the deference that his position gave him in the little town. Especially was he pleased because the cook, a German, used to bow to him as if he were the priest himself.

"I was the proudest boy in town. I was almost as great as Father Anza".

During Mr. Garcia's life at San Juan Bautista, the mission town was filled with Indians. They used to present a very droll appearance in their European clothes. They wore them largely out of respect for the fathers. To Indians clothes were a kind of religious ceremony. Sometimes they appeared wearing a silk hat and a night shirt or a vest. After wearing boots once they carefully took them off and put them away till the next Sunday.

105. THE FIRST RACE TRACK

Don Antonio Sunol, the first postmaster of San Jose, gave the first race track to the city. It was where the Hanchett tract now is. He also gave the site of St. Joseph's church to that congregation. Don Antonio was a man of tireless energy. He

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

105. THE FIRST RACE TRACK (Continued)

it was who first worked the Almaden mine in 1824. He thought it contained silver, but he found out after a year's work that he was mistaken.

In the 40s and 50s the race track was a scene of many thrilling events. Both men and horses ran on the track. In those days the great hero among the athletes in San Jose was Francisco Zelaya. He was a Mexican, and he ran 100 yards in 8 seconds. Zelaya used to race his own famous horse Tordio on the course. Zelaya ran with his horse, his own neck tied to the animal with a light string. He ran even faster than the horse. When the runners came they brought runners from the east to defeat Zelaya. All the Spanish Californians wagered vast sums on the Mexican hero. When the two men tested their strength before a great throng the Spanish Californian women in their brilliant gay clothing were wonderful to see. Zelaya did not disappoint them. The gringos had conquered California, but they could not defeat Zelaya.

Zelaya's horse Tordio in the early days ran the greatest race probably ever seen in this valley. A horse was brought from Mexico to defeat Tordio. The two animals ran from Warm Springs, or as it was called then, Auga Caliente, to Oak Hill cemetery and return, a distance of 48 miles. Tordio defeated easily the Mexican horse. After the great runner died, Don Pedro Chaboya examined the horse and he found that perhaps his tirelessness came from having no spleen. Zelaya's Tordio was a native horse caught by him in

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

105. THE FIRST RACE TRACK (Continued)

the San Joaquin valley and trained.

Another famous horse in the old days was an animal called Buckskin belonging to Don Pedro Chaboya. He was the color of a coyote, and he was also known as Coyote. He had been brought from the old Purissima mission, near Santa Barbara. He raced for 25 miles on the old track. Other famous horses were two belonging to Don Antonio Bernal. One was called the Campion. Bernal used him in catching grizzly bears. Bernal's Bola de l'Oro was one of the most remarkable ever seen in the valley. Bola de l'Oro (Ball of Gold) was surely worth his weight in gold. He was bright yellow and he had a white mane and tail. He was a mustang caught in the San Joaquin valley.

At the age of 14, Don Antonio Bernal rode Bola de l'Oro hunting elk. Bruno Bernal, Don Antonio's father, was a Spartan. He sent his son out into the wilds on Bola de l'Oro and told him not to return till he had three elk. Young Bernal, with no saddle on his horse, fastened only with a reata on Bola de l'Oro, armed with a knife, often rode from the Santa Teresa ranch to what is now called Morgan Hill, but which was then called the Sero or Devisadero, which means the lookout point. This mountain was the home of elk. Down its steep sides young Antonio Bernal fearlessly rode, plunging his knife into the hind leg of the elk, wounding the animal, and capturing him with a reata.

Don Antonio Bernal was one of the most daring men among the Spanish Californians. Once when he was riding Bola de l'Oro he

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

105. THE FIRST RACE TRACK (Continued)

found a wild bull that the vaqueros had been unable to conquer. Six had tried and failed, as the six reatas on the bull's neck showed. This wild bull aroused all the sporting blood in Don Antonio. He liked to succeed where six had tried and failed. He threw his reata on the bull and lassoed him, but the bull showed quickly why six men had tried to capture him and failed. He was quicker than Bola de l'Oro. In a flash Don Antonio found himself, back up against an oak tree. His father, looking on, felt that it meant death to both horse and man. He cried to his son, "Let your horse go. The bull will kill you both. Swing up into the old oak tree and save yourself".

But Don Antonio felt the quick beat of Bola de l'Oro's heart. He could not give the animal to death. With Bola de l'Oro, he took a chance for life, a chance for which Bola de l'Oro's heart seemed to plead.

Thrusting spurs into the animal's side, looking the bull in the eyes, Don Antonio lifted the horse into the air over the bull's head, and landed safely in the rear of the bull. With this advantage gained, the two Bernals with the reata caught one of the bull's feet and captured him.

106. A LOVE STORY

This is a love story. It is a dog story. The hero is Dixie, a dog at the Bernal's Santa Teresa ranch.

Dixie was not an aristocrat. He was part shepherd and part bull terrier. As a puppy he was bought by Mrs. Bernal of a

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

106. A LOVE STORY (Continued)

neighbor for six chickens. He was an irresistible, little, sandy puppy with a white collarlike streak around his neck. He had intelligent eyes. Still Dixie talked eloquently on nearly any subject with his eyes. Without words he and the Bernal family understood each other.

He responded to the lessons given him. He learned to leap into the carriage without scratching it. Dixie was a lover of harmony. When Antonio and Pedro Bernal pretended that they were wrestling Dixie always tried to separate them by pulling their coats.

Dixie loved to hunt. Sometimes he went hunting even before breakfast, but always after he finished his morning meal, he dashed off to revel in a thousand morning smells and to exult in the joy of living and of being Dixie. At the Santa Teresa ranch there were rabbits, squirrels, coons, gophers and coyotes to stir his senses. He was never so happy as when he could travel. When the Bernal family went to San Jose, toward night Dixie alone used to go three miles to meet them. He was the pet of the family, but he was also the boss. Especially did he dislike to have other dogs come to the ranch.

Dixie's great moment in living was when he could go hunting with Antonio or Pedro Bernal. When Dixie was two years old Antonio Bernal took him hunting in the mountains near King City, 200 miles from the Santa Teresa ranch.

Dixie had never traveled so far. He liked the great new world, the forest, the smell of deer. He leaped about, wagged his

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

106. A LOVE STORY (Continued)

tail, barked and went from one madness to another until he was like a wild dog. Antonio Bernal was intent on hunting deer. Dixie, intoxicated with a joy of new quarry, ran far from the sound of his master's voice. He probably became entangled in a thicket of underbrush from which he could not escape. He was lost.

Regretfully Antonio Bernal came back to Santa Teresa without Dixie. He had to break the news to the family. Dixie was lost 200 miles from home. Jose Billagrana, who had worked at the Bernal ranch for 20 years, was sad. The women of the family wept. A beloved friend was lost. They hoped he would return, but he did not. By and by they spoke of him as being dead. Finally they spoke of Dixie no more. They thought of him with a sigh.

Ten years passed. Other dogs took Dixie's place. Ten years after Dixie was lost Mrs. Bernal went out to feed the dogs under the fig tree. Pedro Bernal noticed a strange yellow dog timidly approach and silently ask for food. The yellow dog was weak, shabby, thin, old, devoured with fleas. He looked sick. Pedro was afraid the strange dog would give the other dogs a disease. He drove him away.

The strange dog went, but he came back to Mrs. Bernal, looked at her still begging.

"That dog is sick", said Pedro. "Don't feed him. He'll spoil the others".

"I am going to feed him anyway", said Mrs. Bernal. The

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

106. A LOVE STORY (Continued)

strange dog wagged his tail and curled his lips as if he were smiling.

The keenest eye on the ranch belonged to Jose Billagrana. He looked over the tramp dog. "I believe that's our old Dixie". The others tried to see Dixie in the ragged, hungry dog, but they couldn't.

"It's not possible", Pedro said. "Dixie was lost ten years ago. But he had a black mark on his collar under his chin". He inspected the strange dog. There was a black mark. "I believe it is Dixie".

At the sign of his name the dog began dancing around him, smiling, wagging his tail. He tried to tell them he was Dixie.

Pedro Bernal wanted to make sure. He brought the carriage out of the barn and told the dog to hop into it. With one bound the strange dog sprang into the carriage without scratching the sides. He took his place in the old way and hung his head over the dashboard.

Then the Bernals gave Dixie the final test. Pedro and Antonio pretended they were wrestling. The strange dog leaped at them, pulled their coats, tried to separate his beloved friends from fighting. There was no more doubt. It was Dixie!

Dixie had traveled ten years to find home. He had starved, grown old, became a tramp dog, worn off his toenails making a living to come to them. At last old, hungry, flea bitten, he had found his beloved friends.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

106. A LOVE STORY (Continued)

Like a lost child, Dixie was wept over, fed, bathed, brushed. He looked younger, healthier. In a month he was his own self. He thrust off the porch the dogs who had taken his place.. Once more he was boss of the ranch. He lived till he was about 16. When the Bernals came to San Jose, he ran three miles from the ranch to meet them. During the day he slept, but at night he was always on guard. With his life he protected not only the Santa Teresa ranch, but the houses of two neighbors.

106. SAN JUAN BAUTISTA TRANSFORMED

This article is about San Jose's charming younger sister, San Juan Bautista. The late Sostenes Garcia wished to go there, and so, did I. Mr. Garcia had not been at San Juan in more than fifty years and I had not visited the town in nearly ten. We decided to drive there together. Mr. Garcia's memories of San Juan were many. He was baptized in the church. He knew the place under the last of the Franciscan fathers, Father Anza. He saw the American conquest of San Juan. He saw Father Anza depart for Mexico, full of sadness. At San Juan Sostenes Garcia passed his young manhood serenading the beauties of the town. Later he saw sadness settle on the old mission. It began to fall into decay. Since the sixties Sostenes Garcia had been absent from San Juan, and he longed to return to the mission where he had served as acolyte.

My memory of San Juan Bautista was of later times, when

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

106. SAN JUAN BAUTISTA TRANSFORMED (Continued)

pestilence had scattered the town's population, and earthquakes had shattered the mission walls and left it the loveliest crumbling ruin in California, falling to pieces in a garden tangle of geraniums, heliotrope, box and lemon verbena, an inspiration to painters, poets and lovers of beauty. In those first days of my acquaintance with San Juan vestments were tumbled into old chests and the church treasures were for the most part hidden from the public. In the garden was the half blind, aged Spanish priest, Father Closa, like the mission, marked for death. Miss Margarita Salas, the housekeeper, alone in the ruin seemed entirely alive with her warm, glowing personality. She was a child of the church. Since orphaned infancy, all her life had been in the convent or the mission.

San Juan itself, like the mission, wore a blighted look. Old citizens told of the days of its glory, but commerce had abandoned it. Its deserted streets were filled with weather-worn vacant houses. Both mission and town seemed lost to and forgotten to the motor-mad world.

Once we got up a fiesta to try to recall San Juan to travelers. For a moment they delighted in Spanish dinners and dances in the Plaza, ball, barbecue, bronco busting and steer trying. For a moment they remembered and were amused, and then they forgot. In spite of all we said and wrote the world would not hear and would not see. We were sad, sad as is a lover when the

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

106. SAN JUAN BAUTISTA TRANSFORMED (Continued)

world ignores or denies the beauty of his beloved.

The late Sostenes Garcia had loved San Juan's youth as I had loved San Juan's age. This was the tie that gave the thrill to our little expedition of four history hunters who one recent Indian summer-warmed day rolled down through the misty valley of blue and gold to San Juan Bautista.

Sostenes Garcia forgot that we were in a motor car, that trains snorted past us, that telegraph lines were buzzing, that speed-crazed jitneys were threatening our lives. To him there were neither jitneys nor motors, nor telegraph, nor fences. It was his valley, wide, fenceless, free, filled with oaks, herbs, bandits, lovely ladies and dons. He talked of wonders and miracles, of the miracles of California from Santa Clara to Santa Barbara. He believes in miracles, and so, on this day like this did we all.

Yes, Father Magin Catala could make himself visible in two places at the same time. We passed the Chaboya Rancho de la Posa, near Oak Hill. I quite believed that one of the Chaboya sons long ago was cured of malaria fever by swimming once, only once, in the posa. The posa was a pond by the Story rd., but it has now disappeared. Sostenes Garcia told me of his cousin, Senora Alviso, of Natividad. She turned away the flames from her barley field by holding up St. Anthony and praying him to stop the devastating fire.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

106. SAN JUAN BAUTISTA TRANSFORMED (Continued)

As we talked of miracles we passed La Punto de las Lagrimas, where wives and sweethearts used to weep and break their hearts when their beloved went to war. There was Bernal's Santa Teresa ranch, the Castro's Las Animas, the San Isidro, which had belonged to Sostenes Garcia's own grandfather, Quentin Ortega. We passed the Arroyo Carnadero, where once animals were slaughtered and the meat was baked. We tore past German's La Brea, now Sargent's. Across the Pajaro river was Mal Paso, where the cattle once stampeded and piling up on each other, gave to the place the name Mal Paso. We saw the spot where lived Jose Maria Sanchez, the first of the five husbands of the lovely Encarnacion Ortega, four of whose husbands came to a tragic end. We saw where Sanchez was supposed to have hidden his treasure. We saw where he was drowned in the San Benito. Past the mesa, the old home of the Indians, we went into San Juan; not my San Juan, nor Mr. Garcia's San Juan, but modern San Juan.

On the bustling main street was a theater in building. On the street corner a glaring yellow placard advised us to see the old mission. From the old Boronda adobe door peered a Japanese face. No longer was the house where Encarnacion Ortega Sanchez died deserted. There I saw the face of a full blooded Indian. The streets were filled with people. I was glad, but I asked of my friend, Mayor Frank Abbe, historian of San Juan Bautista and merchant, what had caused the change.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

106. SAN JUAN BAUTISTA TRANSFORMED (Continued)

"Cement", he answered as he gazed approvingly at his store increased four times in dimensions. "A thousand new people in the works. Two or three families in each house. We must build more houses. We have a theater, and it has come to stay. Progress".

We followed the advice of the yellow advertisement and went to the Plaza hotel for luncheon.

The old hotel, the oldest hotel in California, the hotel that has not been closed since 1856, seemed no longer old, though it began existence as the Spanish barracks. It has had more than its share of earthquakes, standing as it does near a "fault". But spick and span with a new coat of paint it welcomed us. A new dressing room freshly varnished made us feel that we were in a little Palace hotel. The dining room had been painted and white curtains were at the casement windows.

No longer did the mission sit in wistful silence by the Plaza. There facing us was another huge placard calling the attention of passerby to its presence. At the priest's entrance was an announcement that here were the finest mission relics to be seen.

And they are. When we went within we no longer stumbled about with a candle or lamp. Electric lights switched on by an energetic young Spanish priest revealed to us all the ancient vestments suspended in new glass cases. In recent time the granddaughter of Pio Pico, the last of the Mexican governors, has presented the mission with a cream crepe Spanish shawl splashed with brilliant flowers. This shawl once belonged to her grandmother,

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

106. SAN JUAN BAUTISTA TRANSFORMED (Continued)

as did the embroidered gauntlet gloves and the lace petticoat in the exhibition case.

As we went from room to room and heard fluently described the mirrors, the candelabra, the vases, the missals, the organ whose music once saved the mission from an Indian attack, I rejoiced in the order, the neatness and in the fact that San Juan at last was placed before the public at her full value.

Out in the garden was more order and neatness. No longer are the flowers allowed to misbehave. Each shrub is kept by the pruning shears and sticks in its proper place. For a moment I missed Miss Salas' little row of thriving geraniums in their tin cans.

The little geranium cans were absent, and I was told that Miss Salas will never be there again. Six months after Father Closa's death she left the mission and was found dead in her bed. Life could not continue without the place which was to her more dear than life.

I almost wished that cement had not come to San Juan Bautista. Something of the fragrance and beauty seemed to have departed from the garden when order arrived. For one little second I wished that the vestments were hidden in the chests, and that we might stumble about with candles amid chaos, that tourists would avoid the place, and that San Juan Bautista was still the mission of poets and painters. I realized that I had been sentimentalizing. After all order was best. The old disorder meant destruction of the church.

Sostenes Garcia came to me shaking his head. "It is terrible, this ruin. It was so different when I was here, but that was more than

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

sixty years ago. Then it was beautiful. The walls were all standing. The church was full. San Juan was the last place to give up bull fights. They had them away into the sixties on the Larios' Santa Ana ranch. Larios was Miss Salas' grandfather." His gay young San Juan of serenades and fandangos at the Plaza Hotel with admission five dollars a dance, and the orchestra of Antonio Abato of San Jose furnishing the music, was gone, and my sad, neglected San Juan was gone, lost in prosperity and order and cement. Precisely what we wished for had come. Once more we had seen San Juan Bautista. But when a dream is realized it is no longer a dream.

107. SCHOOL IN THE GOLDEN AGE

In the 30s and 40s it was difficult to educate boys and girls, especially those living on the large ranches. Some children never went to school, and a few of the great families had representatives who could not write their names. Some of the Peralta women, those who had the most valuable ranch ever known in California, were unable to write. Small value was set on education. The Dons had cattle acres, trunks of gold. Life was sunny, joyous. Why burrow in books?

Only the most progressive dons had tutors for their children. Among these were the Sunols, who lived in town; the Alvisos of the Milpitas, and the Bernals at the Santa Teresa. At the Santa Teresa were several adobes and among their inhabitants were many children. These young people had their lessons in one school. Often they were joined by their relatives, the Ortegas and the Cantuas. These children were taught for several years by Senor Ortiz, or Mastero Ortiz, as he was

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WASYOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

107. SCHOOL IN THE GOLDEN AGE (Continued)

called, a courtly Spanish gentleman with a full beard.

With the years Ortiz developed a weakness for aguardente, which all deprecated but endured. Poor Mastero Ortiz! He was such a good teacher, so kind. The parents closed their eyes to the shortcomings. But not the children.

One of the most mischievous girls of that time was Teresa Cantua. If a vaquera fell asleep intoxicated, Teresa covered him with corn, so that the hens and their chickens could pick at him. Sometimes she played witch. She stole into the wood-choppers' cabins, swept their houses, cooked their dinner and stole away again, always pretending that she was a witch. That was when she was a good witch.

Sometimes she was a naughty witch. Her naughtiness caused the departure of Senor Ortiz from the Santa Teresa.

One of the Bernal sons was about to be married, and everybody was busy preparing for the wedding reception. In the early days it was difficult to get sweets, of which the Spanish people were very fond. Mrs. Bruno Bernal made a delicious glace pumpkin preserve, and she had a great jar for the fiesta. The children looked at the jar covetously, but they were forbidden to touch it.

The wedding fiesta approached, wine was freely offered, and of this Mastero Ortiz had plenty. He came into the classroom and sat during the lesson hours. The children watched him. He napped, and presently he snored.

Teresa Catua became a naughty witch. She thought of the glace pumpkin preserve, and she summoned the school girls to fetch the jar.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

107. SCHOOL IN THE GOLDEN AGE (Continued)

Soon Mastero Ortiz's dignified beard was smeared by Teresa with preserves. The Mastero had the habit of passing his hand over his forehead. Teresa put the preserve on the Mastero's forehead, on his fingers. Then the naughty witch dripped the preserve from the Mastero's chair to the closet, where the jar was hidden. Her villany perfected, Teresa invited the girls to feast.

After the preserve jar was placed in the closet, Teresa summoned Mrs. Bruno Bernal and showed her Mastero Ortiz sound asleep, the flies feasting on the preserves on his forehead.

"Look at the Mastero," cried Teresa. "He is covered with your preserves."

Mrs. Bernal was amazed. "Can it be that he had eaten them?"

"It must be", said the naughty witch. Teresa showed Mrs. Bernal the empty jar.

This was the last straw. Mrs. Bernal had endured the Mastero's animable weakness for aguardente, but his lack of consideration in taking the wedding preserves was unendurable. She awoke the Mastero.

Greatly embarrassed, Senor Ortiz rose and apologized for being asleep in the school room. "That was bad enough, to be sure," said Mrs. Bernal, "but you ate my preserves. How dared you?"

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

107. SCHOOL IN THE GOLDEN AGE (CONTINUED)

Senor Ortiz did not know what Mrs. Bernal was talking about, but he bowed low. "I beg your pardon, Senora."

"Don't deny it. The preserves are on your hair, in your beard. You have even tracked them to the closet where I hid them."

The Mastero inspected himself. "Can it be that I was not myself, senora, I ate your preserves?"

"Of course," said Mrs. Bernal.

The class was dismissed. The teacher was guilty. "It must be true, but I don't remember. He looked at his sticky fingers. "I see I am not fit to remain here. I will go away."

"It is best," said Mrs. Bernal.

In disgrace Mastero Ortiz left the Santa Teresa ranch. The naughty witch allowed him to go. A few weeks later she confessed her wrong-doings. Then Mrs. Bernal and the naughty witch sought out Mastero Ortiz and made him an apology.

108. ONE OF THE DONS

In San Pedro st. stood until recently the residence of Don Luis Peralta. Its companion an adobe of more modern type is still there. In looking though the Peralta records I found in Spanish the request of the Sergeant Luis Peralta for two suertes of land. This grant was made by Governor Luis Arguello in Aug. 1804. It is very probable that the older house was built soon

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

108. ONE OF THE DONS (Continued)

afterward, so that the old Peralta house was considerably more than 100 years old. Of course the two Peralta dwellings are made of adobe.

Mrs. Esiquia Alva, who lives at the corner of Orchard st. and Park av., was born inthe newer house. Recently she revisited with me her birthplace. When Don Luis Peralta, the richest man of San Jose in the 50s, died he left his San Pedro st. property to his two daughters, Guadalupe and Josefa, after having virtually disinherited them in favor of their brothers.

For several years the sisters lived together in the oldest adobe of San Jose. Then Miss Guadalupe, godmother to Mrs. Alva, who was more modern and progressive than her sister, Josefa, built for herself an adobe, which was known as the "new house". It was erected about 1853. When Miss Guadalupe moved into her new dwelling she created something of a sensation, so spacious and handsome was it. It was very modern; it had windows instead of iron bars and board shutters like the old house where lived and died Don Luis. Mrs. Esiquia Garcia Alva has many childhood memories of the spot. She was a relative of the Peraltas. She lived in this house with her grandmother, who was born Petra Vasquez, daughter of Jose Tiburcio Vasquez, one of the first settlers of the pueblo. Till she went there with me Mrs. Alva had never gone back to the Peralta house which she left as a little girl.

She walked about and described the place as it was many years ago. Kitchens were built separately from the Peralta houses,

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

108. ONE OF THE DONS (Continued)

and the kitchen of the "new house" has been destroyed to make way for a garage. The house with its barred windows is used as a store room. In the living rooms are remains of an ornilla, or stove, WHERE OFTEN Spanish delicacies were cooked. In this adobe lived Miss Josefa Peralta, commonly known as Chapita, with her Indian woman servant, Dolores, who inherited the place through the will of her mistress.

Today one can see where there was Miss Peralta's altar. It was wide and Mrs. Alva says almost as fine asthat of St. Joseph's. A huge ivory crucifix hung on the wall against silk. The decorations were beautiful artificial flowers. Candles always burned. Miss Josefa said prayers there early in the morning and late at night. Mrs. Alva recalls that as a child she did not understand the meaning of prayers, and so, she used to tickle the feet of her grandmother during prayers expressly to escape them by being sent from the room.

Upstairs in the attic were kept the delicious president pears, dried fruits, husks for tamales and all that was to be stored for winter provisions. There also was a supply of wool mattresses.

When guests came and there were no beds for them the mattresses were brought down and guests slept on a floor. In these old houses are the first window seats in San Jose. The windows are very deep and Mrs. Alva recalls seeing people sitting there taking a cup of tea.

S-230
Class II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

108. ONE OF THE DONS (Continued)

We strolled about the old garden and Mrs. Alva showed me where in the rear of the house had been a well, now long since dry. On the convent side of the fence was a fountain, back of the kitchen of the old house where the neighbors washed their linen. Near the new house stood a large old peach tree of the lemon variety. In the rear of the house was a wide porch that has since been taken down. Here the Peralta sisters used to sit and sew or take a sun bath. They had few flowers in the garden. Mrs. Alva recalls mostly hollyhocks in all colors, the flower of St. Joseph or San Jose. Most gardens of that time had these flowers. In the rear also was a kind of shelter or tent where slept Caillon, the Indian, who cared for the garden and did the coarse toil. Caillon had two dogs, Paloma and Anschio.

In a large bedroom in the old house died Miss Josefa Peralta. Mrs. Alva recalls well that death. She remembers that the townspeople knew Miss Peralta was dying. They crowded before the low wide windows and watched while the priest administered the sacrament to the dying woman.

Miss Guadalupe Peralta lived in her house for years. Then she decided to move to Santa Clara to be near the mission, and to be near her favorite niece, Mrs. Luis Arguello, and her three other nieces, Mrs. Josefa Davidson, Mrs. Mercedes de Calderon and Miss Angela Castro, who lived there in a house together. Not far from her relatives Miss Guadalupe Peralta built a small frame house, and

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

108. ONE OF THE DONS (CONTINUED)

THERE SHE DIED.

109. LIFE IN SAN JOSE'S OLDEST HOUSES

In a modest house on the Story rd. lived one of the old dons. He was Ignacio Ortega, last male survivor of the Ortega family, of his generation. He was born at San Ysidro or Old Gilroy. Gilroy takes its name from John Gilroy, who in San Juan Bautista married Maria Clara Ortega, one of the snow-pale Ortega women, famous for long black hair coming to her knees.

Ignacio Ortega was born in 1830. At that time his grandfather, Ignacio Ortega, had 11 leagues of land. AGE and rheumatism have bent Ignacio Ortega's back. At 87 when I knew him he was only a feeble bent old man, but time and diseases can not destroy the look of command that comes from the days of command.

Like many Spanish Californians of his generation he spoke no English, and so, we conversed through the medium of an interpreter. Mr. Ortega's father was born at San Ysidro and his grandfather, Ignacio Ortega, came there in his boyhood, and died in Santa Clara county. His great-grandfather, Jose Francisco Ortega, was one of the first Spanish pioneers. He arrived with Portola in 1769 and discovered San Francisco bay. In 1773 he returned to California with Father Serra and with him founded the mission of Santa Barbara. There Jose Francisco Ortega lies buried.

For years the Ortegas were the most distinguished family in Santa Clara county. Theirs was the oldest grant, but now their

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

109. LIFE IN SAN JOSE'S OLDEST HOUSES (Continued)

leagues belong to strangers. Mean houses shelter them. Life once so pleasant on the sunny side of adobes now is passed in hard work.

Ignacio Ortega lived with his daughter. Their dwelling stood on a part of the old San Juan Bautista de la Posa rancho, which was the birthplace of his dead wife, Theresa Chaboya. Like the Ortegas, the Chaboyas lost their land.

Mr. Ortega told me a little of the life in Santa Clara county when he was a boy. The Indians walked naked about the valley without even a breeching. Red men came from the mountains and from the lakes near Kern river. The Indians of the valley were gentle, more afraid of the Spaniards than the Spaniards were of them. But the red men that whooped through the Pacheco Pass were the bronchos. They made the Spaniards turn pale. Spanish pioneers feared the raids of savages who swooped down upon them and carried off their property to the mountains.

One of the most vivid memories of Mr. Ortega's boyhood was when Fremont marched through the valley. For two or three weeks he and his men remained at San Ysidro. Fremont and his soldiers killed nearly all of the Ortega sheep and cattle, and carried off their horses. In return the pathfinder gave a note of $10,000. Years afterward when Quentin Ortega asked the United States government to pay it there were protests. Quentin Ortega would not fight for what belonged to him. He was too great a

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

109. LIFE IN SAN JOSE'S OLDEST HOUSES (Continued)

gentleman. He tore up the note. He died in the same house where lived his son. Only a small per cent of the Fremont claims were ever paid.

Mr. Ortega told me that schooling was not easily had at San Ysidro. His grandfather built for the boys a school house, but teachers wer not easily found. Only when a Spanish traveler wandered through the valley willing to accept work, and this was very seldom, did Californians have a teacher for boys. In a separate building girls received education.

To San Juan Bautista the dwellers at San Ysidro went to worship God. They rode on horseback, men and women. San Juan Bautista was their capitol, the center of all fiestas and fetes.

110. SPANISH-CALIFORNIAN HOUSEKEEPING

Mrs. Esiquia Alva, who lives at the corner of Orchard st. and Park av., recently gave me an idea of the methods of the good housewives before the American came. Mrs. Alva was born Garcia, but she is better known as Bee because her stepfather was Guadalupe Bee, son of Harry Bee. Her husband is a nephew of Mrs. Harry Bee, who was a Moreno. Several of the Bee sons are still living.

Mrs. Alva was the god-daughter of Miss Guadalupe Peralta. Her godfather was Francisco Castro. She was born in Miss Peralta's house. Miss Peralta lived in the Peralta dwelling standing in San Pedro st. near the convent. With its barred windows, its thick adobe walls and its altar niche, it seems anything but a "new"

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

110. SPANISH-CALIFORNIA HOUSEKEEPING (Continued)

house, and yet, says Mrs. Alva, that is what it was called when she was a child.

The Peralta sister would have been the joy of the food conservationists of today. Nothing went to waste, and yet, at that time glass and tin cans were not used by the Spanish-Californians. Vegetables and fruits were dried. Apricots and tomatoes were prepared by the same process. They were sliced and placed not on trays, but on straw, and then turned repeatedly until they were beautifully dried. Grapes were dried in bunches like raisins. Those and the nice red apples were always kept in the Peralta attic. The Spanish-Californians did not use cellars. Mrs. Alva says she recalls well the bunches of grapes in the Peralta attic because she used to like to go into it to forage for fruit goodies.

In cooking Mrs. Alva says that the Spanish-Californians clung to their stoves made of dirt and brick with sheets of iron on the top for a cover. Americans had stoves, of course, but the Spanish-Californians tortillas would not have been tortillas if cooked on an American stove. Spanish-Californians avoided everything American. Mrs. Alva as a little girl went to the convent. She studied Spanish under Sister Aurelia. Another teacher was Sister Maria Teresa, the beautiful niece of Gen. Vallejo. At that time the mother superior was Sister Mary Cornelia. Mrs. Alva was forbidden by her mother to learn English. Mrs. Garcia-Bee thought

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

110. SPANISH-CALIFORNIAN HOUSEKEEPING (Continued)

that her daughter's religion would leave her if she spoke the profane speech.

Mrs. Alva recalls with what diligence the Indian servants worked for the Peralta family. They were always kept busy grinding corn or making tamales. One of their duties was opening the mattresses every two weeks, taking out the sheep's wool of which they were made and beating the wool until it was fluffy as foam. Then Miss Peralta through her glasses carefully inspected the work. When she was sure that the wool was without a fleck it was put back into the tick.

111. FIRST HOUSES IN SAN JOSE

A few years ago the late Mrs. Sepulveda Mesa, the oldest native daughter of San Jose, described for me the first houses in San Jose. In her childhood during the thirties, she saw the oldest dwellings of the pueblo. In fact, one of the first buildings on her father's property was older than the adobe residence of her grandmother. The thick walls were made of two rows of round limbs of trees, latticed together. Willows were often used. Between the two rows of limbs which composed the walls were placed chopped leaves and mud. The outside and inside were plastered with adobe. Many of the later Spanish-Californian houses were made in this way. Among these was one built by Juana Briones Miranda about 1840 and now occupied by Professor

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

111. FIRST HOUSES IN SAN JOSE (Continued)

and Mrs. Charles P. Nott near Los Atlos. The roofs were made of tules which were tied to the sticks with rawhides.

Mrs. Mesa said that one of the dangers of this kind of building was that these houses burned easily. This was the fate of her father's dwelling. In 1847 the Sepulvedas moved to the Willows and erected an adobe like that occupied by Mrs. Mesa's grandmother, Mrs. Luisa Sepulveda, at what would be now Balbach and Market sts.

Mrs. Mesa told me that among those who in her childhood, in the pueblo in the thirties. had fine adobes were Juan Bernal, Dolores Pacheco and Antonio Sunol. First to build an adobe of more than one story was Sunol. His dwelling had one story and a half.

Most of the adobe houses had tile roofs. The tiles were made in Santa Clara by Indians. Mrs. Mesa recalls that some of the Indians were very clever stone masons. Among the Indians who excelled in building were: Onorio, Chajas, Marcelle and Inygo. All these Indians lived at the Santa Clara mission.

When the Americans came the adobe of Antonio Maria Pico was the finest in San Jose. It was built in 1840 and stood just back of the postoffice in San Fernando st. It was torn down in 1875. The Pico adobe was built by John Dobbinish. Antonio Maria Pico married Pilar Bernal.

Bernado Higuera, who died recently, had a part of the old

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

111. First houses in San Jose (Continued)

Pala ranch which was granted to his grandfather, Joaquin Higuera, in the year 1835, owned the door support which belonged to the first adobe house on the Santa Teresa ranch, It was given him by his uncle, Ignacio Bernal.

112. INDIAN WARFARE IN 46-47

In 1846 and 1847 life was military and exciting in San Jose. The Americans and the Mexicans were always on the verge of conflict. To add to the tenseness of the situation the Indians often in bands of 100 made raids in San Jose, took provisions, cattle or whatever they needed. They carried them away in the San Joaquin and the Spaniards never crossed the river in pursuit. The people felt helpless because the Indians were numerous, hungry and relentless.

In the old days before the missions were secularized Indians gave little trouble. They were taught that the cattle, the horses, the crops, the land was theirs. Each believed himself to have a share, although he was paid very little for his work. When the missions were secularized the Indians were helpless children. They grew up after the fathers came, and had no taste for acorns and grasshoppers. They wanted the new foods and the new clothing. They thought that they were unjustly deprived of their property. Whatever they found they took.

One of the most daring of the Indian leaders was Jose Jesus, who became chief of the Sikayumnas in the death of

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

112. INDIAN WARFARE IN 46-47 (Continued)

Estanislao, their chief. The rancheria of the Sikayumnas was at Knight's Ferry. Jose Jesus was educated at the Santa Clara mission and there had been no alcalde or foreman. Jesus and his followers lived in the fastnesses of the San Joaquin and plotted raids on all Spanish food producing communities, but especially on San Jose, where he had lived and where he believed his property existed. At that time Americans seldom dared ride alone. Armed with rifles and revolvers, they traveled in squads of half a dozen on horseback.

Charles M. Weber was one of the first to fight the Indians. Weber took arms with Castro to expel Micheltorena and had received therefor a commission in the Mexican army, When the Bear Flag uprising occurred Weber, who was a naturalized German, realized that probably the Americans would gain possession of California, and then he took arms against the Mexicans. He had had considerable experience in handling men, although his business was merchandising.

The Indians raided Coyote and shot A. B. Caldwell. Later they attacked Weber's ranch in San Joaquin county, called French Camp, from which settlement Stockton developed. Weber had bought this property from William Gulnac.

Weber was always more than ready to act in self-defense. He put up a skull and cross bones sign on his ranch with a notice that thieves would be punished to the full extent of the law.

The Indians stole some of Weber's cattle and then he organized a band of his vaqueros, pursued the Indians and inflicted

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

112. INDIAN WARFARE IN 46-47 (Continued)

on them terrible slaughter. Few of the Indians survived, but Weber spared the life of Jesus, the leader.

When Weber came to California in 1841 he was Sutter's manager at Sutter's fort. He had known Jesus and had been on friendly terms with him.

In 1847 the people in San Jose were amazed when Charles M. Weber appeared with Jesus as a captive. Jesus had so terrorized the people that they thought he was unconquerable.

When Weber brought the chief, six feet tall, into San Jose the Indians wore the sash, serape and sombrero of the Mexicans.

The Spanish-Californians had suffered so much from Jesus' depredations that they urged Weber to put him to death, but this Weber did not do. He knew when to be merciful. With Jesus he went to Monterey and brought about a conference between him and Governor Mason. The governor asked Jesus what he intended to do.

Jesus stated his case. He said that he and his people had been reared in the missions. The fathers were good to them. To be sure they worked, but they were fed and clothed. They believed that everything in the missions belonged to them. The Mexicans had taken their property and turned them back to acorns and grasshoppers. Now they warred for what they thought were their own possessions. However, Jesus promised Governor Mason that his depredations would cease. Jesus kept his word and became a strong ally of the Americans. He thought in this way he

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WASYOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

112. INDIAN WARFARE IN 46-47 (Continued)

injured the Spanish Californians. Once he took some of his tribe and proceeded against another tribe to recover stolen cattle for Weber.

For years afterward Jose Jesus used to call on Weber and bring him presents. In return Weber always gave handsome gifts.

In 1849 Jose Jesus was wounded by an American in Stockton. Weber paid $500 to Dr. Royer for the operation, but the Indian died.

113. ADOBE OF SAN JOSE'S RICHEST MAN

The richest man who ever lived in San Jose was Don Luis Peralta. He died in 1851. His estate consisted of Oakland, Alameda, Berkeley and vast acreage besides. Even in 1855 the appraisers valued Don Luis' fortune at $1,383,500. The house in which he died was standing a few years ago, and was undoubtedly the oldest building in San Jose. It was in St. Augustine st., just over the wall of Notre Dame. Once the convent garden was the Peralta orchard.

The Peralta adobe was built by Don Luis. One can only guess at the date of erection of the building but can reasonably venture that it was about 1809 or 1810, because at that period Don Luis declared in 1849 that he had been granted the land by the king of Spain. However, previous to that time Don Luis Peralta was stationed here at the presidio which was a part of the pueblo. At the Mission Santa Clara Feb. 23, 1784, Don Luis Peralta married Senorita Maria Loreta Alviso, daughter of Domingo

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

113. ADOBE OF SAN JOSE'S RICHEST MAN (Continued)

Alviso. He passed most of his life in San Jose.

The late Mrs. Luisa Sepulveda, who lived in King rd. and who was nearly 90, used to visit the Peraltas at their adobe about 1840. She said that even at that period it looked very old. She didn't know when it was erected, but she said that it undoubtedly stood since the time of the earliest settler. In 1840 the house was surrounded by an old orchard enclosed by an adobe wall not unlike the convent wall.

Mrs. Mesa recalled that the house had a dirt floor and a shrine. She spoke of the intense respectability of the Peralta family and of their deep religious devotion. For 20 years or more Don Luis Peralta was a familiar sight in the pueblo hobbling to St. Joseph's every morning for mass. Deaf and blind, he never forgot to worship at St. Joseph's. Always he was led to church by an Indian boy.

Don Luis Peralta for 45 years was a soldier. He went through the grades of private, corporal, sergeant and he was recommended for the rank of alferez (flag bearer), but he never received it. Many expeditions he went on against the Indians. When he was 68 years of age he was retired as an invalid in 1826. Six years previously he had received from Governor Sola the San Antonio rancho, 11 square leagues, or 48,825 acres. The Rinconada de Los Gatos and the Canada del Corte Madera and San Ramon ranches were also given to his relations.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

113. ADOBE OF SAN JOSE'S RICHEST MAN (Continued)

In 1842 he divided his San Antonio ranch among his three sons, Antonio, Hermenegildo and Ignacio Vicente. He confirmed the gift in his will. After Don Luis died in 1851 his daughters were incited by lawyers to bring suit against their brothers for their share of the San Antonio rancho. Old settlers say that lawyers financed the will contest. Men of the law did not understand that the grantee of a California rancho in accepting land at the same time pledged himself to the feudal obligation of being ready at any moment to march fully equipped with accouterments and arms at the command of his lord, the governor. At that time no women were given land and even afterward few held grants.

The will contest and the squatters cost the Peraltas most of their property. On the Rancho San Antonio were startling outrages of squatters. Some took up residence on the land of Domingo Peralta. He drove them off with a shotgun. They had him put in jail and kept him there several months until he paid a heavy fine.

Several of the Peralta children, Antonio, Mario, Josepha, Domingo, Maria, Guadalupe, Vicente, Jose Ramon, and his twin sister, Josepha Ramona, and Jose Vicente were baptized at the Mission Santa Clara at various times between the years of 1787 and 1812. Of all these children Guadalupe and Josepha remained longest in San Jose. They are the Peralta sisters, dimly remembered by forty-niners, who in the early 50's built a more spacious abode which is still standing near Don Luis' original dwelling. There they lived with an adopted Indian girl, Maria Dolores, and an adopted Spanish boy.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

113. ADOBE OF SAN JOSE'S RICHEST MAN (Continued)

In 1862 Maria Josepha Peralta died, leaving her interest in the orchard to the Indian girl, Maria Dolores. Finally Guadalupe Peralta sold her property and went to live near the Mission Santa Clara, where she passed her days in tranquility, her spirit undisturbed by bustling gringos.

A niece of the Peralta sisters is Mrs. Ermine Dargie of Oakland, one of the most beautiful women ever seen in California. Her marvelous indestructible beauty well represents the physical loveliness of Spanish California. Some great sculptor should have preserved in bronze the features of Ermine Peralta Dargie.

114. DON LUIS PERALTA'S WILL

Don Luis Peralta's will which caused the greatest legal contest ever known in San Jose was an unusual document. It was written by James Alexander Forbes, but its spirit so greatly resembled Peralta's letters on file in the recorder's office that it was undoubtedly an expression of the wishes of Peralta. The Peralta will is more like a prayer than a legal document. This is how it begins:

"In the name of the Most Holy Trinity, Father, Son, and Holy Ghost, three distinct persons and one only true God; and in the presence of the Most Holy Virgin Mary, my Lady, of the glorious Archangel Saint Michael, Saint Gabriel and Saint Raphael, my guardian and protecting angel, and holy devotion, I, Luis Maria Peralta, being in the entire use of my mental faculties, although

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

114. DON LUIS PERALTA'S WILL (Continued)

of an advanced age, and bearing in mind the uncertainty of this mortal life, I hereby make this my last will and testament. It is as follows:

"In the first place, I command my sons to have my body buried in the neighboring Mission of Santa Clara, carrying it to the church, placing it upon the same hearse that is used for my fellowmen, the Indians; and that they, my sons, shall cause one low mass to be said of requiem; and afterwards at the time of my burial they shall cause to be said as many responsaries as may be possible for the repose of my soul for which they, my sons, shall pay alms."

First Don Luis charged that his residence and the orchard in Saint Augustine st., which measured 200 by 400 varas, in "this town of San Jose Guadalupe" be given to his daughters. "I encharge these daughters to remain always together, in peace and union, enjoying this property mutually as absolute owners thereof."

To his daughter, Guadalupe, he gave his picture of Saint Joseph, and Our Lady of Guadalupe. Don Luis' crucifix and his picture of Our Lady of Dolores were presented to his daughter, Josepha. Even though marriage should separate the sisters he charged them to "remain always together as guardian angels that the Lord might preserve them from the storms of this world and from the evil inclined persons."

Later he declared, "As regards the horned cattle that be-

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

114. DON LUIS PERALTA'S WILL (Continued)

long to me, on the marriage of each of my children, Maria Teodora, Ignacio, Domingo and Trinidad, to each already have been given two cows and calves when I commenced to rear my cattle. But afterwards they received in gift more cattle as they themselves can say, as they know how to speak the truth."

In a later paragraph he declared in 1831 William Castro, his son-in-law, had received 230 horned cattle, the marriage portion of his wife, Marie Luisa. Two hundred head of horned cattle had also been given to his daughters, Maria Theodora and Maria Trinidad, and to his son, Ignacio, had been given more than 300. Domingo had received 100 horned cattle which were at the ranches San Antonio and Tamascal. Each of the spinster daughters had been given that number of cattle, and Vicente, a son, had 200 horned cattle. He enjoined the sons to keep their sisters' cattle at the San Antonio and to look after them. Then he quietly ratified his gifts of vast acreage to his sons.

Don Luis Peralta was in every way conservative. He neither begged or borrowed. His estate was entirely without complications of debt. In his will he said, "I declare that I owe no man, but Nazario Berreyessa owes me $15."

There seemed to be a latent fear that some of his children would object to his will, and so, he commanded them to remain in peace and harmony, succouring one another in necessities, eschewing all avaricious ambition, without entering into foolish difference

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

114. DON LUIS PERALTA'S WILL (Continued)

"for one or two calves; for the cows bring them forth every year."

"I command my sons to be friendly and united. Lastly I command all my children, sons and daughters, to educate and bring up their children in holy fear of God, showing them good example, and keeping them from all bad company, in order that God may shower upon them his blessings; the same which I have to you, in the name of the Father, and the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

"DON LUIS PERALTA."

115. DON LUIS PERALTA'S LETTERS

Two letters by Don Luis Peralta to his sons Domingo and Antonio, now on file in the recorder's office in San Jose reveal the character of the man. These letters were filed during the contest in the office for his million and more dollars. They were written on heavy, age-stained paper, and considering the years of the writer they are fairly legible.

The first is as follows: "My dear and esteemed Son, San Jose Domingo:

When God permits me to see thee, I will tell thee the cause of thy suffering so much, although thou dost not believe it. I can no longer write, and for this reason I shall not be more lengthy. I have no more time than to say that thou goest to thy ..... which God and the Father hath granted thee. Try and be a good Christian and brotherly towards thine, and towards everybody and God will assist thee. Take great care that Ramon do not

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

115. DON LUIS PERALTA'S LETTERS (Continued)

remain without learning to read and write. Remembrances to Edwiges and the rest of the family and command thy Father who wishes to see thee.

LUIS PERALTA."

The second letter is to one of the favorite sons in which the boy is advised not to go to the gold fields.

"My dear Antonio: I salute thee together with thy family, to whom thou wilt give my kind remembrances, and I thank thee for all that thou hast sent me. May God reward thee for it one and a thousand times.

"My son, on Sunday the "novena" of San Antonio nine days prayer commenced here, and the mass which will be said on Tuesday of the coming week has already been consecrated. I charge thee not to have any work done on that day on the Rancho in anything, in as much as it should be kept the same as a Sabbath. I suppose that thou with thy family will have observed the "novena" of the saint, for which God, Our Lord, will be much pleased, and consequently the saint of thy name.

"In regard to what thou tellest me thou canst understand that I have already ..... and for that reason only I desire to see thee. The mustard fields here are abundant, and so, the boys (brothers) have had their drawbacks. They cannot catch two hares at once.

"I am praying that you will not take it into your hands to go upon the discovery of gold where many things are happening

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

115. DON LUIS PERALTA'S LETTERS (Continued)

according to hearsay. Let the Americans take all the gold, for God, our Lord, has it in reserve for them. Endeavor to sow much seed on the rancho for hunger will not be wanting.

"Because many people are going to come, and all must eat, buy or steal, and on that many things will be seen which have not been seen in California because gold and silver placers, as well as quicksilver are being discovered in various fields. Take care of thy children. Always bear in mind that the greatest thing in importance is the road to heaven. That is thy best treasure.

"In conclusion, son, be much devoted to the saint of thy name. Thou knowest that God, our Lord, esteems him much and denies him nothing. Likewise do not fail to recite the rosary to Most Holy Mary, which is one of the devotions very pleasing to our Lord and to our Lady. In final, my son, I pray to God that thou mayest not forget me, that God may keep the one thousand years for the protection of thy family, and in glory eternal is the wish of thy father who esteems thee.

LUIS PERALTA."

116. PERALTA WILL CONTEST

Don Luis Peralta died in 1851 at his residence in San Augustine st. He virtually disinherited all his children, except his three sons, Antonio, Ignacio and Hermenegildo. Very soon afterward his son, Domingo, joined his sisters Josepha and Guadalupe, when, with their other sisters who married members of

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

116. PERALTA WILL CONTEST (Continued)

the Castro family, and the children, they opened the contest.

Records of the Peralta will contest are now in the recorder's office in this city. These papers and letters produce an interesting intimate picture of Spanish California of more than 120 years ago.

Don Luis Peralta was a Spartan in the way he brought up his children. To one of his friends he said that his son, Ignacio, was doing "first rate at the ranch. He was sleeping on a bull hide." Don Luis liked to get his own wood from the country and even when a very old man he was often seen riding in his cart with an Indian servant to fetch wood. He enjoined his son in letters to see that their children learned to read, but his two daughters, Guadalupe and Josepha, who long lived in the San Augustine st. adobe, were not taught to write their names. They signed legal papers with a cross. Don Luis himself wrote rather a pleasing hand, had a graceful method of expression as his letters will show, but he evidently was the medieval man who thought that books and land were for men, not women.

Don Luis believed that women should stay at home and be sheltered from storms. Religion was about the only comfort he allowed his daughters. Prayers they had in abundance. One of them spent half her inheritance for masses. In view of this it seemed strange that these devout spinsters should have joined their brothers

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

116. PERALTA WILL CONTEST (Continued)

IN CHARGING THE VENERABLE AND SAINTLY FATHER NOBILI with conspiring with James Alexander Forbes, who drew the Peralta will, with restraining Don Luis and in compelling him to sign the document. Probably the pioneers' explanation of the phenomena is accurate. The Peralta daughters had been so protected from contact with life that they were easily worked upon by greedy lawyers, not only to question their father's sanity, but to attack a priest deeply beloved.

In 1842 Don Luis rode with his favorite sons over the great San Antonio rancho and pointed out to them where lay each share. It was an unfortunate exclusion, because before the case was settled, the lawyers, not the Peralta sons, had most of the great estate.

In San Jose, Don Luis Peralta was always conspicuous for his piety. Though he was the richest man in the county when he died, and probably the righest man in California, so holy had been his life that when he was buried at Santa Clara it is recorded in the book of deaths now at the university that because of his virtues the most solemn mass was said for the holy man without compensation.

In spite of Don Luis' power and fortune he was a democrat. He commanded his sons to see that his body was conveyed to Santa Clara on the same hearse used for his "fellow men, the Indians." Masses were hardly said when the lawyers were at the Peralta fortune.

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

116. PERALTA WILL CONTEST (Continued)

Witnesses were introduced to prove that Don Luis was blind and deaf before he died and could not write a will. It was also shown that he was mad on the subject of the king of Spain. He told a prospective purchaser of his land that the king of Spain was coming to see him and would ask, "Luis, where is your property that I have given you?" His fear was that the king would be offended if he sold it. Witnesses testified that Don Luis paraded about the house carrying a gun. Others declared that he knew everything happening and drove apple thieves out of his orchard.

And so ran the contest for years. Finally the jury returned the verdict that DonLuis was of unsound mind, but Father Nobili and James Alexander Forbes were exonerated from the charge of having unduly influenced Don Luis Peralta in making his will.

117. VISITING IN SAN PEDRO STREET

With Mr. Charles Wampach, the retired merchant, I went visiting in San Pedro st. Mr. Wampach came to California in 1849 and part of his childhood was passed at the old Peralta place in San Pedro st. We set out to visit the adobe, the orchard and to call up the life of the eccentric, devout, wealthy Peralta family, that under Spanish and Mexican rule were the most important people in the pueblo. Now they have vanished, but even before they died had a ghostly unreal quality. Spanish families of that period tell me that few besides the priests and the church knew the

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

117. VISITING IN SAN PEDRO STREET (Continued)

Peraltas. In the little pueblo they were self-exiled. After Don Luis Peralta's death his daughters accused their father of being insane. So I was delighted to go into the Peralta world escorted and introduced by Charles Wampach, who had lived in it and could tell me of it as it had appeared many years ago to his young, but every observant eyes.

Charles Wampach first met the Peralta family in Santa Clara when he was a very little boy, soon after he arrived with his mother from Germany. She came with her son Charles, and married Luis Wampach, her second husband. Louis Wampach had one of the first tanneries in Santa Clara. The Peraltas owned an adobe house alongside the tannery. They were devoted to the fathers at Santa Clara and to the adobe they went for certain seasons of the year. Miss Josefa, one of the two spinsters, who lived in San Pedro st., became godmother to Joseph Wampach at Santa Clara. For her he was named Joseph.

Little Charles Wampach very early in life had to make his way in the world. After a few years at the University of Santa Clara he began earning his living. Miss Josefa Peralta asked him to come to live with her. His people were old-world people, they thought that a great honor had been paid the boy. They told him to obey Miss Peralta in everything. She was a very rich woman, and perhaps she would leave him a great deal of money. The boy had visions of being a great and rich man. Indeed his dream was

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

117. VISITING IN SAN PEDRO STREET (Continued)

realized, but not through Miss Peralta, though he took up his residence with her in San Pedro st. in 1857. He told me all this as we were going down San Pedro st., before we reached the Hotel Italia at the corner of San Augustine and San Pedro, where once lived picturesque Capt. Fallon and his lovely talented daughters. Capt. Fallon came to California in 1844. He was with Fremont in his campaigns. Fallon first raised the Stars and Stripes in San Jose and in the valley. Long he lived in the back part of what serves as the Hotel Italia. In front of the Fallon house, toward San Pedro st. was a flower garden. In the rear was a pear orchard that some of the neighbors tell me survived until 25 years ago.

As we went down San Augustine st. Mr. Wampach said, "I used to plough San Augustine st. for a vegetable garden for the Peraltas. I raised corn, pumpkins and watermelons."

"Did you plough the orchard also?" I asked. "Oh no," he replied, "we never thought of ploughing, pruning, trimming or spraying an orchard in those days. Pests were unknown."

"Did the trees bear well?"

"Often there were immense crops."

Mr. Wampach told me that the Peralta orchard consisted mostly of pears, though it had a few grapes, peaches, apples and apricots. He pointed out to me that the land was in the form of a letter L. It extended from San Pedro st. to the Guadalupe. The orchard stretched back of the Fallon place several blocks to

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

117. VISITING IN SAN PEDRO STREET (Continued)

Chaboya alley. In all there were two suretes, or about 20 acres. Part of it was a cow pasture. Notre Dame convent now owns some of the Peralta orchard and Nicholas Spinetti converted into a store house one of the adobe residences.

Some huge fig trees have grown in the Peralta garden, but though they are old they never saw the Peralta family. When we entered the garden Mr. Wampach's face lighted up, for years he had not entered the place.

"That," he said, "was where stood the kitchen. The Peraltas used no stoves. We cooked on a brick Spanish fireplace. Kettles were placed on iron rods on top of the bricks."

Mr. Wampach looked for the place where he had slept. It had been a lean-to adjoining the abode occupied by his patroness, Miss Josefa Peralta, but the lean-to had vanished. However, the house itself is standing. In this adobe Miss Josefa, who even in 1858 was old and bedridden, lived with her Indian girl, Dolores, whom she remembered handsomely in her will. Miss Peralta's meals were served in bed, because she could not get up. Her relatives came from Oakland to visit her. The men rode and the women drove in ox carts. The yokes were tied to the horns of the animals. To this house the fathers from Santa Clara used to come and say prayers. Every afternoon Miss Peralta obliged all those who worked for her to assemble in her room for prayers. Mr. Wampach recalls saying the rosary in Miss Peralta's room for an hour and a half on

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

117. VISITING IN SAN PEDRO STREET (Continued)

his knees. For Miss Josefa made of him a Catholic. He did everything that she wished.

Charles Wampach was baptized in the convent chapel by the Rev. Father Anton Goetz May 29, 1857. His godmother was Miss Josefa Peralta. He still carries his baptismal certificate in an account book. Often he attended mass in the convent chapel.

Not only did he obey his godmother in spiritual matters, but in material. As early as 3 in the morning he rose and carried her fruit to Alviso in order to catch the steamer "Sophie McLean" for San Francisco. When he had fruit left he used to carry it to the Guadalupe mine, then to the Enriquita mines and sell it. Many a time he told me he took two or three boxes of undisposed-of fruit, placed them upon a horse's back and went up the trail to the New **Almaden** and peddled them to the miners. For one year of such work and devotion Mr. Wampach received not one penny. He has no very friendly memory of Miss Peralta. However, she was kind in little inexpensive ways. For instance, when he had inflammatory rheumatism she cured him with a Spanish herb, flor de saco, or flower of elderberry. After a year of unpaid toil the boy left Miss Peralta. He hoped that she would remember him in her will, but she never did.

When Mr. Wampach lived at the Peralta place, there was a flower garden between the house and the street. The walls of the adobe are still solid. They were not much affected by the earthquake of 1906. The windows yet have the iron bars of the old time,

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

117. VISITING IN SAN PEDRO STREET (Continued)

though Mr. Wampach told me to remember that there were no glass windows in the openings as there are today, only wooden shutters. These were closed at night and they shut out all air. In the winter they excluded all light when they were closed for a storm or the cold, but native Californians did not mind trifling inconveniences of lack of air and light that we of today think essential.

In the Guadalupe Peralta house there are fire places. Still are visible in the thick adobe wall a large niche, perhaps four feet by three, which was her shrine. Miss Guadalupe, like her sister, adopted a boy, James Hicklin, who came with the Donner party. He was handsomely remembered in her will. In later years when Mr. Wampach was one of the foremen ofa part of the New Almaden mine, that went under the name of Young America, also known as Bull Run, this same James Hicklin came to him asking for work. All Hicklin's inheritance had been wasted, and so Mr. Wampach came to believe that inherited fortunes fly quickly.

We left the Peralta adobe and crossed the street where lingers a bit of San Pedro st. as it was in the old days. One little gabled house at the corner of San Augustine and San Pedro sts. has been untouched. It is occupied by Mrs. George Yoell, whose soft Spanish eyes and intonation tell me that she was one of the Escamias of Monterey. She is the widow of George Yoell, brother of Alexander Yoell, and she came to live in her present home in the 50s. She knew well the Peraltas. Guadalupe was large and

117. VISITING IN SAN PEDRO STREET (Continued)

amiable, and Josefa was small and eccentric. They died within a very short time of each other. Mrs. Yoell went to Monterey to visit friends. When she came back both were gone.

118. OLDEST STUDENT AT SANTA CLARA UNIVERSITY

Charles Wampach, the retired merchant, is probably the only man in San Jose who was in the first class at Santa Clara university. He came in 1849 with his mother from Bramen Hafen, Germany. They arrived in Santa Clara about 1850. She married Louis Wampach who bought from Mr. Bellamy one of the first tanneries at Santa Clara. The marriage ceremony was performed by Charles Clayton, afterwards congressman. Mr. Clayton was the first justice of the peace at Santa Clara. Mr. Wampach first went to school in Santa Clara to a teacher named Robinson.

About that time the Rev. Father Nobili established Santa Clara college. Charles Wampach entered in the first class. He says that none of those classmates to his knowledge is still living. Among the other early students were Patrick Murphy, Barney Murphy, Thomas Fisher, Fraco Fisher, John Colohan, Will Kennedy, David Forbes, Louis Forbes and their brothers. Another student of that period recalled by Mr. Wampach was the late ex-Chief Bill Brown.

Mr. Wampach says that the life of Father Nobili and the other priests in charge of the struggling college was strewn with anything but roses. He confesses that he was a very mischievous

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

118. OLDEST STUDENT AT SANTA CLARA UNIVERSITY (Continued)

boy. He and his schoolfellows often played "hookey" by going to a lumber pile near the church from which they were building the Forbes' residence to the Stockton ranch. Another favorite hiding place for the "slackers" from Santa Clara college in the early 50s was the swimming place in the mission orchard. These truancies were harmless enough, but did not always satisfy the spirit for mischief in the boys at the college. The lads even threw stones at poor Father Nobili, who in his zeal for building the college, gave his life. The priest while helping a carpenter stepped on a nail and died of lockjaw.

In order to punish the mischievous Wampach boy Father Nobili had him put into a hogshead but that produced no terror in the youngster. The next time he was disobedient the boy found himself locked with the dead in the church. The priest found out that the boy had a weakness, he was afraid of ghosts, and at that time in the church were buried many dead. The incorrigible boy was at last subdued.

Mr. Wampach tells me that the boys were well taken care of at the college. A woman scrubbed them, an Indian cooked for them. When Mr. Wampach first came to Santa Clara there was much gayety and amusement in town. Very soon this was done away with. The Methodist University of the Pacific soon was under the sway of the supervisors. No longer did the outriders of the bull fighters dash through the quiet town warning children off the streets. No longer did the inhabitants of Santa Clara see the

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

118. OLDEST STUDENT AT SANTA CLARA UNIVERSITY (Continued)

bulls bedecked with ribbons. The first act of the Santa Clara town trustees was toward civilization. They abolished bull fights.

119. SAN JOSE'S OLDEST NATURE PAINTING

Probably the most interesting painting for its local color to San Jose is in the possession of Mrs. Modesta de Narvaez Cantua, wife of Lorenzo Cantua, who resides in West Virginia st. It is called San Juan Bautista, and is a picture about 3 x 2 feet. The work was done with much skill and reverence. It was painted by the same artist who did the picture of the Santa Clara mission more than 100 years ago. During all that time it has been in the possession of the De Narvaez. The first owner of the painting was Alcalde Augustin de Narvaez. He came to San Jose in the 18th century, and he was given the San Juan Bautista grant, the house of which was on the Almaden rd., but which extended into San Jose, took in the Willows, and went far out on the Los Gatos rd. Another de Narvaez adobe stood on the corner of Market and San Carlos sts. Because the name of the ranch was San Juan Bautista, Augustine Narvaez had painted this picture of Jesus blessing St. John the Baptist. In the lower part of the picture are the words, "San Juan Bautista," but the name of the painter is missing. The picture is in the same frame which has encased it for 100 years.

In the old Narvaez adobe on the Alamden rd. this painting was a part of the shrine at which the family worshiped. Before it candles always burned. In June, on St. John the Baptist day, Augustin

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

119. SAN JOSE'S OLDEST NATURE PAINTING (Continued)

Narvaez always took the painting on a pilgrimage to the mission at Santa Clara. On this day the old alcalde mounted his finest horse. The horse was draped with beautiful fabrics and shawls. One of these shawls is bright red, and is now in the possession of Mrs. Chaboya of Evergreen. Mrs. Chaboya is a granddaughter of Mr. de Narvaez, and a sister of Mrs. Cantua. The other shawl used for decorating the horse was of bright green with red flowers. It is owned by another sister of Mrs. Cantua, Mrs. Berryessa of Berryessa. These shawls and the painting belong together, and would be most interesting pieces for a museum of old San Jose, but they have had many adventures. Mr. Dolores de Narvaez was blind for many years, and his daughter, then a young girl of 14, was his housekeeper. She didn't realize the importance of the picture, and she used to scrub it as if it were a stove.

In addition to the shawls, bright ribbons and silks were employed to make St. John's day festive and brilliant. With the picture on the gaily bedecked horse, Don Augustin de Narvaez rode all the day from the ranch house on the Almaden rd. to the Santa Clara mission. Here mass was said and Don Augustin returned to his home followed by a throng of relatives and friends. Then there was dancing and a barbecue.

Alcalde Augustin de Narvaez was a descendant from a well known family in Spain. One of the de Narvaez explored the eastern coast of the United States in the early part of the 16th century.

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

119. SAN JOSE'S OLDEST NATURE PAINTING (Continued)

The first de Narvaez who came to California was an officer. Dolores de Narvaez, son of Augustin, married Miss Augustin Alviso, daughter of Don Jose Alviso of the Milpitas ranch. The town of Milpitas was named Milpitas for the Alviso ranch, which means "little gardens."

Don Dolores de Narvaez passed most of his life in Milpitas, where his daughter, Mrs. Cantua, also lived. The Cantua family is one of the most important in the southern part of the county and near Hollister. In fact, the town of Hollister stands on the old Cantua ranch.

120. ROMANCES OF LONG AGO.

In the early days among the Spanish people about San Jose there were few stormy love affairs. Children were obedient. Sons obeyed their mothers very much as do French boys today. Daughters seldomed questioned their parents' authority. A brief open courtship was followed by marriage. Weddings were great festivities lasting two or three weeks.

However, sometimes love broke the bounds set for it, and then, there was a picturesque elopment. If the lover was unwelcome to the parents he usually carried off his sweetheart at night on horseback.

Among the most unusual courtships were those in the Sanchez and Valencia families. These two families lived on ranches between San Jose and San Francisco. Valencia street in San Francisco was named after the Valencia family. Jesus Valencia was a dashing young

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

120. ROMANCES OF LONG AGO (Continued)

man who played divinely the violin. He fell in love with Paula Sanchez. The family objected to the marriage, and so, Jesus stole his sweetheart and rode with her to the Mission Dolores in San Francisco where they were married.

Then a brother of Paula Sanchez, Francisco, fell in love with Laria Valencia, a sister of Jesus Valencia. The Valencias opposed the marriage. Young Francisco was as brave as Jesus Valencia. He stole his sweetheart and eloped to the Mission Dolores also.

An unusual love affair at San Juan Bautista was the foundation of the play, "The Rose of the Rancho." Juan Boronda, who died a few years ago at San Juan, was the hero. He loved a girl, but her parents desired her to marry a wealthier man. In the church the bride tried to escape the marriage. Her mother tore from her the jewels and beat her, but the marriage went on. A year later she died insane in Mexico. Boronda never married.

One of the picturesque marriages of the old days was that of Martolo Sepulveda and Maria Alviso, daughter of Don Alviso of Milpitas. Maria was a pretty girl, delicately nurtured, surrounded by luxury. The Alvisos objected to their daughter's union with the young man. One night Sepulveda rode to Milpitas and carried off his sweetheart from Don Jose's house. On a swift horse he brought her to the residence of his mother in San Jose, but the priest would not marry her without Don Jose's consent. From the

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

120. ROMANCES OF LONG AGO (Continued)

Sepulveda house messengers were sent to the Alvisos, begging their consent to the union. Don Jose was obdurate. But love had its way. Finally the priest married the lovers in St. Joseph's church.

121. SANTA CLARA MISSION FESTIVITIES

Lent was never more strictly observed than in Santa Clara during the last days of the mission. No one ate meat, and some fasted during Lent. Others remained hours on their knees in prayer. The 14 stations of the cross were set up in the Santa Clara plaza. There during Lent each Friday the priest said the Way of the Cross. People came from the ranchos and the pueblo and in one clear voice gave the responses to the father's prayer.

On Holy Thursday everyone appeared in gala dress. High mass was said. At the end of the mass, the fathers and acolytes passed out of the church carrying poles on which were lighted candles. The procession escorted the bearer of the Holy Sacrament round the plaza. Then all re-entered the church and returned to the sanctuary where the sacramento was deposited. There incense was burned.

Before the altar watched two soldiers and two Indians for 24 hours, each with a knee on the floor. The Indians always had their bows and arrows and the soldiers their muskets. The Indian and soldier guard was changed every half hour throughout the day.

The afternoon of Holy Thursday the oldest Indians crowned with flowers were brought from the rancherias and seated on benches

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

121. SANTA CLARA MISSION FESTIVITIES (Continued)

in the church. Then the priest in an alb, carrying a white towel, and a pitcher of bay-scented water, washed and wiped the feet of the old Indians. Afterward the father preached a sermon on humility and brotherhood. This humility and brotherhood of service to the Indian was the most impressive of all sermons preached at Santa Clara.

On Good Friday women went to the church in mourning to attend the exercises of the Adoration of the Holy Cross. The men worshipped in bare feet. Later the entire congregation set out on Via Crucia, or Christ's journey. The men in white linen vestments carried the heavy crucifix. One man most often chosen for this occasion was Secundino Robles. In the evening the Rosary was recited and this was followed by another sermon.

On Holy Saturday (Sabado de Gloria) Holy Week, the women all went to church in white, wearing white silk shoes.

Then came Easter, the day of rejoicing, when the music pealed forth, when the church was filled with flowers, when every Senora and Senorita brought forth her loveliest shawl and rebosa, when even the Indian maids and matrons wore their reddest beads.

Another interesting ceremony was the midnight mass. Several men wearing brocaded coats and scarlet sashes represented the shepherds (pastors) at the birth of the Saviour. The part of the angel could only be taken by an unmarried youth. An angel stood at the altar and sang "Gloria in Excelsis Deo,". At the consecra-

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

121. SANTA CLARA MISSION FESTIVITIES (Continued)

tion of the host, the angel dropped on his knees and there remained. The angel at Santa Clara was very realistic. His wings were huge and of white paper, fastened to a gilt breast-plate. After mass the shepherds gave homage to the infant Jesus by singing and rejoicing. Seated the fathers watched the ceremony.

Of all the days of religious festivities the most gorgeous was that of Corpus Christi. The ceremony filled not only the church but the plaza. At each corner of the plaza in front of the church was a shrine or ermita. There was friendly rivalry among the important families to preside at these shrines and to see which could excel in presentation of beauty.

The shrine (ermita) was simply constructed of four posts with a square framed top. The three sides were covered with white cotton. The walls of each ermita were decorated with different colored shawls, laces and flowers. In front of the shrine was an arch of white lawn bedecked with ribbon of the same color as the shawls.

On the altar was a white linen scarf, and in the shrine was a statue lent by the fathers for the occasion. Sometimes there were also candelabra of brass. Often in the shrine was a bird cage containing doves or birds of bright plumage to be released at a telling moment. Four persons were in attendance at each ermita.

When the bells began to ring, from the church issued the

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

121. SANTA CLARA MISSION FESTIVITIES (Continued)

procession, the Indians singing and the fathers carrying the Holy Sacrament. As the priests passed each ermita the ladies in attendance spread shawls and the men serapes for the holy man to walk upon. At each of the four shrines was the same ceremony.

Out of respect to the Holy Eucharist the congregation in silence and with bowed heads followed the priests. No one was so disrespectful as to ride by the plaza during the ceremony. After the ceremony was completed the fathers entertained the people at a great fiesta.

122. GREAT INDIAN HORSE THIEVES

After the secularization of the missions the Indians were deprived of their principal support, and in 1836 they took to making raids and stealing horses from owners of ranches. To the governor complained the prominent citizens of San Jose. At this time these were the judges, Jose Mesa and Jose Feliz. They complained that their horses were captured by the two Indian chieftains, Mateo of the Mission Santa Clara and Estanislao of the Mission San Jose. Estanislao had a band of marauders who captured the ranchers' horses, drove them into the Tulares and sold them to white adventurers and gentiles. The Indians killed six colonists and drove off their cattle. In the early mission days it was the custom for criminals to claim sanctuary in the mission churches, often directly after committing a crime. Never did the church deny her children refuge.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

122. GREAT INDIAN HORSE THIEVES (Continued)

It was complained by the settlers that in 1836 both Mateo and Estanislao found haven in the missions.

About 1838 Ambrosio, a Moquelumne chief of the neighborhood of San Jose, collected a formidable band of San Jose Indians. Twenty-five white men went against them. One man was killed and seven were wounded. The Indians were defeated. Ambrosio was captured and taken before Major Domo Jose de Vallejo of the Mission San Jose. Vallejo ordered him shot, but before his death took place Father Gonzales Rubio prepared his soul for heaven.

In May, 1839, Jose Castro wrote the Alcalde of San Jose to notify the citizens to make ready to march against the Indians. He said that he must have the best men under Don Antonio Bueina to go with him. Bueina was always one of the important men of San Jose, and besides he had a great tract of land which is now a part of the Stanford university grant. Castro stayed at home but sent Capt. Santiago Estrada to lead the expedition.

The Indians were not subdued by Estrada and in December, 1839, Juan Prado Mesa, the famous Indian fighter, who long was in command of San Francisco, marched into the Tulares in the San Joaquin county valley and met Estanislao on the banks of what is now the Estanislao river. Mesa and six of his men were wounded and three were killed. It was necessary to send a second expedition to save the lives of the first. In this rescue party were 50 friendly Indians and 27 whites. The second expedition was altogeth-

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

122. GREAT INDIAN HORSE THIEVES (Continued)

er successful in putting down the redmen. In order to accomplish this one of the bloodiest massacres of early times took place. The gentile Indians were allowed to kill the warriors. Men, women and children were slaughtered. Estanislao escaped by surrendering to Father Duran of the Mission San Jose, who saved his life. Indian warfare continued with savagery until 1840. It was checked by establishing a permanent patrol between San Jose and San Juan Bautista.

123. MUSTARD INDUSTRY

The missionary fathers brought the first mustard seed to Santa Clara valley. It is the true Oriental mustard of which Jesus spoke. Probably the cross in the blossom has a mystic meaning.

Some say that the fathers sowed the mustard as a condiment because the Spanish are so fond of peppery foods. Others declare it was sown between the rancherias and the Mission Santa Clara as a shade for the soldiers in order to induce them to come to worship. Whatever the reason of its first sowing in this fertile valley mustard reseeded itself and spread over miles of the best land. The Spanish-Californian made no effort to exterminate it. On first seeing it some Sonorans imagined that mustard was sown as a crop as was the case in Sonora. They often remarked, "What a fine crop of mustard!"

James R. Lowe, the first landscape artist of San Jose, brought with him in the early fifties many varieties of seed.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

123. MUSTARD INDUSTRY (Continued)

Among other seeds was the mustard. To his amazement he found half a plain of mustard. He threw away his seed.

Mustard had become a pest. Pioneers tell me that sometimes it was 14 feet high. Squirrels nested in its branches. Commonly mustard was higher than a man on horseback. Cattle were frequently lost in the mazes of the yellow forest. Horse thieves and bandits used it as a hiding place. When the jail stood in San Fernando st. there was a jail break in which the jailer was killed. The escaping men hid in the mustard in Normal School square and made their way across the Coyote, hid in the mustard field and lost themselves in the mountains. They were never found.

It is told how James Lick, who had a beautiful garden near Agnew, punished some tourists who came to visit his flowers. Lick was very fond of his garden and after they had made a tour of his flower beds he overheard the visitors say, "I don't think that is much of a garden."

This remark so angered Lick that he said with satanic sweetness to the strangers, "I have another garden more beautiful than this. If you will come with me I'll show it to you."

He led them through narrow mustard trails and lost them in the mazes of the yellow fields. They wandered about all day and Lick had sardonic pleasure when at last toward evening the strangers found their way back to his house, a sad, weary band of tourists.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

123. MUSTARD INDUSTRY (Continued)

After the Americans came they made an effort ot get rid of mustard. In those days if an American had a disagreeable task he engaged a Chinaman to do it for him. Chinamen were employed to exterminate mustard. The Chinese worked faithfully in the mustard fields and they were the first to realize that the pest had commercial value.

The Chinese were the first mustard merchants. In the autumn when the seed ripened, in bands they went about in the mustard fields and brought their harvests to the plaza in front of old Chinatown. Here the Chinese flailed the seeds from the straw. As a result of the Chinese thrift, intelligence and industry, factories were established.

Americans profited by the example of the Chinese and saved mustard seed. They took special pains to separate it from wheat, to the great advantage of both wheat and mustard. The late Mrs. A. R. Woodhams said that all grain dealers bought mustard. Joseph Woodhams, settler of the Roble Alto ranch near Santa Clara, sold mustard at from 1 to 3 cents a pound in San Jose. He even tried to grind it into flour, but his son says that it was not a success. The flour was too sticky. After many campaigns of extermination in Santa Clara county, and after many years of methodical cultivation of the orchards, even now the first herald of spring is the canary colored carpet of mustard, fore-runner of orange poppies.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

124. ANASTASIO OR "ONE-EYE"

From the late A. R. Woodhams of the Roble Alto ranch, near Santa Clars, I learned of Anastasio. Few among the early settlers had sympathy for the Santa Clara Indians. Indians were of not much more importance than the bear or coyote. The red men vanished from the valley, and no one asked, much less cared to tell their story. They had no story; they were Indians.

Mr. Woodhams was one of those who believed that the Indians had a story. He had sympathy for them, and recalled many of their customs and guessed at their thoughts.

Mr. Woodhams talked interestingly of Anastasio or "One Eye," who was the leader of the 30 Christian Indians that in 1850 settled north of the Homestead rd., on the edge of the Trenough ranch, later called the Judson ranch. In those days the Indians had their "shelters". Mr. Woodhams said one would hardly call the Indian "wickiups" cabins, or their "temescal" on the bank of Quito creek, which at that time spread out and was lost on the Trenough ranch. With the years the Quito creek, like the Calavasses creek and the San Tomas, has worn deeper channels. Now they make their way to the bay.

Anastasio and his wife had the best shelter of all Indians. Mr. Woodhams said Anastasio had but one eye; his nickname came from this deficiency. Anastasio also had a finger crippled. Mr. Woodhams inquired of Anastasio about its loss. The Indian said that when in his youth he escaped from the Mission Santa Clara to

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

124. ANASTASIO OR "ONE EYE" (Continued)

his people in the San Joaquin valley the mayor domo of the mission beat him, his hands tied behind his back, until his finger was crippled. Anastasio had no resentment. Rather was he proud of being a Christian Indian. When his corn or squash did not grow he said that it was because he did not pray enough. Even from his meager earnings he gave to the church at Santa Clara.

Mr. Woodhams spoke Spanish, and so, he was able to communicate with Anastasio, who had learned Spanish. For that reason Mr. Woodhams found it easy to employ the Indians who did not like to work for settlers that spoke a strange language. Mr. Woodhams said the Indians were excellent workers. He paid them $3 or $4 a day.

"I don't know what we should have done without them. We always had from one to six working for us. They could do well any kind of farm work. Even the women used to come and sort potatoes. After the harvest the women went about and gleaned the fields for heads of wheat. Of this they made flour, but they cleaned it so nicely, without a weed or straw, that we were often glad to buy it for seed wheat. If they had been educated and looked after the Indians would have been as fit for civilization as anyone. As it was they really had no homes. They thought they were entitled to live anywhere, and could never understand why they weren't. They were picked on and driven from place to place. Some of them took to drink. They went into town, and I doubt whether any are left.

"Anastasio died before the others went away from the Trenough ranch. While he lived, once a year the San Joaquin Indians came on

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

124. ANASTASIO OR "ONE EYE" (Continued)

foot or horseback to visit him and his followers. Then there was a feast. Anastasio, his wife, and the others all went over to the coast, Pescadero and Santa Cruz, to gather shells. They admired very much abalone shells. When they came back they worked hard polishing the shells with stones. Sometimes they cut the abalone into squares and wove the bits into baskets with topknots of quails. They made considerable money by selling polished shells, bows and arrows and moccasins.

"When Anastasio grew old he hobbled about with a stick. He used to come to our house, and my wife frequently gave him a meal. Always when he entered he said 'Adios,' which means good-bye, but he thought that it meant 'Good morning.' Then he took the first chair he could find and removed his hat. Finally Anastasio came no more. One morning his wife sent word to me that he was dead. She said she wished I would bury him in a box in the Santa Clara cemetery.

"I made a rough box and took it over to Anastasio's hut. His widow didn't speak Spanish, and so, I could not talk with her, but I could see that she felt bad. Christianity hadn't touched her very much, and she gave Anastasio a splendid Indian burial. She wrapped him in the finest big black bearskin I have ever seen. In the box with Anastasio's body she put his bows, arrows, baskets and moccasins. I took Anastasio down to the church. His widow was too feeble to go, but a half dozen of his friends walked with

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

124. ANASTASIO OR "ONE EYE" (Continued)

me. Prayers were said over him in the church. The father buried him in the cemetery.

"A few days later an Indian came to me with six chickens from Anastasio's widow. The chickens were a present to me because I had buried her husband. I sent back word to her that I didn't want the chickens. I buried Anastasio because I felt friendly toward him. A short time afterward the Indian came back with a black bearskin, smaller than the one Anastasio was buried in, but otherwise just like it. I didn't want to hurt her feelings, and so, I kept the bearskin till it was worn out. That wrinkled old crone had feelings just like anyone else. Anastasio's widow grieved herself to death before the year was over. That and all other things showed me that the Indians are little different from us."

125. VIOLENT DEATHS

In reading the book of deaths and baptisms in the library of the University of Santa Clara I found interesting accounts of the last moments of some of those who came to violent deaths after the Americans came. In the earliest records few violent deaths are recorded. Not until the 40s do they appear.

The first men ever lynched in Santa Clara county were William Campbell, Matthew Freer and David Allen Davis. They were hanged in the plaza, or City Hall park, Dec. 19, 1848. Their crime was murder and robbery. It is shown in the book of baptisms that after these men were sentenced they asked for baptism. Father

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

125. VIOLENT DEATHS (Continued)

Real, the last Franciscan at the Mission Santa Clara, baptized them and administered the sacrament. He recorded that they"died a truly Catholic death." In their final moments the only friend to these American ill-doers was a Spanish priest.

In the book of burials are written by Father Salari and Father Nobili words which showed how deep was their indignation against the committee of safety which lynched Demasio Berreyessa from an oak tree at Tenth and William sts. in 1851. The record is as follows: "On July 21, 1851, there was buried in the holy ground of this mission outside of the town the corpse of Demasio Berreyessa. He was hanged by 12 or more malefactors or assassins. Under the seal of the law, violating every natural and civil law, they made themselves judges, executioners and murderers of the unfortunate. Although Berreyessa asked for a priest, he was denied even this consolation, which is granted to the worst criminal."

It has generally been thought that Berreyessa was innocent of shooting the squatter, Alexander McClure. Berreyessa's brother, who fled to Mexico, was the man declared guilty of taking the life of the American who was endeavoring to take from him his land.

The burial is recorded of Jose Sunol, son of Don Antonio Sunol. He was interred at Santa Clara Mar. 8, 1855, in the presence of a large crowd. "He was killed instantly by the gunshot of an American." Several times I have heard from Spanish Californians how Sunol one day rode to his ranch, and his horse brought him

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

125. VIOLENT DEATHS (Continued)

back dead to his young wife. Sunol was supposed to have been murdered by a squatter.

126. MISSION SAN JOSE IN 40s

The Mission San Jose used to be in Santa Clara county. A ledger of the Mission San Jose during the year 1837 is now in the library at the University of Santa Clara. From its pages I was able to learn something of the economic life of the time at that delightful spot. From conversation with the late Mrs. Mattie Reed Lewis, who lived at the Mission San Jose in the summer of 1847 with her parents, Mr. and Mrs. James Frazier Reed, I am able still better to visualize that period.

James Frazier Reed's first business venture in California was renting on shares the two mission orchards, one at Santa Clara, the other at the Mission San Jose. His contract with Father Real gave him the first year one-quarter of the fruit and the second year one-half.

After the hideous preceding winter in the snows at Truckee lake Mrs. Lewis had an enchanting memory of the Mission San Jose. At that time she said the mission was fenced by prickly pear. The Reeds camped in the orchard, but Father Real gave them permission when the rains came to use one room in the mission. This apartment had during the war of the previous year been used as a prison for Mr. Josiah Belden.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

126. MISSION SAN JOSE IN 40s (Continued)

Mrs. Reed said the Reeds cooked on the veranda with army lamps on their kettles. The kettles swung over the fire from a crane. Mrs. Reed delighted the Spaniards by making quince preserves with pinoche.

At that time the fig trees at the Mission San Jose were of the size of sycamores. The fruit was black. There were great quantities of tomatoes, figs, grapes and pears with rusty coats.

With a sickle Mr. Reed cut wild oats and on a bed of these he dried fruit. Mrs. Reed said the grapes were so full of sugar that when dried they were like raisins.

In champagne baskets Mr. Reed shipped dried and fresh fruits to Mr. Parker, a commission merchant in San Francisco. In an old letter of her father's Mrs. Lewis found where he suggested to Parker that a few baskets of grapes be placed on the sidewalk for hungry people to eat free. Mr. Parker's reply showed lack of appreciation of the suggestion. Where, asked he, would be his profit should he give away grapes in San Francisco?

Mrs. Lewis recalled the Reeds' milpas, or vegetable garden, at the Mission San Jose. The seeds were obtained from a man-of-war in San Francisco. The work in the garden was done by the Indians.

At the time Mrs. Lewis lived at the Mission Father Real frequently came to say mass. He was an old man, very fair, with a gentle manner and a graceful way of speaking English. Not many Spanish Californians lived in the vicinity, and so, service at the

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

126. MISSION SAN JOSE IN 40s (Continued)

mission was attended mostly by Indians.

127. FIRST ANNULLED MARRIAGE IN SANTA CLARA

Mrs. Adelina Patron, who was born more than 80 years ago opposite the convent, recently showed me her mother's black wedding mantilla embroidered with brilliant flowers. It was worn on Mar. 25, 1846, when Maria La Cruz Pinto became the bride of Felipe Gongorra Patron. It was the gift, according to the Spanish custom of the bridegroom to the bride. Mrs. Patron does not wish to sell the mantilla, and so, she seldom shows it, lest she be tempted to part with the garment to some collector.

Our looking at the shawl revived a great romance in the Spanish-Californian world. Mr. Patron had been married before, and his wife was still alive and filled with regret at his second marriage. It was shocking, unheard of. Divorce was unknown among the Californians. Why had they become as bad as the Mormons or Americans? Spanish-Californians tell me that it was generally believed among their people that all Americans were Mormons.

It was Oct. 22, 1844, that Felipe Gongorra Patron and that charming young widow, Natividad Higuerra Garcia, committed their great sin of marriage in the church at Santa Clara. They were first cousins, but it was not generally known. They were rapturously happy, too happy. Soon it became talked about that they were first cousins and it reached the ears of Father Vasquez Mercado, who had performed the ceremony. The father was indignant

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

127. FIRST ANNULLED MARRIAGE IN SANTA CLARA (Continued)

that he had been deceived. He took testimony in the matter. He consulted the bishop. He summoned the bride and groom. Yes, they were first cousins. There was no denying the relationship. The decree of the authorities of the church was that the young people must separate, they were not man and wife, they never could be. They had deceived the father.

The bride and groom could not believe that Father Mercado was in earnest. No, they must separate, their marriage was no marriage. The groom protested vigorously. He was ordered to Sonoma in exile. He was told that he could never marry. Before he left the father gave the sinners an historic punishment.

In the church at Santa Clara, where the young people had wed, they were compelled to dress in white in public, to eat grass before the altar, to impress upon their minds that they had fallen as low as animals.

Then the groom was exiled. Some said it was unlucky to marry a widow. Some said that it was a terrible sin to love so much that you would deceive the priest. In the book of marriages at Santa Clara is the record of the marriage, and the simple note made by Father Mercado of the discovery of the concealed impediment to the union and that the bishop had ordered the annullment.

Before two years passed a great change took place at Santa Clara. Father Mercado clashed with the state, was banished by the government. In Bancroft's history it states that Jose Pico, brother

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

127. FIRST ANNULLED MARRIAGE IN SANTA CLARA (Continued)

of Alcalde Maria Antonio Pico, went with several men to Santa Clara, took by force the father and sent him to Mexico. Father Real succeeded him.

Two years later, on Mar. 25, 1846, Felipe Gongorra Patron married Maria La Cruz Pinto, so says the record. Their daughter has the bride's mantilla. The first wife married an American, John Jacobs, and lived in Sacramento.

"But," said Mrs. Patron, "though my father and his first wife re-married they were always friends till death."

128. ALCALDE GOVERNMENT

After the American occupation of San Jose in 1846 Captain John Burton, a merchant, who had a store near the southwest corner of the plaza, became the first American alcalde. He had married Senorita Ramona and after her death, Senorita Juana Galindo, and so, he was much liked by the Spanish-Californians.

Hardly more popular choice could have been made than Burton, but he was too wise to assume all the responsibility of government. He appointed 12 men to assist him. Their names were confirmed by the assembly. This committee was equally divided into the English-speaking members and the Spanish-Californians. The English speaking men were William Fisher, Isaac Branham, Captain Hanks, Charles White, J. W. Weeks and Grove C. Cook. The Spanish-Californians were Don Antonio Sunol, Jose Noriega, Feliz Buenal, Jose Fernandez, Delores Pacheco and Salvador Castro.

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

128. ALCALDE GOVERNMENT (Continued)

These men laid off the pueblo into lots, blocks, squares and streets. They fixed the size of lots as 150 x 150. They ordered that these lots should be worth more than $12.50 each. They declared that one person might own four lots, or one block, and no more. They decreed that the purchaser of such a lot should fence it or erect thereon a house, on or before 12 months from the time of purchase. Otherwise it would be confiscated by the peublo.

They did away with tules and grass for roofs. This was to protect the pueblo from fire. They had the pueblo surveyed by William Campbell. Campbell received $1.50 for surveying each block.

After Captain Burton, James W. Weeks was appointed alcalde. Weeks was an English sailor, who thrived on a whaling vessel with the earliest settlers. After Weeks, Charles White became aldalde. Weeks was suspended from office by Governor Mason because he had sold some pueblo lands and had set apart a section for a school. Mason informed Weeks that any disposal made by him of public lands was void. After Charles White came Kimble H. Dimmick as alcalde.

There exists in the county clerk's office today records of the alcaldes' courts which mirror the life of that time. December 11, 1847, Juan Hernandez complained that Francisco Rochin came to his house, forced the door, threw it upon the ground, took a fire brand in his hand, ran the Indians out of the house and abused him and his family. This judgment was "concluded and satisfied."

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

128. ALCALDE GOVERNMENT (Continued)

Pedro Sainsevain complained before Alcalde Weeks that Antonio Mario Pico called him a "trifling vagabond". Sansevain asked that he might not be more molested. The alcalde fined Pico 50 cents and costs.

Ricardo Higuera complained that Juan Gonzales stabbed him while playing cards at Lightston and Weber's. The alcalde fined Gonzales $10 for the cost of cure and $4.50 beside.

Harry Bee brought suit in 1847 against Michael Murray because while resisting arrest at the hand of Bee, who was the Alguazil, Murray followed him into the court house and struck him, damaging his person to the sum of $50, and his pistol and guns to the same amount.

Bee compromised when Murray agreed to repair the pistols and guns.

Because Isidro Higuerra took his mother's horse and sold it to Edward Pyle, he was sentenced to 25 lashes on the bare back. At that time horse stealing was very common and men had not begun to pay for it with their lives.

Jose Ramon Briones received 50 lashes for stealing a horse. An Indian was sentenced to work three years on public improvements for horse stealing. Jose Antonio was found guilty of stealing horses from Mr. Murphy. He was fined $40. His godfather, Jose Moreno, paid the fine. Evidently the alcalde was displeased by the payment and so he sentenced Antonio to "50 lashes on the

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

128. ALCALDE GOVERNMENT (Continued)

back, well laid on."

An Indian was sentenced to six years' labor on the public works for murdering another Indian.

A suit which even today rises almost to the dignity of respectable crime is one in which Commodore Robert Stockton accused General Naglee of taking and selling 130 head of meat cattle and converting them into money for his own use. The cattle were taken from the Stockton ranch. The jury could not decide which of these two important citizens was right. Finally, it was arranged that the commodore should pay the costs and the general should give him $1417.

This form of alcalde government existed till San Jose was incorporated as a city by the first legislature. Then there was elected a mayor and a town council.

129. PAINTER DAVILA

Precisely who Painter Davila was is not known. According to late Miss Encarnacion Pinedo of Santa Clara, who wrote and published an article about 30 years ago in a California magazine, a man named Davila painted the murals at the Mission Santa Clara. Miss Pinedo was the daughter of the late Lorenzo Pinedo, who in 1846, erected the first frame house in Santa Clara. The Misses Fitts of this city are nieces of Miss Pinedo, who was a very devout Catholic. All her life was passed at Santa Clara near the

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

129. PAINTER DAVILA (Continued)

mission. Indeed she seemed part of the church. The late Zoeth Eldridge, the historian, knew her. He told me that Miss Pinedo's memory was most accurate, and also that she was one of his best authorities on Spanish Californian history. To him her death was a great loss.

Only in the article by Miss Pinedo have I found any mention of the name of the painter of the murals, and she did not give his first name. That painter Davila was alive in the year 1837 is proved by an old account book of the Mission San Jose which recorded that in that year there he made purchases of considerable value.

In the book of deaths there is no record of the name Davila. In the book of baptisms it is recorded that Don Joseph Davila was godfather Jan. 16, 1782 to an Indian boy Bernardo of the Rancheria San Jose. Again Davila appears in the book of marriage.

In this volume I found that Don Joseph Davila, surgeon of the settlement of San Jose, Jan. 7, 1782, in the church of Santa Clara married Maria Encarnacion, spinster, legitimate daughter of Isidro de Castro at that time a soldier at the mission. The Rev. Father Murguia performed the ceremony and he veiled the couple. The witnesses were Manuel Higuera and Joseph Miguel Silva. Surgeon Davila was a widower. No children are known to have been born of the union. Painter Davila may have been a son

129. PAINTER DAVILA (Continued)

of Surgeon Davila by his first marriage or Painter and Surgeon may have been the same man.

The only painting by Davila in San Jose is one in the possession of Mrs. de Narvaez Cantua of South San Jose. It is about 30 x 40 inches, a picture of San Juan Bautista. It came to Mrs. Cantua from her father, Dolores de Narvaez, who owned the ranch San Juan Bautista on the Almaden rd.. Don Dolores received it from his father, Don Augustin, who in the twenties was alcalde of San Jose. On San Juan Bautista Day the painting was always proudly carried by Don Dolores to Santa Clara, where for many years it played an important part in festivities. Don Dolores was mounted on his finest horse, the animal draped in brilliantly embroidered red and green shawls. The painting is the oldest done by a San Jose artist.

What became of Painter Davila can only be guessed. No record of his death appears. Probably after the Spanish fathers left and the Mexicans secularized the missions Davila departed.

130. FIRST LEGAL HANGING FOR GRAND LARCENY IN COUNTY

Teodor Basques was the first man legally hanged for grand larceny in Santa Clara county. In the columns of the Weekly Visitor I found an account of the various steps of the proceedings. In the latter part of the year 1851 Basques was sentenced to death by Judge Redman for stealing a horse.

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

130. FIRST LEGAL HANGING FOR GRAND LARCENY IN COUNTY (Cont'd.)

When Basques was sentenced he said that he conformed to the provisions of the sentence, but he requested the audience to have pity on his wife and to contribute to her support. Then he asked for pen, ink and paper that he might write to his brother. Later he was taken to the county jail by the sheriff to await his doom.

It is evident that there was considerable effort made to prevent the death sentence being carried out. Basques himself made a confession of many small thefts, implicating others, hoping for commutation of his sentence. A petition was circulated among the citizens of San Jose and a good many names were obtained.

Confessions and petitions for executive clemency were in vain. On Friday, Jan. 30, 1852, Besques was executed. Apparently he was little affected by approaching death. With much composure he went to the scaffold. Just before the black cap blinded him he spoke for nearly half an hour. He advised his friends and all others to take heed of his early and ignominious end and to lead honest and upright lives. In five minutes after he fell, no signs of life were visible.

The Visitor commented that the sheriff and other officers on this occasion performed their melancholy duty in a most exemplary manner.

In November, 1852, there was another interesting execution. Ramon Moreno was executed for grand larceny. Justice in those days

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

131. FIRST LEGAL HANGING FOR GRAND LARCENY IN COUNTY (Cont'd.)

was very thorough in its methods. Moreno was convicted of grand larceny and sentenced to death. He was also convicted of assault with a deadly weapon and sentenced to serve three years.

They didn't wait for Moreno to serve his three years, but hanged him right away.

Moreno protested to the last that he was innocent. He said that he wanted to pay his debts and asked all his creditors to come forward and receive full payment from him.

131. DANCERS OF FORTIES AND FIFTIES

A pair of tiny white satin slippers sent me whirling back to the old Spanish balls at which they were worn by the late Mrs. Trinidad Garcia Parr, who lived in San Fernando st. Mrs. Parr was the sister of the late Mrs. Secundino Robles. Both sisters were famous as dancers in the Spanish California world of the 40s and 50s.

Mrs. Parr was always remarked for her delicate coloring, her small feet and her waist measuring precisely 18 inches, as well for being able to dance with a bowl of water on her head without spilling a drop. Santa Clara, Santa Cruz (the Villa de Branciforte), San Jose and Monterey knew her grace and loveliness and applauded and called for "our beauty" when she entered a ball room. Once in the customs house at Monterey, with her partner, she danced for half an hour without ceasing and caused the elegant Montereyans to cheer and throw their sombreros upon her head, serapes upon her

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

131. DANCING OF FORTIES AND FIFTIES (Continued)

shoulders and cast gold at her feet. Sometimes the fairy feet in the tiny white satin slippers, treasured in her trunk, brought her $50 in a night. It was on one of those occasions that the young Englishman, Charles Parr, came, saw and was conquered.

Years did not stiffen Mrs. Parr's muscles, lessen her grace , nor diminish her poise. When I met her she was 89. Yet only nine years before at a birthday fiesta for her old friend, Don Rosita Aceves, held at Almaden, conversation turned on the old days when with a bowl of water on her head Dona Trinidad danced and never spilled a drop of water nor missed a beat of the music.

"Can you still dance?" they cried to Dona Trinidad.

Spanish music was strummed. In an instant she was on her feet, a bowl of water was on her head, and at 80 Dona Trinidad was dancing in the old way of the 40s.

"Long live the wonderful old lady!" cried young Spanish Californians.

Even Dona Trinidad at 89, waltzed with her grandsons, but for American dancing with its jumping, hopping and queer steps, she had only good-natured amusement.

Mrs. Parr's sister, Maria Antonia Robles, wife of Secundino, was the mother of 29 children. At the age of 70 she still danced.

Another dancer of Mrs. Parr's youth who won applause whenever she appeared, was Candelaria Gongorra of Santa Clara.

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

131. DANCING OF FORTIES AND FIFTIES (Continued)

Sometimes she danced two hours without stopping. Senorita Candelaria used to dance with a dagger sharpened like a razor tight to each ankle. Never once did she cut herself.

132. SPANISH-GRINGO ROMANCE

One of the causes of friction between the Spanish-Californians and the American men was that the senorita like the blue-eyed and fair-haired Gringo. Among the Spaniards themselves blue eyes and fair skin are often spoken of as the mark of beauty, while among the light races dark eyes and black hair are admired. So in northern, as well as in southern California, were many Spanish-Gringo romances.

One of the earliest of these was that between a young widow, Refugio Bernal Garcia, and William Matthews, an American who put the first shingles on St. Joseph's church. Matthews landed from a sailing vessel in southern California when Gringos were rarely seen. He often spoke of the trick played on him by Spanish boys. They said that prickly pears were good to eat. Matthews ate them, and it was long before he extricated the thorns from his flesh. In revenge he said he carried off one of the Spanish girls.

Matthews came to San Jose in the 40's and he fell in love with Refugio Bernal Garcia. Mrs. Garcia was a young widow, daughter of Jose Bernal, who lived back of the present city hall. The Bernals were horrified that their daughter should think of

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

132. SPANISH-GRINGO ROMANCE (Continued)

marrying a Gringo. They forbade her to see him, but love laughed at parental authority. The young widow became betrothed to Matthews, and he was a Protestant.

The fathers of Santa Clara were consulted. Could Refugio marry a Gringo, and a Protestant? The fathers wisely never stood in the way of marriages. Matthews could not be cured of being a Gringo, but he could be made into a Catholic by baptism. Then the American would be fit to be the husband of the widow. The fathers told Matthews that baptism would wipe away all his sins.

Matthew had been a sailor and a soldier, and he felt that he had sins to get rid of. He was promptly baptised at Santa Clara. Maximo Martinez was his sponsor. Then the fathers told Matthews that before he could marry Mrs. Garcia he must confess. This Matthews refused to do. The Bernals were happy; the Gringo marriage was at a standstill.

But love does not stand still. Matthews heard of a priest at Sonoma, it was said, who would marry him and Refugio Bernal Garcia without demanding a confession. Mrs. Matthews' daughter, Mrs. Soto, who lives in 23rd street, says that her father's journey to Sonoma was planned by her grandparents and General Vallejo to break off the marriage.

No sooner did William Matthews arrive in Sonoma than he was arrested and thrown into jail by General Vallejo. At last the lover was locked up.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

132. SPANISH-GRINGO ROMANCE (Continued)

But young Matthews was a resourceful Yankee. He sent a messenger to an American man-of-war lying in the harbor at Yerba Buena. The American commander interceded for Matthews, and he was released from the Sonoma jail. By this time Matthews realized that he could only have the young widow by confession. He told all his sins to the priest at Sonoma. Refugio Bernal Garcia journeyed northward and there married William Matthews.

133. TRAILING VALENCIA

Much has been written about the hanging of Antonio Valencia, who in 1847 killed Edward Pyle, "Grandpa" Pyle, and the uncle of the late John Pyle, the president of the Pioneers. Historians have never been quite clear as to how Valencia was revealed as Pyle's murderer.

The late Mrs. Elizabeth McCracken gave the only first-hand account obtained by me as to how Valencia was discovered and hanged. She said that at the time of his death, her uncle, Edward, was 28. The previous year he had married Mary Ann Graves, the school teacher. He owned half of the property on the McKee rd. that later belonged to Mr. John Pyle. In 1848 he went to look for some lost cattle. His seeking on his way home took him to the Valencia rodeo. There was a good-natured race, which ended in Pyle's horse breaking his leg. Pyle started homeward, his saddle on his back. Valencia overtook him, it is claimed, and killed him.

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

133. TRAILING VALENCIA (Continued)

For two years or more the murder was undiscovered. About 1850, "Grandpa" Pyle was mining in the Tuolumne river country. While there Mr. Pyle was told that a Spaniard working near him had killed an American at San Jose. Immediately "Grandpa" Pyle suspected that the American was his son. He found an interpreter, Mr. Belcher. Then he took a pistol and said to the Spaniard, "I will blow your heart out if you don't tell me about killing my son."

"Mr. Pyle, I didn't kill your boy," replied the Spaniard. "But if you will spare my life I will go with you to San Jose and lead you to the man who did."

John Pyle, son of "Grandpa" Pyle, fastened the Spaniard by a riata to a horse -- there were no handcuffs in those days -- and brought the man to San Jose.

Mrs. McCracken, Mrs. Whiteman's daughter, recalled seeing him arrive, and the dread that John Pyle's silence aroused in the family. Mrs. Mary Ann Pyle, looking at the stranger, said: "That man killed my husband."

Mrs. Whiteman, half believing, said: "Oh, no."

John Pyle said nothing. He opened the stair door, told the Spaniard to go upstairs and sent for some Americans to guard him. That night John and some of his friends went out to the Valencia ranch and found that the 19-year-old boy had not escaped. They did not attempt to capture him till the following day, when the sheriff and his officers placed him under arrest.

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

133. TRAILING VALENCIA (Continued)

The Pyles and evidently the sheriff did not trust jails, for Valencia was brought to the Whiteman home and placed in a room downstairs. The Spaniard, who had betrayed Valencia, did not want him upstairs. Mrs. McCracken recalled how Valencia looked when he arrived. He wore a serape over his shoulders, and he used the serape to conceal his face.

The Valencia boy confessed immediately to the alcalde, the sheriff and the Pyles. He was glad to be arrested. Every night for two years he had gone to Pyle's grave. Every night he had been haunted by his memory of Edward Pyle struggling up the hill on his hands and knees, his tongue thrust out. With John Pyle, Valencia went to find the dead man. With them they took a coffin. They found some of Pyle's bones in Babb's gulch on the Mount Hamilton road where he had been thrown by Valencia after his death.

All the few days of life remaining to Valencia, - Mrs. McCracken thought it was about two weeks, he lived with the sheriff's consent at the Whiteman residence. Valencia was found guilty before Judge Dominick and sentenced to be hanged. Mrs. McCracken said that Julio Valencia, the boy's father, several times rode past the Whiteman house, but he made no effort to enter. The last night before his death Valencia was taken to the jail.

It was the second sentence of hanging in San Jose, and to the Spanish people it was very horrible, more horrible than death itself. The Valencias and their relatives came to the Pyle's, Mrs.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

133. TRAILING VALENCIA (Continued)

McCracken said, and begged them to shoot Antonio or burn him at the stake, anything but the horrible newly introduced American custom of hanging. "Grandpa" Pyle and the Pyle brothers had suffered terribly over the loss of their relative, and so, they said they would have no pity on his murderer. He must hang.

In a wagon Antonio Valencia was taken to the plaza. A rope was put around his neck and thrown over the extemporized scaffold. The horses were driven out from under him, and it was all over. A considerable crowd, including several members of the Pyle family, were present at the execution.

Mrs. McCracken said that more than Valencia the Pyles blame the boy's uncle, Anastasio Chaboya, who Valencia declared had advised him to do Edward Pyle to death for fear that the Americans would punish him for injuring Pyle's horse. Chaboya was confined in the county jail, but the Americans were so afraid that he would escape that two different "lynching bees" were organized to hang Chaboya, but always something went wrong. Chaboya was set free by Judge Hester, who declared that he refused to convict on dead evidence, though Valencia's testimony had been taken before he died. Shortly afterward Anastasio Chaboya was found hanging to a tree. Mrs. McCracken said no one ever knew who lynched him.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

134. FIRST AMERICAN MARRIAGE

The first American people to be married in San Jose were Miss Eliza Williams and Thomas Fulmer. The marriage took place in 1847, and Alcalde Burton performed the ceremony. The event was an important one socially, and the William Whitemans, who were then living in a tent while their new redwood residence was in building, offered their abode for the occasion. The Whitemans had come across the plains from Missouri in this tent. The late Mrs. McCracken, the Whiteman's daughter, spoke of it as a "brush shanty". Indeed the sides of it were of brush, but the tent covered the roof.

Miss Eliza Williams had been a member of the Donner party. Thomas Fulmer was working for the James Reeds, who had rented a pear orchard from the fathers at the Mission San Jose. The early American settlers call it "St. Joe Mission."

The wedding guests came to the Whitemans driven by ox teams. All the Americans gathered for the occasion, the Reeds, the Branhams, the Pyles, the Graves, the Jones.

The bride wore a calico dress, and the groom wore jeans. After the ceremony the James Reeds invited the guests to the "infare", an old-fashioned name for a supper. It was some distance to the Mission San Jose, but 12 miles after a journey across the plains from Missouri seemed nothing to the settlers. All started gaily, drawn by oxen.

The bridal chamber at the Mission San Jose was a tent under a pear tree, and the fun loving guests shook the pears

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

134. FIRST AMERICAN MARRIAGE (Continued)

down upon the tent of the newly married couple. The groom finally lost his temper, and audibly remarked that "there wasn't a gentleman in the crowd except John Cross, and he was a ____ fool."

But Tom Fuller did not mean his severity. He half expected these very pranks. In those days it was the custom among Americans to follow brides and grooms to their first abiding place with bells and horns. It was a way of expressing good-will.

135. COMMITTEE ON SAFETY

Recently I passed a morning with the file of the Visitor, later the Register, the first newspaper in San Jose. This journal is one of the few existing authentic mirrors of life in the early 50's, and from the Visitor I gathered unusual occurrences of that time.

Because he was charged with having stolen a calf, Manuel Trout, January 8, 1852, was tied to a tree by a committee of indignant citizens in San Jose and struck on the head with a stick. An investigation of the matter was made by Judge Shearer. It was shown that Trout was innocent of the crime. He had bought the cow of Fluencia Salisa. Trout brought suit for $10,000 damages against the citizens.

Theodore Basquez was legally executed in the plaza January 30, 1852, for grand larceny. He had stolen a mule from the Rancho Pacheco.

March 29, 1853, an advertisement by James Alexander Forbes

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

135. COMMITTEE ON SAFETY (Continued)

warned the people not to buy the Rancho de Tito, owned by the late Ignacio Alviso.

June 14, 1853, an advertisement announced that "Mrs. C. Perkins, fashionable dressmaker, respectfully informs the ladies of San Jose that she has opened rooms for carrying on the dress-making business on Market street on the plaza."

Another advertisement in 1852 says that an "Evening school for English, French and Spanish is opened under the direction of Mr. Miribelle, near the Botica del Pueblo (the first drug store) on Market street and Santa Clara."

About the same time it is announced that the San Jose Academy will receive pupils. It was under the direction of the Rev. E. Bannister, Mr. Aram, James Reed, J. D. Hoppe, Isaac Branham, A Vestal, G. B. Tingley and C. P. Hester.

On November 25, 1852, the old newspaper was printed with a margin of mourning. The large head-lines said "Daniel Webster Is Dead."

At that time there were many mud holes in Santa Clara street and the editor clamored for $500 to be spent in filling mud holes.

A delightful advertisement was inserted several times after December 12, 1851, by Ex-Governor Peter H. Burnett, "Old Fanny is gone." "Old Fanny" was the favorite horse of Burnett's , and the governor and his family were so disturbed by her loss that they

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

135. COMMITTEE ON SAFETY (Continued)

that they were most affectionately concerned for "Old Fanny." There is no way of knowing whether she was ever found.

One man, Ramon Moreno, especially aroused the indignation of the community by his crime of larceny. He was sentenced both to be sent to prison and to be hanged. His hanging occurred December 2, 1852, in the presence of women and men. Before he died he stepped forward and said in Spanish that he wished anyone to whom he owed money would come to the prison door to be paid.

In March, 1852, Judge Arthur Shearer advertised for information concerning the discovery of a dead man "found a few miles from the city. His pantaloons are of faded casinett, broad fall style of 1831. His head may be seen by calling at my office."

At that time $1000 reward was offered for information concerning Pedro Montamayor, wanted for murder. He was described as a Castillian with dark eyes. He wore a dark green broadcloth coat with fancy gilt buttons, black hat and black pantaloons and scarlet sash. Today this is hardly a costume that a criminal would choose to wear while in hiding, but that was in the old time.

136. THE FIRST HANGING

To the Spanish-Californians hanging seemed a peculiarly American brutality. They themselves shot wrongdoers. The Americans on the other hand thought the Spanish bull fights brutal, and they passed laws against the sport.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

136. THE FIRST HANGING (Continued)

Soon after the arrival of Americans in the state came that good old British institution hanging. In 1847 there were few English-speaking persons in San Jose. They were John Burton, William Fisher, Julian Hanks, William Guilnac, Pedro Sansevain, Thomas Bowen, James W. Weeks, Harry Bee, James Stokes, Charles M. Weber, Frank Lightstone, John M. Murphy, Peter Davidson, Grove Cook, Julius Martin and Charles White. The English-speaking women were Mrs. Martin, Mrs. Cook and Mrs. White.

In 1848 the English-speaking population in California increased enormously. General Bidwell had taken the news of the discovery of gold to San Francisco. There was a great rush to the mines. Desperate characters were everywhere. Prospectors were held up on their way to and from the mines. Each day depredations became bolder.

The culminating crime was when a German prospector was killed on his way to the mines. His partner escaped alive and brought the news to San Jose. One hundred dollars were offered for the arrest of each of the murderers, Harry Bee, one of the oldest settlers, an Englishman with a Spanish wife, had been the alguazil, a combination of sheriff, constable and police officer. Bee raised a posse consisting of Peter Quivy, Isaac Branham, Charles White and Samuel Young. They decoyed six men, Lee Wollard, Cotton, Freer, Campbell and Davis into Bee's store in the Lightston building and arrested them. The men were placed in jail guarded by citizens.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

136. THE FIRST HANGING (Continued)

Days later the men were brought before Alcalde Kimball H. Dimmick and tried. This trial was very brief. Cotton confessed, and Freer, Campbell and Davis were found guilty by a jury consisting of James L. Ord, Thomas Campbell, James F. Reed, Isaac Branham, F. T. West, J. Belden, James Stokes, R. C. Keys, Samuel C. Young, Thomas N. West, Julian Hanks and John Cross. Alcalde Dimmick sentenced the three men to death.

Shortly afterward the men were gaily baptized by Harry Bee, who declared himself their godfather. Bee could not preside at their hanging. John Yontz was the master of ceremonies and the scaffold was erected in the plaza. There it stood for several years. All who were inclined watched executions. Sometimes children saw them, but there were men and women on the days of public hangings who locked themselves in their houses and shuddered. This first execution was carried out in obedience to the alcalde's orders. Afterward most persons felt that the community was nearer law and order.

It cost considerable to hang three men and to keep three more imprisoned, and so after the dead men were buried at Santa Clara the alcalde ordered that the property of Campbell, Freer and Davis be sold to defray the expenses of their trial and execution.

Afterward Alcalde Dimmick applied to Colonel Mason, the American governor at Monterey, to pay the expenses of the jurors,

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

136. THE FIRST HANGING (Continued)

but Colonel Mason said that while he realized that such proceedings as those in San Jose were often necessary, the "bound of legal proceedings had been a little over-stepped," and he had no money for paying the costs.

Later Lee, Cotton and Wollard were brought to trial. The jury sentenced Wollard to the punishment of having 75 lashes on his bare back. Lee was given a month in the stocks and 58 lashes. John Cotton, who confessed, and who before he had turned highwayman had borne a good character, was fed on bread and water for a month and placed in irons for that same term. He received only 50 lashes on his bare back.

At 4 o'clock one December afternoon in 1848 the three men were whipped with a rawhide according to the judge's sentence, "in the most public place in the pueblo" - the plaza.

137. PUNISHMENT OF WOMEN

In the early days in San Jose, Spanish-Californians sometimes severely punished women. One of the most conspicuous wrong-doers before the American occupation was a woman accused of being a spy. She was suspected of giving information to the Americans in the country. This woman's name was Senora Josefa Perrez. She came from Santa Cruz, the home of so many sinners.

Josefa Perrez was tried before the alcalde. She was found guilty and sentenced to be put in stocks in the juzgado

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

137. PUNISHMENT OF WOMEN (Continued)

for a term.

One-third of the juzgado was occupied by the soldiers, one-third by the alcalde, and the rest was used as the calaboose, or jail.

In the calaboose, Josefa Perrez, the spy, was confined. Her acquaintances, who were many, there visited her, and she was an object of great curiosity, pity and indignation.

Sometimes a mild offender was punished in the stocks by having only one leg placed therein. More desperate criminals were held by both legs, and the incorrigibles had their legs and neck in the stocks. Josefa Perrez was sentenced to having two legs in the stocks. As a consequence she was compelled to receive her friends lying on the floor, her legs outstretched and bound. The Don who told me about Josefa Perrez visited her in the calaboose. On the whole he thought that Josefa's punishment did her good. After that she behaved herself and gave no more information to the Americans.

Sometimes immoral women were made to clean the streets near the plaza. That was a very different task from such work today. Before the Americans came the streets were unpaved, and the work that these women did was equivalent to cleaning rough country roads.

The priests at Santa Clara had another punishment for bad women. At the mission such offenders were locked in a small

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

137. PUNISHMENT OF WOMEN (Continued)

adobe house built for wrong-doers. Here were confined bad women of the upper class. Their work was to grind hours every day in metates of stone, not corn, but course stone. The crunching of the stones, the impossibility of breaking them, the futulity of the task, made this work not only monotonous, but nerve-racking.

138. THE PATHFINDER'S VICTIM

I went to see the late Mrs. Engracia Hernandez' wedding dress. The wedding dress was richly embroidered, beaded, beautiful in spite of the half century sinceit had been worn. But I forgot its beauty in listening to the story of the strange tragic life of the woman who had worn the gown.

Mrs. Hernandez lived in a small house in Vine st., but she was the daughter of Don Jose de los Reyes Berryessa, the discoverer of the Almaden mine. In 1846 Don Jose was shot in San Rafael by Kit Carson at the supposed suggestion of Capt. Fremont.

Mrs. Hernandez was born at the Santa Teresa ranch. Her mother was a Bernal. The lives of Mrs. Hernandez and her father, Don Jose Berryessa, covered most of California's history.

Don Jose was born in San Francisco in 1787. A man of education,-at one time he was teacher in San Jose for which he received $10 a month. Later he was secretary to Don Lewis Arguello, one of the early Spanish governors of California. For his services to Arguello, Don Jose Berryessa received the grant

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

138. THE PATHFINDER'S VICTIM (Continued)

of the San Vicente ranch near Almaden.

Directly the padres arrived at Santa Clara they heard rumors that there was a mine near Loma Prieta. The Indians always talked about it. To the fathers they brought pigment for painting their own faces, a s well as for decorating the mission at Santa Clara. A part of the mission chapel was painted with this pigment.

One of the dreams and ambitions of Spanish-Californians was to locate the mine. They thought it was on Don Jose Berryessa's ranch. In the early 20's Berryessa and Secundido Robles, the major-domo of the Santa Clara mission, and Father Jose Maria Real set out to seek the cave that the Indians said led into the mine.

For days they wandered over the mountains. Finally Don Jose Berryessa exclaimed, "I have found it, the Indian's mine." He pointed to a pile of leaves.

"That's nothing but leaves," said Father Real and Mr. Robles.

Don Jose brushed aside the leaves to convince the doubting prospectors. Right under the leaves was the opening that led to the mine. Father Real returned to Spain, but both became wealthy from the mine, but Don Jose Berryessa was never given credit for his discovery, nor did he receive any profits from finding the greatest quicksilver mine of modern times.

Don Jose Berryessa's life until its very close did not differ greatly from that of other wealthy ranchers. He reared

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

138. THE PATHFINDER'S VICTIM (Continued)

a large family of children of which the late Mrs. Engracia Fernandez of Vine st., this city, was the youngest and when I met her the only one surviving. However, in 1846 everything changed in the Berryessa family, as well as in California. Mrs. Fernandez was a very little girl in 1846, but she recalled well the last days of her father's life.

Fear of the Gringo grew rapidly in the early 40's among the Spanish Californians. As yet Gringoes had appeared in small numbers. Perhaps there were not more than 500 in the state, but always they were the black cloud in sunny California. When Captain Fremont came to explore, and when the Bears raised the flag at Sonoma the Spanish Californians knew that the storm had broken.

Don Jose's four sons, Francisco, Santiago, Jose and Ygnacio were in the thick of the struggle between the Bears and the Spanish. All had ranches near Sonoma. One was the alcalde of the town. Don Jose was anxious about his sons when a messenger brought news from the north that all four boys had been placed in jail in San Rafael by the Bears after they declared California independent. When Don Jose heard this he set out to rescue his sons.

"We were terribly frightened," said Mrs. Fernandez. "Everyone believed that the Gringoes had come to kill us all. That was nearly 80 years ago, but I remember how my father looked when he said, 'I am going to help your brothers.' He took my mother and the children in a carretta to the Santa Clara mission where he

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

138. THE PATHFINDER'S VICTIM (Continued)

left us. All the other Spanish Californians were frightened, and the women and the children huddled in the mission. My father said good-bye. The next thing we heard of him was that he was shot at San Rafael. They told us how my father had begged the Gringoes for his life. "I never did anything to hurt you. Why should you kill me?"

"But they killed him. When my mother heard the news of my father's death she fainted. Afterwards when they mentioned my father to my mother, she fainted. The Gringoes were a bloodless people. They lived on tea and potatoes. Years afterward a Gringo wanted to marry my sister, but my mother refused. The Gringoes killed your father."

141. OLD PLEASURE GARDENS

First among the pleasure gardens in San Jose in the early 50's was Prevost's garden. It was laid out by that delightful dreamer of the 50's, who is always spoken of till this day by J. Q. A. Ballou and the few survivors who knew him as Don Louis Prevost. Don Louis, as his name indicates, was a Frenchman. He came to California in 1850 and established a nursery. Soon he transformed his nursery into a beautiful garden. So gracious was he in opening it to the public that it was thronged with pioneers who had been so long away from the east that their senses were starved for a sight of flowers.

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

141. OLD PLEASURE GARDENS (Continued)

Don Louis outdid the gardens of the east. His garden was a bit of the more highly cultivated Europe, It was on the west bank of the Guadalupe, near San Carlos st., and here he grew the first La France rose ever seen in San Jose. He also introduced all the best roses of the time known in his own country. He had the newest geraniums, and the quickest growing vines. He made pretty little rustic bowers in his gardens, the joy of pioneer lovers.

This was before the San Carlos st. bridge over the Guadalupe. One crossed in a far more poetic way. A flat boat was on this side. From it a rope stretched to the other side. When one wanted to cross a man came from Don Louis' place and drew one across the river.

This was always an adventure of considerable excitement. Once in lovely garden spot any wooer really in earnest used to buy for his fair lady a boquet of Prevost's flowers. Rose geraniums, pinks and roses were much in favor. Then the next step of the earnest suitor was to lead his lady to a vine-covered bower, a most enchanting love-trap. If he knew what he was about, the lady was his. One pioneer woman told me that she became the promised bride of her late husband in Prevost's gardens. Often flowers were sold that today no florist would think of offering. A few pinks and a bit of rose geranium cost a dollar, but with them was so much French grace and courtesy that the flowers seemed cheap.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

141. OLD PLEASURE GARDENS (Continued)

After a time Don Louis Prevost lost interest in his garden. He went to Southern California where he tried to introduce silk culture. His enterprise failed, but the town of Riverside sprang up on the site of where he failed. He died in 1869.

Prevost's garden stood in Live Oak park. Here in the 50's and 60's used to come Sunday picnic parties. In 1853 the Santa Clara horticultural society was here formed. Some of the trees are still standing, but the place has been subdivided. A part of Live Oak park is now spoken of as the Prevost tract. Prevost st. was named for Don Louis.

O'Donnell's Botanical and Zooligal gardens were laid out in 1875 by William O'Donnell, near William and Tenth sts. Inspired with the great success of the Woodward gardens in San Francisco, William O'Donnell, an Irishman, thought he could achieve as great a success in San Jose. Children, large and small, liked O'Donnell's gardens very much. There were parrots, monkeys, a bear, a seal, a tiger, a coyote, and all the wild animals that Mr. O'Donnell could afford to purchase. Once his seal escaped and caused a great commotion in the town as it flapped down the streets before it was captured.

At O'Donnell's gardens there was a merry-go-round drawn by a horse. It was as much enjoyed by the children of the 70's as any steam merry-go-round of today. O'Donnell's gardens lasted

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

141. OLD PLEASURE GARDENS (Continued)

but a few years. San Jose was not large enough to support a toy Woodward's garden.

In the 70's most popular of all the outdoor places of amusement were the San Jose Pleasure gardens. They were at the point where the Guadalupe and the Los Gatos come together. They were kept by Mr. Hoffman, a brother-in-law of Rudolph Hoelbe, who was one of the leading men in the fire department. Every Sunday here were fireworks. There was boating on the river. This place was especially popular among the French and Germans. After the Franco-Prussian war the peace celebration took place at Hoffman's.

However, with time Hoffman's passed into other hands. It was owned by a Frenchman whose nickname was "Socrates". Life was free and easy. Riotous picnics there occurred. San Franciscans bent on excitement and pleasure came in hordes on Sunday. These picnics demanded the full force of the police department. Picknickers fought all the way to the station, and once on the car threw the cushions out of the car windows. These picnics were only ended by a city ordinance forbidding their taking place.

Cook's grove, near Santa Clara, was also a pleasure garden. It was kept by Grove Cook. One of the great charms of the spot was that there was supposed to be a bottomless lake on the place. All sorts of ghost stories were told about the lake. Fish were sometimes taken from the water, and this gave rise to the belief that there was a deep underground connection between the lake and

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

141. OLD PLEASURE GARDENS (Continued)

the bay. It was even said that in the early days of the Santa Clara mission the bay came as far as the lake and that boats used to land there. In the 50's and 60's at Cook's grove camp meetings were held. In the early days convent girls used to walk to the grove and feast on the delicious strawberries sold by Cook for 5 cents and served in a big cabbage leaf. Mr. Cook for several years had summer boarders from San Francisco, They lived at what was called Deep Spring cottage. In later years part of the charm of Cook's grove departed. The lake was filled, and it was discovered that it had a bottom and it was not very deep.

142. DENNIS MARTIN'S INDIAN JIM

"JAMES MARTIN," he was registered at the Santa Clara county infirmary, where he passed his last days and where a blind weak old man he lived for years. In reality, James Martin was Dennis Martin's Indian Jim. Everyone in Searsville knew Indian Jim. As a little boy he was brought to the Dennis Martin ranch, now a part of the Stanford university property.

Then his name was not James Martin nor Indian Jim. He was Popka, son of Chief Licia, of the Feather River Indians near Oroville, the Indians that knew the secrets of the mines. To the Mountain ranch he came with his brother, Pocama. Pocama broke horses for Dennis Martin. The horses were a temptation too great for Pocama, and so he fled with them to the north.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

142. DENNIS MARTIN'S INDIAN JIM (Continued)

After them went Dennis Martin and his men. The stolen property was recovered, the miscreant was punished and the 10-year-old lad was brought back to the Dennis Martin ranch to live. In the little Dennis Martin church Popka was baptised James Martin. He ceased being an Indian. He became an Irishman, a Roman Catholic. That was 80 years ago. The pioneers of Searsville told me with what literal faith Popka took his baptism. He really believed that he was an Irishman. St Patrick's day he celebrated by getting drunk in his wild youth. When I went to the infirmary to see Indian Jim I told him that I came from William Fleury, nephew of Dennis Martin. James Martin was still Popka, the child. He sat up in bed and talked of his "father," Dennis Martin, and of his pride in knowing his catechism, and in being a good Catholic. He recited the catechism, showed me his crucifix and the broken rosary around his neck under his grey shirt. He told me how good Dennis Martin had been to him, and how he knew his alphabet and told me how to spell cat, dog and sky. He had learned it all in the little school near Searsville.

"When you were a little boy living with your tribe near Oroville, didn't you know God?" I asked James Martin.

"No God, only the mountains," replied he. "God come in '49."

I tried to find out what life was like in the world of Popka when Licia was chieftain. James Martin remembered it well.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

142. DENNIS MARTIN'S INDIAN JIM (Continued)

He lived in a mud house with a hole in the roof for a chimney. He went bare foot and wore a jacket of wild goose feathers and a breeching of deer hide. His mother, too, dressed in deer hide. His father was a skilled hunter and brought for them deer, antelope, salmon, sturgeon and wild geese. Fish they caught with a net. Geese were snared in traps and deer and antelope were shot "right through the belly." James Martin became entirely Popka as he showed me how an Indian took aim at the deer. Acorns they had always in plenty. Did he still like acorns? Yes, he would like them, but he had no teeth and acorns were hard for the teeth.

I asked after the wise men among the tribe of Licia. There were no priests because they had no God but mountains. Any one could pray to the mountains. Yes, they had medicine men, very smart, too, and medicine women. The medicine man when you were sick cut the sick spot and sucked the blood. You got well. When you were sick in the stomach the Indian woman made a tea of bay leaves and sick all gone.

I asked after Indian songs. Popka sang for me the very song sung by Sostenes Garcia and which he had learned from the Indians at San Juan and Monterey. Then he crooned other Indian songs very different in melody.

"What do those songs say?" I asked.

"I guess it's kind of praying song to mountains," said Popka.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

142. DENNIS MARTIN'S INDIAN JIM (Continued)

Then Popka told me of his boyhood, of how his tribe and the mountain tribe of wild Indians had not liked each other a long time, and how the mountain tribes came and killed his father when he make canoe in river. Then they bury him in Indian cemetery near Oroville and Wismucca, brother to Licia become chief and Wismucca and men go and kill mountain Indians.

"I know they kill," said Popka, "because they have war dance afterward."

After Licia died, his wife, Popka's mother, died hungry. "All Indian die hungry," said Popka.

When Popka was alone in the world with his brother and sisters he went to live with white men. He worked for General Bidwell for a long time washing gold.

Popka never married. Too busy getting job. A white woman, Lizzie, asked Popka to marry her. He didn't, but like her fine. Why did he not marry Lizzie? She drank too much whisky.

144. FIRST ENGLISH SCHOOL

The first English school in Santa Clara county, and probably in California, was opened in 1846 at Santa Clara. The teacher was Mrs. Olive Mann Isabel, wife of Dr. Isabel, who was the first American physician to come to San Jose. The winter of '46 was the hardest in the existence of the pueblo. Americans had great need of Dr. Isabel.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

144. FIRST ENGLISH SCHOOL (Continued)

The Mexican government forbade Americans or foreigners to enter California without passports, but the Isabels and some others came in spite of the order. Because there were women and children in the party they were not sent back to the American territory. A number of families were allowed by the officers in command, and Ignacio Alviso, the majordomo, to pass the winter in buildings belonging to the mission of Santa Clara.

At that time there were no vacant houses in San Jose. The buildings at the Santa Clara mission were intended for storerooms rather than for residence. The late Mrs. McCracken, "Aunt Lizzie," as she was called by her friends, who lived in S. First st, and who came to San Jose in the winter of '46, said that in the buildings occupied by the Americans at Santa Clara was no chimney, only a hole in the roof. When the rain came they were obliged to move from one side of the room to the other.

The winter of '46 was the loneliest for Americans in all California history. Immigrants at Santa Clara mission found themselves in a strange world. Although the Spanish-Californians had given them sehelter, the Americans felt that they were hostile. The hosts spoke a language not understood by the guests, their religion was one which they suspected. Their customs were strange.

Terrible rains came, and the American children, confined in the house, clamored for school. Mrs. Isabel, a strong, warmhearted, intelligent woman, was asked to be the teacher. There

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

144. FIRST ENGLISH SCHOOL (Continued)

were no blackboards, nor was their paper, and so, the pupils printed the letters on the back of their hands. The children liked the school, it was so different from the school at home, but it lasted only two months.

Dr. Isabel fell ill. For six weeks Mrs. Isabel sat by her husband's side and gave him the contents of the Isabel medicine chest. To his wife's care Dr. Isabel owed his life.

Mrs. Isabel was one of those that saw the battle of Santa Clara during its progress. She stood on the roof of the mission and watched the two contending forces. When the American cannon broke down the Californians charged, and their shot was so sharp that Captain Marsten, commanding the American forces, asked for a flag of truce. No man had in his possession anything white enough for the purpose. He sent to the Americans in the mission for a flag. Mrs. Isabel lent him her white handkerchief.

In later years Mrs. Isabel taught school in Monterey. Her husband made considerable money in the gold rush. He was the partner of Charles M. Weber. Afterwards the Isabels bought a ranch and they moved to southern California.

145. EARLY ENGLISH SCHOOLS

The first English school in San Jose was opened in the spring of 1847 in the east end of the Juzgado. The first teacher was an Englishman, afterwards Judge Daniels, who still has grandchildren here. Among the few pupils of the old Juzgado school

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

145. EARLY ENGLISH SCHOOLS (Continued)

that I met was the late Mrs. Elizabeth McCracken of 727 South First st.

Mrs. McCracken was 80 years of age, but her mind was as clear and quick as that of any girl. She recalled for me her arrival in California, and her memory of the first school attended by her in San Jose.

Mrs. McCracken was born Elizabeth Whiteman. She was the daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. William Whiteman. Mrs. Whiteman was the daughter of "Grandpa", or Edward Pyle, who at the age of 70, in the year 1846, led a party of six immigrant wagons into California. In Mrs. McCracken's living room was a picture of "Grandpa" Pyle, an old revolutionary soldier with frilled shirt, a waist-coat with gold buttons, and long white hair covering his shoulders. Those skeptical of man's fidelity will be interested to know that after his wife's death "Grandpa" Pyle vowed never to cut his hair. His wife had cut his hair the last time, their being no barbers in town. His photographs show how well he kept his vow. He lived to be 93 years old.

The Pyle party consisted of Edward, Thomas and John Pyle, the Whitemans and their children, John Laird and four children, Mrs. Thomas Pyle and four children, George and William York and George Cross, and two men named Ferguson and Young. When the Pyles reached Johnson's ranch, 60 miles beyond Sutter's fort, Captain Fremont and several of his men met them and drafted all

S-230
Class II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

145. EARLY ENGLISH SCHOOLS (Continued)

all the able-bodied men in the party to join his forces. "Grandpa" Pyle was exempt and Edward Pyle Jr. was in bed, and so, they were not taken. "Grandpa" Pyle, his wife, his daughter Mary, Mr. and Mrs. John Laird and four children, and Mr. and Mrs. Tom Pyle remained in Sacramento. They did not come to San Jose till two or three years later.

Mr. William Whiteman drove one ox team and Mrs. William Whiteman drove the other into San Jose. One of the oxen was a "mule" and that aroused comment among the Spanish. Through Peter Davidson, who acted as their interpreter, they asked if the ox would never have horns. They had never seen that kind of an ox. The Spanish cattle had immense horns.

When the Pyle-Whiteman party arrived there were no vacant houses. They went to Santa Clara and for three weeks lived in two rooms next the mission. When they returned to San Jose they took possession of the only vacant house in the pueblo. It was made out of mud and sticks and stood in what would now be Santa Clara and San Pedro sts. At that time it was only a road.

In 1846 there were five American families in San Jose. Schools had not been thought of, but in the spring of 1847 the American settlers decided to have an English school in the Juzgado. William Whiteman paid for four children and sent two. Even some bachelors contributed to the support of the school. The Whiteman children were Elizabeth (Mrs. Mc Cracken) and John, James and

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

145. EARLY ENGLISH SCHOOLS (Continued)

Elizabeth Branham were the children of Captain Isaac Branham. Samuel and Rube Jones were the children of "Buffalo" Jones. Mrs. Josiah Belden was their sister. Then there was Mary Murphy, daughter of Martin Murphy, the first. Peter Davidson's children came. They were half Spanish, as were Mary, Thomas and Ciprano Fisher. The half children entered the American schools because their parents wanted them to learn English. By being brought into contact with the Spanish children Elizabeth Whiteman learned Spanish.

The pupils in the first American school ranged in years from 9 to 17. They were taught reading, writing, spelling and arithmetic. Every day they read aloud a chapter from the New Testament. Mrs. McCracken had the Testament used at that time. They always sang after reading from the Bible.

The children of the first school sat on coarse redwood benches which stood on a dirt floor. Their outlook in the Juzgado was far from pleasing. The windows were small, high and iron-barred. The children were sometimes terrified by the Indian and Spanish prisoners who occupied the other end of the Juzgado. Prisoners frequently climbed up and peered through the high barred windows in the partition dividing the Juzgado into the two parts.

After a brief time Teacher Daniels went to Monterey. Autumn came, and with it another teacher named Trowbridge. This time the school was in a little adobe house in S. Market st. near the present Peninsular road waiting-room. Now there were more

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

145. EARLY ENGLISH SCHOOLS (Continued)

pupils, but the school did not last long.

In 1848 John Kearney opened a school in San Pedro st. but Mr. Kearney was more interested in obtaining news of the gold rush than in teaching. Frequently he placed a monitor in charge while he went to Lightston's store to get news of the "strikes" reported from the distant gold fields. There were no newspapers and Lightston's store was a news center. The rumors of the gold discoveries grew into a gold rush, and teacher John Kearney was lost among the gold seekers.

In the fall of 1848 Mary Ann Graves Pyle, who was one of the Donner party and who had married Edward Pyle, had the first really permanent school in San Jose. The pupils were now more numerous, and they studied in a frame building on the present site of the Victory theater.

The "Blue Tent" school, the first Protestant school in San Jose, was famous in early days. It was a tent made of blue jean, which at that time cost 75 cents a yard. The "Blue Tent" school stood a few doors south of San Antonio st. in the east side of Second. In January, 1850, it was founded by the Rev. Samuel Vinton Blakelee, a graduate of the Western Reserve college. Later the sacrament was administered in the "Blue Tent" school by the Rev. Mr. Douglas, pastor of the First Presbyterian church in this city. At that time the church had 131 members.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

145½. BRIDE OF THE TRAIL

Few pioneer brides had more thrilling experiences than those of the late Mrs. Louise Lard Moutrey, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. Fielding Lard and widow of Riley Moutrey, the man who led rescuers to the Donner party. Mrs. Moutrey lived with her daughter, Mrs. Lewis, 407 N. Third st. There I talked with her.

Mrs. Moutrey's father, Fielding Lard, when he started to California, had been a Kentucky ranger. He had also been the surveyor of St. Louis county, Mo., and so he was chosen to go ahead as a guide for the 100 immigrant wagons which assembled at St. Jospeh, Mo., and came westward in the spring of 1846. Some of the party met a tragic end at Donner lake.

When Mrs. Moutrey started for California, she was engaged to Riley S. Moutrey and he was a member of the party. The young people were to have been married in California, but six months was a long time for the impatient lovers. And so, June 14, 1846, at Fort Laramie, Louise Lard became the bride of Riley S. Moutrey. The Rev. Mr. Cornwall, a Presbyterian clergyman, who was also of the party, performed the ceremony. Mr. Cornwall was later well known in California.

The Lard party camped at Donner Lake, but Fielding Lard, who knew well the mountains, on the morning of the day of a terrible storm saw signs of its approach. Mrs. Moutrey said that her father made a brief speech on the fateful morning warning the

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

145½. BRIDE OF THE TRAIL (Continued)

immigrants of the threatening danger. He told them they were liable to be snowed in and that he was going to leave that minute. He asked all that wished to start to set out immediately.

Some left with Mr. Lard. The world has read many times the ghastly horrors of what happened to those who remained behind. The Lards made better time than the Moutreys, and they started for Santa Clara. In those days communication was difficult and no one knew precisely where the Lards had gone after leaving Sutter's Fort.

Meanwhile word came that the Donner party was starving and must be rescued. An appeal was made to the government, but Com. Sloat at Monterey had no provisions. Neither had he men, for all his forces, as well as those available in time of peace, had gone to the Mexican war. So Com. Sloat, Capt. Sutter and Alcalde Sinclair of Sacramento drafted Riley S. Moutrey and several other men to go to the rescue of the Donner party.

Mrs. Moutrey found herself about to be left alone at Sutter's Fort with a number of men. She was a bride. She had never before been alone. She went to Capt. Sutter and asked him what he intended to do for her since he had taken her husband from her.

Capt. Sutter answered that the Hoovers and the McCutcheons that morning were leaving for Santa Clara, whither he believed her father, Fielding Lard, and his party had gone.

With the chance of finding her father, Mrs. Moutrey was glad to go with the McCutcheons and the Hoovers. On a raft to

S-230
CLASS II ☙ HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

145½. BRIDE OF THE TRAIL (Continued)

which masts and sails had been attached they all sailed down Sacramento river for Alviso. Mrs. Moutrey said that when they floated past the Golden Gate at sunset they thought California was heaven.

Heaven soon ceased being heaven. The wind rose, the waves swelled and for ten days they were without food on the bay. Even the Indians were hungry and sick. Some of them prepared tea, but it made Mrs. Moutery so sick that she was never able to drink it since. Nor could her son, who was born a few weeks later, endure the taste of tea. When the storm calmed they made their way to the Embarcadero at Alviso. The Indians were compelled to drag the raft ashore.

Fielding Lard quickly heard of his daughter's arrival. In the night he came from Santa Clara to Alviso to welcome her. This was shortly after the battle at Santa Clara, in which both Lard and his 17-year-old son had been engaged. Because of fear of the Spanish-Californians, the Lards did not care to travel by day.

For several weeks Riley S. Moutrey did not arrive in Santa Clara. With several others he was occupied in rescuing the Donner party.

146. PREVOST'S SOUTHERN SILK VENTURE

Don Louis Prevost for whom Prevost st. was named, was a French nurseryman and a dreamer of the early 50's. He was always at the head of those who saw Santa Clara valley as a vast garden.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

146. PREVOST'S SOUTHERN SILK VENTURE (Continued)

He wished to make of it a southern France.

Prevost's great dream was that San Jose should grow mulberry trees, establish cocooneries and manufacture silk. Some of the mulberry trees planted by Don Louis still survive but although silk was manufactured in Santa Clara the fulfillment of Don Louis' dreams never came in this county.

But he did not give up. For a time it looked as if the silk industry was to be a success in California. Certainly the legislature did its share. In 1864 a bill was passed especially to encourage the silk industry. A bounty of $250 was offered for every plantation of 5000 mulberry trees of two years' growth. Three hundred dollars was offered for each 100,000 salable cocoons. During the three following years an enormous number of mulberry trees were registered.

Even before the state offered a bounty Louis Prevost established in southern California mulberry nursery and nearby a large cocoonery for rearing silk worms. The California Silk Center Assn. of Los Angeles was formed. Four thousand acres of the Juan Bandini ranch were bought, 1416 acres of the Hartshorn tract, and 3169 acres of the Jurupa district were added to the Bandini rancho.

The following season was dry, and in the midst of despair felt by mulberry tree growers Don Louis Prevost died. The movement received a serious setback. Demand for silkworm eggs fell off. Then the legislators withdrew their bounty and gave

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

146. PREVOST'S SOUTHERN SILK VENTURE (Continued)

the enterprise its death blow.

The Silk Center Assn. failed, but from its ashes came the Southern California Colony Assn., which took over all the land, paying for it $3.50 an acre. A town was laid out called Jurupa. Then the Santa Ana irrigation ditch was dug diverting the Santa Ana river through the site of the present town of Riverside. With the coming of the ditch the desert became the most beautiful orange grove in the world, there sprang up the city of Riverside, which has mail delivered over as great an area as does the city of Chicago.

147. SAN JOSE A WINTER RESORT

An Indian chief named Truckee, for whom the town of Truckee was named, discovered San Jose as a winter resort. Truckee was well known among the pioneers who came across the plains in the early forties. Often he acted as their guide.

In 1846 Truckee piloted the family of Peter Quivey of Missouri across the Sierras and led them safely to Sutter's fort. The Quiveys barely escaped the fate of the Donner party. They were only a few days ahead of that unfortunate band.

After Truckee had conducted the Quiveys to Sutter's Fort he felt like their relative. The family asked him to visit them in San Jose, which was to be their future home. The late Francis Marion Quivey of Agnew told me that Truckee took them at their word.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

147. SAN JOSE A WINTER RESORT (Continued)

Quivey was 3 years old at the time the family arrived. When I talked with him before his death, he remembered Truckee's arrival.

Truckee was one of the Quiveys' first visitors. He not only came himself but he brought his wife and several friends. With beautiful devotion they walked all the way from Nevada. They struck camp in the Quiveys' front yard in Fourth st. where Peter Quivey settled down after fighting with Fremont in the south. Truckee was a natural, perfect guest. He had no fear of wearing out his welcome. He liked San Jose better than the Sierras. He remained all winter. In the spring the Indians went back to the mountains.

Truckee liked San Jose so well that before he left he promised to come back again. He didn't believe in allowing a walk of a few hundred miles stand between neighbors. When once more snow flew in the Sierras, Truckee, his wife and friends arrived in San Jose. They built themselves a wickiup in the Quiveys' front yard. It was made of hides, tules and mud and was not a bad shelter from rain.

Food did not bother the Indians. They could always go over to Alviso to fish, but often Quivey, who had a big cattle ranch near Smith's Creek, killed a bullock for them. In return Mrs. Truckee did washing but the chieftain, like a true gentleman, scorned work.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

147. SAN JOSE A WINTER RESORT (Continued)

Once Mr. and Mrs. Quivey gave the Truckees a present which afforded them unmeasured delight. They had them put aside blankets, beads and moccasins and dress in the clothing of the Quiveys. The Truckees were joyous children. The Quiveys had them photographed in American clothes. These photographs were kept by Truckee and his wife as sacred treasures. With them on their journey always they carried the photographs. In the picture, at least for one moment, they had been white people.

For years when the snow first sifted down in the Sierras, like wise mountain birds came the Truckees to spend the winter in the Quiveys' front yard in Fourth st. Finally the snow of the Sierras so chilled the blood of Truckee that he had no strength for the long journey. He went to a land even more beautiful than the Santa Clara valley, the land where there is no snow.

148. PIONEER DWELLINGS

Peter Quivey was the first American in San Jose to start building a frame house. He commenced work on his dwelling in 1847. With some men he went to Lexington, above Los Gatos, to hew the lumber from the redwoods, but his ox team misbehaved and he jumped from the wagon. The wheels passed over him, breaking his two legs.

While Mr. Quivey was in bed from broken legs William Whiteman and some carpenters completed the first frame house

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

148. PIONEER DWELLINGS (Continued)

built by Americans in San Jose. Mr. Quivey recovered.

At that time the Quivey house was a very wonderful achievement. It was large enough for the small family. It stood in Fourth st. north of Julian and opposite the present Golden Gate cannery. In 1847 the Quiveys lived in what was called "the country". They had several acres of land. Near the Quiveys was an old peach orchard. It was bought by James Stevenson, whose daughter married one of the Quivey boys.

In a few years the Quiveys outgrew their home. In the early 50's when so many houses came around the Horn, Mr. Quivey bought a handsome large frame house for which he paid $12,000. He moved the old house to the rear and erected on its site the new frame house. For some time the old house served as a kitchen.

Neighbors purchased part of the old home place, and left Mr. Quivey only the usual city lot possessed by the well-to-do. In his declining years Mr. Quivey sold the home place with its pioneer houses and moved to the residence of his daughters, where he died.

At present the Quivey residence does not reveal its age of nearly 70 years. It has been modernized by a little porch and converted into a house containing four apartments. But in the rear of the dwelling that came around the Horn is visible the pioneer residence that was hewn out of redwood above Los Gatos. Part of it still serves as a kitchen.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

149. OLD SANTA CLARA

The first private residence in Santa Clara was erected in 1844 by Lorenzo Pinedo in what is now called Alviso st. At that time the mission was under the supervision of Ignacio Alviso, the major-domo. An Indian named Vicente had charge of the Indians.

In front of the mission was a well which was always visited by picturesque looking men and lovely women. The well furnished many a pretext for a tryst. Water was drawn up by a water wheel to which was attached an endless chain. This chain revolved and brought to the surface the leathern buckets that emptied into troughs.

On the south of the church was the building of the fathers. Near them lived the military guard. On the north of the church was the cemetery. The nunnery, where lived the unmarried women, was in Alviso st. Next to the nunnery were the quarters of the employees. Here lived the families of both Don Igancio and Don Jose Maria Alviso. Don Jose Maria Alviso afterward came into possession of the Milpitas ranch. Not far from the Alvisos was the dwelling of Capt. Luis Arguello, the family of Senor Cenon Fernandez and Senor Augustin Davila, who painted the murals in the mission church.

In the mission yard were the ration storehouses, the looms, the blacksmith shop. The slaughter pens were back of the mission. There were 2000 Indians living at Santa Clara in 1883 and so it was necessary every Saturday to kill 100 beef. In the

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

149. OLD SANTA CLARA (Continued)

mission yard the meat was distributed among the Indians. They carried it to the women in the rancheria.

The Indian rancheria was eastward from the house occupied by Commissioner Jose Pena, near where now are the Southern Pacific tracks. In front of the rancheria were great cauldrons where meat was cooked.

When the Indians were first converted they were given clothing of unbleached cotton and a blanket. Later they wove coarse woolen cloth for their own garments. Afterward they graduated into calico shirts and blue jeans. Some of them had shoes, but many were barefoot.

When first converted the Indian women wore petticoats of tules and coyote skins. Later their dresses were of black and white or yellow and white stripes. They dyed the stripes with wild flowers and wove the cloth themselves.

In those days Capt. Juan Malarin, the founder of the Malarin family at Santa Clara, often came in his ship from Monterey to trade with the mission.

The Indians showed considerable aptitude in weaving, making shoes, bridles and spurs. They were fond of playing a game called pachon, which is like hop-skotch. One of the odd customs of the natives was when an Indian died to hire a mourner to sit by the corpse and beat his own head with a rock until the blood came.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

149. OLD SANTA CLARA (Continued)

Among the Santa Clara mission Indians courtship and marriage were very simple and modern. If a young woman desired to wed she took the father into her confidence. He proposed for the hand of the youth and if the man was willing the marriage took place.

150. DEMASIO BERRYESSA'S WAKE

Demasio Berryessa, the son of Jose De los Reyes Berryessa, was lynched in the early 50's by a posse from San Jose on Saturday morning. His body dangled from a limb of an old oak tree which stood until about 10 years ago in Tenth st. Demasio's "wake" was held the following night at the residence of Antonio Mario Pico who lived on the site of the Garden City bank near the postoffice. The Berryessa family have always maintained that Demassio was innocent of murdering Alexander McClure, who was "squatting" on the Berryessa land near Almaden. The family say that Santiago, brother to Demasio, did the killing.

Mrs. Adelaide Soto, who lives at 35 Twenty-third st., San Jose, was present at the "wake" of Demasio Berryessa. Mrs. Soto was born in Napa, but her mother was a Bernal, the daughter of Jose Cipriano Bernal, who lived back of the city hall on property that later passed into the hands of the Hoffmans. Mrs. Soto was a connection of the Berryessas. Indeed Demasio Berryessa was related to all important Spanish Californian families of his time. His mother was a Bernal, a sister of Mrs. Antonio Sunol and

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

150. DEMASIO BERRYESSA'S WAKE (Continued)

of Mrs. Antonio Maria Pico. The Picos had the largest house in the pueblo, Mrs. Soto remembers it well.

The Pico house, says Mrs. Soto, was a one-story adobe rambling on all sides of the house. The living room was toward the postoffice. At the side nearest St. Joseph's church was a gate and pear tree. A ditch, one of the several in town to drain water in case of the perenially threatened flood, passed the rear of St. Joseph's church and the front of the Pico house. Here was a bridge and on these little bridges spanning the ditches the children liked to hop and skip.

Mrs. Soto was very young at the time, but she remembers the dozens of black-robed, sad-eyed Spanish people in the Pico dwelling. They tried to comfort the sobbing young widow, Beata Rodriguez Berryessa. No friend nor relative was absent this night of grief, for the old Spanish-Californians did not lack that quality of the genuine aristocracy, moral courage. Whether the fair-haired dead young man was innocent or guilty, all assembled in the big plainly furnished living room where he lay. Kneeling by his side on the adobe floor which had never seemed so chilled these sad people clung together. They had faith in the low murmured prayers, they tried to think that the crucifix would help them. In that candle-lit room all night remained the relatives and the fathers. In the morning the friends of Demasio Berryessa took his body, carried it through The Alameda followed by fearfully wailing women

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

150. DEMASIO BERRYESSA'S WAKE (Continued)

and buried it at Santa Clara.

Of the lynching of Demasio Berryessa the "Telegraph" of San Jose said: "On Friday night one of those dreadful deeds was done in this city, shocking to all our moral sensibilities and rights, but which too often occur in new and ill-regulated communities, and among a people over whom a faithful and vigorous administration of the law has not yet attained a corrective agency in the punishment of heinous offenders. Early Saturday morning a man was seen suspended by the neck to the limb of a tree in the southeastern part of the city. His hands were tied behind him; his tongue, discolored, was protruding from his mouth; and the whole appearance of the unfortunate victim of a misguided sense of duty, indicated that he had been dead for an hour or two. On this terrible tragedy being communicated to Justice Murdock, he repaired to the spot and summoned a jury of inquest, who found that the name of the deceased was Demasio Berryessa, whose residence was near the New Almaden Mine, and that he came to his death by being hung from the neck from a tree with a rope by persons to the jurors unknown.

"Demasio Berryessa was a young man about 30 years of age; a wife, three small children, a mother, and several brothers survive him * * *. The particular grounds of guilt which led to this man's fearful end at the hand of a secret association we have not been able to learn, but rumor alleges that it is on account of supposed

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

150. DEMASIO BERRYESSA'S WAKE (Continued)

participation in the murder of Alexander McClure."

151. HUMOR IN HANGING

In order to put an end to crime in San Jose in the early fifties a committee of safety was organized. It was made up of the most important English-speaking citizens. This committee had many different members. I talked with some of them. They told me that theirs was the only way of doing away with crime at that time. "In fact", one said, "we had to do it." He deplored the modern "coddling of criminals." He believed that if the wrong-doers were publicly hanged there would be far less crime. He said that the committee of safety did very little lynching. They usually shot the man. That was cheaper and kept down taxes.

However, some men were hanged and one of these so honored was an Indian named Guadalupe. Guadalupe's hanging was a gala event.

In the early days there was a fashionable company of militia called the Eagle Guards. They usually did police duty on extraordinary occasions. The Eagle Guards were made up among others of Mayor Thomas White, Josiah Belden and Isaac Branham, "Uncle Ike" as he was later called. For the hanging of Guadalupe all the country people came to town, brought their lunches and had a picnic. Before the occurrence the Eagle Guards, a handsome, spirited group of young men, paraded the streets and were the recipients of much applause and attention. They were to keep in order the crowd while Guadalupe was hanged.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

151. HUMOR IN HANGING (Continued)

There was no outbreak among the people assembled in the plaza. After the execution of Guadalupe, Mayor Thomas W. White took the company to St. James square, discharged the guns and put them in the armory. Afterward the Eagle Guards went to a place in the New York Exchange building for refreshments. Speeches were made, toasts were drunk. Mayor White gave the crowd champagne. Others were not to be outdone in liberality by the mayor. There was more champagne and happiness, and happiness and happiness.

The next morning the mayor was himself again. Gravely he appeared in his office, but first he summoned the members of the Eagle Guard. When they were present he said, "Call Thomas White."

The clerk called Thomas White.

The mayor said, "Thomas White, stand up." The mayor stood up. "Thomas White," said the mayor, "were you drunk and disorderly yesterday? Guilty or no?"

"Guilty. I am very sorry -".

"Too late. You are an officer of the city, the commander of the Eagle Guards. I fine you $20. I'll double it every time you appear before me again for like offense." The mayor laid down his own fine on his desk.

Then he fined each one of the Eagle Guards $10. The mayor never again had occasion to fine himself or the guards. It was their first and last offense against law and order.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

152. ROBLE ALTO RANCH

"Roble Alto Ranch, 1850," is carved on a stone column marking the entrance to the ranch owned by the late A. R. Woodhams near Santa Clara. Few, if any Americans in the valley, lived so long and so continuously on the same property as Woodhams, and the Roble Alto ranch has in the course of nearly 80 years of life gathered objects of unusual interest.

The name of the ranch comes from the tall white oak back of the barn. This tree is about 80 feet high, one of the largest white oaks in the valley. It's body is thick as a giant redwood, and though it has lost two of its great limbs, standing in bare, brown, granite-like strength it seems capable of defying storms for centuries.

Not far from the oak is the little ranch house bought in San Francisco in 1850 by Joseph Woodhams, father of A. R. Woodhams. The building came around the Horn, and before the handsome spacious modern residence was built nearer the highway the little house sheltered the Woodhams family. The original site of the old house in the prune orchard is now marked by a prickly pear cactus of huge size set out in 1852 by Mrs. Joseph Woodhams. The cactus still bears edible fruit. Mrs. Woodhams obtained the cactus cutting from the Santa Clara mission. Older cacti still stand at the Mission San Jose. All these are the same variety that Luther Burbank experimented with and from which he developed the spineless cactus.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

152. ROBLE ALTO RANCH (Continued)

Not far from the old cactus is one of the oldest almond trees in the valley, if not the oldest. It was set out in 1850 by Joseph Woodhams. It has a trunk about 18 inches in diameter and is very tall. The nuts from this tree have a shell so hard that they must be cracked with a hammer, but the kernels are so large that they make good salted almonds. Until a few years ago the the old almond tree bore quantities of almonds, but in spite of careful pruning, of late it apparently demands rest from the labor of creation. However, it bears masses of pink-white blossoms. It seems to wish to contribute only for this annual offering of beauty.

The old almond tree has a story. In 1849 Mr. and Mrs. Joseph Woodhams came from Chili. When they left South America they had 300 fruit and nut trees for the California orchard dreamed of by them. So long were they on their journey that all but the almond and two pear trees died. The pears and almond were set out at Roble Alto, but the pears were not of a desirable variety. The old almond tree remains, the only survivor of all those which in 1849 sailed through the Golden Gate.

Near the white oak for which the ranch is named are two mill stones bought by Joseph Woodhams of Uncle Billy Campbell, who was the first American to have a mill in the valley. Owing to the lack of threshing machines, and to the fact that the only way to separate the wheat from the straw was by driving horses

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

152. ROBLE ALTO RANCH (Continued)

rapidly over the grain, it was difficult to produce wheat clean enough for flour. Adobe from horses' feet often colored the flour. The Woodhams washed the grain before they ground it. In the early days flour from the Woodhams' mill was sold in Santa Clara and San Jose for $21 and $22 a hundred.

On the Roble Alto ranch were some fine specimens of the Indian metates which were plowed up by Woodhams. He marveled at the patience and effort of the redmen who ground holes into solid rock.

Under the pepper trees in the lovely garden where stands the modern ranch house were some tables which were used once a year on the occasion of Woodhams' birthday. The Garden City Quoit club, of which Woodhams was one of the officers, in order to celebrate his birthday, gave themselves an annual day of festivities at the Roble Alto ranch. These picnics occurred in May up to the time of Woodhams' death.

153. VANISHED FRIENDS

The late A. R. Woodhams, who lived on the "Roble Alto" ranch, near Santa Clara, for more than 70 years, in conversation revived a vivid picture of the valley in 1850. When he was a boy of 18 with his father he drove a team of mules from San Francisco to Santa Clara.

Mr. Woodhams was the pioneer of his family. His father, who was the manager of a flour mill, went to South America from

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

153. VANISHED FRIENDS (Continued)

New York state in 1844, and the son, inspired by romantic stories he had read of the life on the ocean wave, desired to come to California in 1849. He passed a year in the mines, and in 1850 he was joined in San Francisco by his father, mother and brothers. Mr. Woodhams Sr. was well to do, and so, the family did not have the hardships of many pioneers.

Mrs. Woodhams and her son remained in San Francisco till her husband and her eldest son, A. R. Woodhams, arranged for the purchase of the ranch near Santa Clara. The Woodhams bought 160 acres of a squatter for $1200. It was a part of the old Quito ranch, once belonging to the Arguellos. At that time it was supposed to be Mission property and, in consequence, government land. There was much litigation over the property, but that will be a story by itself.

After the Woodhams built a cabin in which they lived for a year or more, Mr. Woodhams Sr. went to San Francisco and purchased a house which had come around the Horn. He erected it on the ranch where it still stands, a store room for odds and ends.

Young as he was A. R. Woodhams when he came to California saw more than the placer gold and the commercial value of the land. He saw the flowers, the birds, the trees and the beauties that are gone, killed or crowded out by civilization.

As he drove down the peninsula Mr. Woodhams recalled that there were many more trees than those seen by automobile

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

153. VANISHED FRIENDS (Continued)

tourists today. There were large groves of oaks at Mountain View, and there was considerable chemisal on the way. Mr. Woodhams confirmed Vancouver's description of the parklike effect of the oaks about Menlo. There were many oaks extending south from Lawrence station toward Santa Clara. In the open places droves of wild cattle and thousands of wild geese fed on the grass. Great numbers of croaking cranes flew in flocks shaped like the capital letter "A", all following their leader.

After the Woodhams settled at Roble Alto, at night the wild cats yowled and the coyotes yapped their savage chorus. In the friendliest way skunks came tapping into the cabin, only omitting their characteristic odor when they feared attack. He recalled shooting wild ducks by moonlight. There were many thousand ducks on the plain between the Woodhams' ranch and Santa Clara. When they rose into the air they made a noise like thunder. Grizzlies, too, came near. One of Woodhams' neighbors saved his own life by tiring out a grizzly who chased him around an oak.

When Mr. Woodhams first came into the valley he recalled seeing millions of crows. There was a crow village, as it were, in the willows of the swamp where stands the College of the Pacific. Their caw and chatter could be heard at a long distance.

Mr. Woodhams saw orioles and millions of magpie friends disappear. The magpies were bad thieves. They stole into houses

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

153. VANISHED FRIENDS (Continued)

and carried off anything desired by them. Some people caught them, split their tongues and taught them to talk almost as well as parrots. Mr. Woodhams missed also from Santa Clara the little bluebirds rarely seen, probably the lazuli bunting. Deer were very common those days and one morning near where stood the Doyle school house not far from Cupertino, Mr. Woodhams saw a buck. It was quite common for the grizzly bears to call on the scattering settlers near Cupertino.

In the flower world Mr.Woodhams missed the great scarlet fields and hills of what he called "soldiers plumes", probably Indian paint brush. These were very common near Saratoga. Then there was a pink and white clover with very large heads, considered a great delicacy by the Indians. In the valley at that time were vast fields of cream cups.

The eastern hills always recalled to Mr. Woodhams other vanished friends. Where now are mathematically correct, prim and proper orchards in 1850 were mountains of gold visible even from San Jose. The flower that gave the yellow glitter to the eastern hills resembled a single marigold.

Farther toward Salinas were wide fields of royal blue larkspur. Today larkspur is not often seen, it is easily uprooted and destroyed.

According to Mr. Woodhams the toyon and the wild currant never throve well in the valley. The toyon did not color its deepest red except in the hills.

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

153. VANISHED FRIENDS (continued)

In the fifties the settlers raised mostly grain in the Santa Clara valley. They thought nothing would grow on the great stretches covered with chemisal, but it seemed almost a waste of time and effort. The early settlers abandoned Los Altos as worthless.

When the Chinamen grubbed out the chemisal they destroyed the nests of wild things. The cattle ate even the roots of the flowers, and so, in later years, instead of great fields of scarlet and royal blue we have the orchards which try to recompense us by their great burst of spring beauty and their purple and golden autumn harvests.

154. FORTY-NINE AND NOW

The late A. R. Woodhams of the Roble Alto ranch near Santa Clara came to California in 1849. In our conversation he contrasted '49 with the war time. At first he was inclined to think that the old days were brutal, but he revised the statement.

When trouble came to people in '49 there seemed to be keener sympathy than now. Unquestioning friends hurried to aid each other. There was a high standard of honor in money matters in '49. Without the scratch of a pen large business matters were arranged. A man's word was not doubted.

Yet Mr. Woodham recalled seeing in 1849 in San Francisco what he thinks was the most cruel sight ever met by his eyes.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

154. FORTY-NINE AND NOW (Continued)

In Portsmouth square a man was tied to a post, his body bare to his waist. He was lashed in public with a rawhide until it seemed as if his flesh would peel. The man wielding the rawhide appeared to enjoy his performance. The man who was tortured suffered helplessly, his hands bound behind him, his feet tied to the post.

Mr. Woodhams inquired as to the identity of the victim. The man being punished was a seaman who had had a dispute with his captain. The man inflicting punishment was one of the Hounds, who before the vigilantes came terrorized San Francisco. They called themselves the "Regulators".

In 1849 Mr. Woodhams saw two bull fights in San Francisco. Admission was one or two dollars, and the audience consisted of a crowd of red and blue-shirted miners and a few women. At that time women in San Francisco were almost a curiosity.

The bull fight arena was in Stockton st. between Washington and Pacific. The toreador threw barbs at the bull with firecrackers attached to them. When the toreadors retired into a corner to rest an intoxicated old Indian wearing a blanket thrust his head over the fence and crawled into the arena. He shook his blanket at the bull, but the weary animal paid no attention to him. However, when the toreador returned and flunted his red flag at the bull, the maddened animal turned upon him. This toreador Mr. Woodhams described as most expert. When he was ready to end the contest, with a long sharp knife he struck the bull behind the

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

154. FORTY-NINE AND NOW (Continued)

shoulders and in a second the animal was dead.

The second time he saw a bull fight Mr. Woodhams became disgusted. A toreador rode a horse into the arena. The bull charged the toreador, unhorsed him, took the animal on his horns, tossed him high into the air. When the horse came down the bull gored him fearfully while the audience waved flags. This was the last bull fight ever seen by Mr. Woodhams. When he came to Santa Clara he cared no longer for that kind of sport as an entertainment.

155. SLAVERY IN SAN JOSE

The late Mrs. Mattie Reed Lewis of Capitola, who lived more than 40 years in San Jose and who came here in 1847, tells me that the first servants she saw in California were Malays and Kanakas employed by "Squire" or Alcalde Sinclair of Sacramento. When Capt. Sutter came to California with him he brought several Kanaka servants. The Indian and half-Indian servants were very well trained. The Indian servants of Don Antonio Sunol were quite perfect. Mrs. Lewis said that when her father, James Frazier Reed, brought his family to San Jose Chinamen were never seen in the house. People feared them. The Reeds had their own servants from Springfield, Ill.

In the late 40s there was a close relationship commercially and socially between California and the Hawaiian islands. This was established by the Spaniards who sent their children to Hawaii to be educated. Governor Pacheco and the

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

155. SLAVERY IN SAN JOSE (Continued)

Hartnell boys went to school in the Hawaiian islands. Then the missionaries often brought back with them from the East Indias or Hawaii natives who became servants in California. Ship captains sometimes did the same for their American friends. The Malayans with their turbans and bright costumes were extremely picturesque. The Malayans have soft voices, said Mrs. Reed, but the Kanakas spoke as if they were choking.

In those days, servants were sometimes bought outright from captains of foreign vessels. A Peruvian named Juan was purchased by James Frazier Reed of the captain of a man-of-war in San Francisco harbor. With Juan worked a Malayan as cook.

In the early 50s Judge Kincaid, who lived between First and Second sts., had on his arrival from Missouri two negro men, their wives and children. These were Judge Kincaid's slaves.

The judge found that he did not need so many helpers, and so, he sold Abe and Sarah and their children to John Murphy, who lived in the quaint old-fashioned house with a balcony which stood until a few years ago in Second st. not far from the Episcopal church and back of the old Stark theater. Into this theater John Murphy used to carry his wife when the streets were too muddy for walking. Sarah and Abe always kept the name of Kincaid. Sarah Kincaid died a few years ago at Pacific Grove.

Mrs. Ferguson brought from Kentucky a negro slave known as Joe. Joe Ferguson was sold to James Frazier Reed, for whom he worked several years.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

156. FIRST STRAWBERRY FARM

The late Benjamin Franklin Watkins of Santa Clara and his brother-in-law, L. A. Gould, the pioneer nurseryman, owned the first strawberry farm in Santa Clara county, if not the first in California. This was in the early 50's. A few years ago I had a talk with Mr. Watkins' widow, Mrs. Laura J. Watkins. She was 84, but her memory was excellent. Mrs. Watkins made her home with her daughter, Mrs. Andrew P. Hill.

Mr. and Mrs. Watkins were born in New York. Both when very young moved to Michigan, but they never met in their childhood. Mr. Watkins started for California in 1846. He set out with the Donner party, but at Salt Lake he left them and went to Oregon. He did not like the rains of Oregon, and so, in 1847 he came to San Jose. In 1850 he went to Michigan to visit his relatives. There he met the lady who was to become his wife.

Mr. and Mrs. Watkins came to San Jose in 1850 as groom and bride. They occupied one of the ten houses on the Stockton ranch, brought around the Horn by Commodore Stockton. At that time Mrs. Watkins said there was only one fence in the entire valley, the wire fence surrounding the Stockton ranch. When she came in 1850 the valley was of great beauty. Mustard was so high that Mr. Watkins, in coming from the Mission San Jose to town, was lost therein. There were great stretches of chapparal, and beautiful groves of oak, very grateful to eastern eyes because they suggested scattering apple trees. In these trees were blackbirds and crows. In the sycamore herons had rookeries.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

156. FIRST STRAWBERRY FARM (Continued)

Mr. Watkins had never been a farmer, but he desired to be one. He bought 100 acres at Santa Clara, later owned by the Pierces. His brother-in-law, L. A. Gould, for whom Gould st. in Santa Clara was named, had an adjoining ranch. B. F. Fox was just establishing his nursery. From him Mr. Watkins bought trees and set out one of the first large orchards in the county. He had cherries, apples, and a vineyard. He planted the California grape because it ripened earlier. Hay and potatoes were on the lower part of the land.

Mrs. Watkins did not remember where her husband bought the strawberry plants, but he and Mr. Gould had so many that at one time they employed 40 Chinamen to pick the berries.

Mr. Watkins invented the wooden baskets now used for marketing strawberries. In the beginning the baskets were twice the size of those employed today. Strawberries were sent to market in San Francisco by way of Alviso. In later years strawberry raising was overdone, and Mr. Watkins abandoned it for more profitable fruit cultivation.

Mr. and Mrs. Watkins lived at Santa Clara for many years, but in the 70's they moved to San Jose where they always were active in public welfare work.

157. INTRODUCTION OF HONEY BEES

Many stories have been told of the coming of honey-bees to California. They were said to have been brought from Mexico.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

157. INTRODUCTION OF HONEY BEES (Continued)

In reality they were imported from Massachusetts in 1852. San Jose was their first Pacific coast home.

Only one man knows the complete story of the early history of honey bees. He is Mr. J.Q.A. Ballou, pioneer nurseryman, capitalist and one of the owners in the Farmers' Union. Mr. Ballou lives in Palo Alto and he just passed his 99th birthday. His memory is a storehouse of pioneer history.

In 1846 when Commodore Stockton came to California he acquired the Stockton ranch from James Alexander Forbes, known among Spanish Californians as Don Diego Forbes. Don Diego had married into the well-known Galindo family and he was related to the Alvisos.

In 1852 Stockton sent to San Jose a great shipment of plants, shrubs and trees. They were in charge of a botanist named Sheldon, who died of cholera on the Isthmus of Panama. Among the Sheldon's personal belongings were two swarms of bees, the first that ever came to the Pacific coast. The bees came with the shrubs and plants, until that time the largest importation ever seen in San Jose, were brought to the Stockton ranch by Mr. B. S. Fox and his assistant gardener, Mr. Thomas Egan. Fox himself had a knowledge of botany and he was an expert gardener. For more than a year he remained in charge of the Stockton place when he went into business on his own account.

The honey bees attracted little attention until April 1856, when the nursery stock imported by Stockton was sold at auction by James F. Kennedy, superintendent of the Stockton ranch.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

157. INTRODUCTION OF HONEY BEES (Continued)

The two swarms of bees of the late Mr. Sheldon were put up at auction, and to the general amazement they fetched $100.

Making money with such rapidity was almost as exciting as winning at monte. It stirred the speculative instinct of William Buck, a brother of James Buck, who was long afterward one of the directors and shareholders of the Farmers' Union. William Buck had little money, but he collected all he could and started immediately for New York where he bought 40 or 50 swarms of bees. Wisely he brought them to California in the spring after they had ceased multiplying. They traveled with safety on the steamer deck.

Directly Mr. Buck arrived he sold half of his bees to Frederick G. Appleton, the county treasurer. Mr. Appleton lived on The Alameda, later bought by Judge Leib as a residence. What Mr. Buck received from Mr. Appleton paid the entire cost of his bee importation.

Then Mr. Buck returned to the east for another shipment. He was delighted to find that bees had more swarms in California than in the east. In this warm climate as many as three swarms came in one season. Mr. Buck took care of Mr. Appleton's bees, because Appleton knew nothing of bees and besides he was afraid of them. Neither owner sold to others because they had a monopoly of the bees and they did not want to force down the price.

Meanwhile Freeman Gates, who had Gates' Institute in First st., imported bees. Later in the 60's the captains of passenger

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

157. INTRODUCTION OF HONEY BEES (Continued)

steamers brought swarms on steamer decks and sold them at auction on the wharves of San Francisco for $50 a swarm.

In 1857 Mr. Buck asked Mr. Ballou to allow him to keep his 40 swarms of bees on Mr. Ballou's ranch on the Milpitas rd. where he had established a nursery. In order to obtain food for the bees Mr. Ballou sowed four acres of buckwheat, but he was not much interested in the busy insects. He also dreaded their sting.

About this time Mr. Buck, who was a man of enthusiasm, became convinced that there was a great future for bees in Oregon. He asked Mr. Ballou to go there with him to introduce bees. Mr. Ballou was interested in the Oregon orchards which contained more improved fruit than those in California. He desired to see the home of those Oregon apples which had already sold in San Francisco for 25 cents each.

So Mr. Buck and Mr. Ballou put ten swarms of bees on the steamer Pacific and took passage for Oregon.

They arrived in Salem, the capital, just as Oregonians were in the throes of their constitutional convention. Mr. Ballou visited the convention, inspected the orchards while Mr. Buck tried to stir the enthusiasm of Oregonians for bees at $100 a swarm. Mr. Buck found enthusiasts, but they were mostly without money, and so, he left several swarms on the chance of their being bought. Then he came back to California.

Before he left he placed in Mr. Ballou's care four swarms and asked him to take them from Portland to the commandant at

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

157. INTRODUCTION OF HONEY BEES (Continued)

Fort Vancouver on the Columbia river, which is now in the state of Washington.

Mr. Ballou did as Mr. Buck requested, and so, he was the first to introduce bees into the state of Washington. The commandant did not care for the bees, and so, Mr. Ballou left them with a Mr. Knight on the chance of selling them. Then he returned to San Jose. Meanwhile Mr. Ballou's brother, who was employed in a San Jose grocery, had bought of Mr. Buck five swarms at $75 each, but he was so disgusted with the bargain that Mr. Ballou purchased them.

Then, with characteristic thoroughness, he began reading about bees. He studied the Langstroth system. All that Langstroth and most of his successors knew of bees was learned from Huber, the great blind naturalist.

Mr. Ballou began working in earnest with bees. He put a cigar in his mouth to protect himself with smoke from the dangers of the insects when they felt that their home was being invaded, and he soon acquired the habit of smoking.

So successful was Mr. Ballou with bees that in one year his five swarms grew to be 22, and the second year they multiplied until they were 109. In the fall of 1859 he sold two swarms to a neighbor for five tons of Sonora wheat, but the bee market was still inactive.

However, the fame of San Jose Honey bees spread. About this time Mr. Graves, who built the first commission house in San Francisco, and Charles Reed of Sacramento, afterwards one of the best known pear

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

157. INTRODUCTION OF HONEY BEES (Continued)

orchardists in Yolo county, came to San Jose with the object of buying bees.

Of Mr. Ballou they made the largest purchase known in San Jose - 60 swarms at $85 a swarm. This sale, with some other transactions in bees made Mr. Ballou a profit of $6000.

In spite of his success, he was not encouraged to continue. Honey bees so liked the California climate and flowers that they multiplied with great rapidity. Soon afterward the business was overdone and bees could scarcely be given away.

158. EARLY FRAME HOUSES

Several persons claim the distinction of priority in building the first frame house in San Jose. Peter Quivey was long thought to have been the first. His house was undoubtedly started in 1847, but Don Pedro Chaboya that year also built a house which is still standing on the Tully rd. near Oak Hill cemetery.

The late Mrs. Elizabeth McCracken said, and gave good evidence to support the statement, that her father William Whiteman, in 1847 built the first frame house in San Jose. She said that Quivey was ill in bed with a broken leg when her father began his work. Quivey finished his house second. It is still standing in Fourth st. near Julian.

William Whiteman was assisted by the carpenters George and John Cross and William Yorke. They are the men who discovered the Saratoga springs and they were the first owners of the springs.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

158. EARLY FRAME HOUSES (Continued)

The four men went to the mountains, felled the redwood trees and brought them with ox teams to San Jose. Black redwood was used in the Whiteman house. Black redwood, which in reality is dark red, lasts longer than either white or red redwood.

Black redwood was used by the Spanish in making coffins. Some coffins dug up from St. Joseph's and transferred to Santa Clara after 75 years were not rotted.

The Whiteman residence stood west of where is now the Vendome hotel. The residence has since been torn down and San Pedro st. passes over the site. The timbers used were 4 x 6 and they were morticed together and pinned. The outside of the house was weather boarded. The inside was ceiled.

The parlor of the Whiteman residence was 20 feet square. An unfinished shed used as a kitchen and dining room was 20 feet long by 15 feet wide. The house had one and a half stories. Curtains divided the sleeping quarters.

William Whiteman did not live long enough greatly to enjoy the labor of love in building his house. In 1848 he started for the gold mines and he was drowned in a slough beyond the San Joaquin river. He left provisions for a year. His widow, finding herself with several young children in a strange country, like a practical woman enlarged her dwelling and started a boarding house at First and St. John sts. where later stood the New York Exchange. Where Eagle hall later stood was the Isaac Branham boarding house,

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

158. EARLY FRAME HOUSES (Continued)

but the widow Whiteman had no fear of competitors. She opened her boarding house and made of it a success.

She had her own 12 cows. She sold butter for $4 a pound and eggs for $4 a dozen. No one else had time for cows and chickens. San Jose was mad with the gold delirium.

159. COMMITTEE OF SAFETY

San Francisco had her Vigilantes and with them many persons in San Jose were sympathetic. Others of high repute in this city opposed lynching men. Among those of this point of view were the late William T. Wallace, afterwards famous in the state as Judge Wallace of San Francisco, and his brother-in-law, the late C. T. Ryland.

San Joseans in great numbers volunteered to assist the San Francisco vigilantes, and San Jose herself had her own committee of safety. This group was made up of the most important men in the city, and it came into existence because the community was unsettled and terrorized by the crimes being committed. The committee of safety did very little outright lynching, although this did happen in several cases. When a man violated the law the committee of safety mounted, took after him and shot him.

In looking over the pages of "The Visitor", the first San Jose newspaper, I found fear growing with each issue. The editor in the early numbers complained that the judge was allowing criminals to escape through a "mistaken notion of humanity".

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

159. COMMITTEE OF SAFETY (Continued)

In the early 50's there were many bandits from Senora in California. Some of them came in the first place to hunt for gold, but they were not allowed to work by the Americans, and so, in revenge they turned bandits. As time went on the editor of The Visitor became franker in his suggestion of violence. "Let every farmer and every man in the community who owns a horse and gun be ready to turn out at any moment, and they will soon put an end to the depredations."

In another issue the editor suggests that a wrong-doer should "pull hemp". Mar. 5, 1852 the editor advises the young men of the community to ride, get guns and "root the villians out of the Willows." The delightful Willows of modern San Jose was a favorite hiding place for criminals. Criminals also concealed themselves in the forests of mustard surrounding the city.

At that time it was feared that the band of Joaquin Murietta would attack San Jose. It was said that he hated Americans for their conquest of California. Some said that he liked to cut off the ears of the Americans and carry them on a string. One writer says that Murietta came to San Jose. If he did he committed no violence.

The late Charles C. Reed, son of James F. Reed, one of the best known pioneers in San Jose, told me that in the early 50's one night seven horse thieves, five Spaniards and two Americans were hung on a white oak tree at the corner of William and Seventh

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

159. COMMITTEE OF SAFETY (Continued)

sts. This is the largest number of men I have heard of hanged at one time in the early days in San Jose.

In spite of committees of safety and vigilantes crime was difficult to suppress in San Jose. Guadalupe, the Indian, was hanged for murder Dec. 17, 1856. Charles A. Smith was murdered by Pedro Montemayor Mar. 4, 1856. Priciliana Perres was murdered Aug. 23. James Blair and an Indian were murdered Sept. 24. An unknown American was murdered Sept. 28.

These are only a few of the many crimes following public hangings in the Plaza, and lynchings, and shootings in private, and so, it is a question whether violent punishment by death lessened crime, but Mr. Reed thought the action of the committee of safety finally made property respected in San Jose.

160. RELICS OF A HAUNTED HOUSE

The old Pinedo residence in Santa Clara was known as the haunted house. It was the first house in Santa Clara and was built in 1844 by Lorenzo Pinedo, a young man from Ecuador, South America, who came to California in the early forties.

Pinedo's ship was wrecked in Monterey bay. He alone was saved. He swam more than a mile to the shore. He came to San Jose and married Carmen Berryessa, daughter of Jose de los Reyes Berryessa of San Vicente ranch, discoverer and first owner of the New Almaden mine.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

160. RELICS OF A HAUNTED HOUSE (Continued)

The building of the Pinedo residence was a great architectural event in Santa Clara. A frame house was a novelty. The redwood trees for the making of the lumber were cut by the Indians in the mountains and hauled to Santa Clara. On the Pinedo place they were made by hand into boards more than 30 inches wide. The same cut of boards were used on the outside and inside of the house. Later the exterior of the house was covered with clapboards, and shutters were added. The house had one gable. A picture of it is now in possession of the Misses Fitts in South Sixth st., grandchildren of Pinedo, who owned the lot. The house stood till about ten years ago, when it was torn down.

The Pinedos were hospitable, and the Pinedo house in Santa Clara always had guests. Travelers stopped there and never left without refreshments. Men from the New Almaden mine left their ore at the Pinedos for safe keeping.

The reason why the house acquired the name of being haunted was that it stood back of the church and all during the fifties and sixties corpses were left there before services were held. Many wakes took place in the old dwelling. Sometimes Spanish Californian wakes lasted two days.

Lorenzo Pinedo was stricken with the cholera suddenly in 1852 at the Almaden mine. Although when his wife heard of her husband's illness she mounted a horse and taking her baby girl, hurried with all speed to her husband's side. He died before she

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

160. RELICS OF A HAUNTED HOUSE (Continued)

reached him. The Pinedos had two attractive daughters, Dolores, who married William Fitts, owner of the first bus line between San Jose and Santa Clara, and Encarcion Pinedo, who never married. Miss Pinedo was a woman of beauty and popularity. She kept alive the spirit of the old days of Santa Clara and wrote one of the best articles ever published on old Santa Clara. She died about 20 years ago.

The relics of the Pinedo family are now in the possession of the Misses Fitts, who live in South Sixth st. One of the most unusual is a silver candlestick given Miss Encarcion Pinedo many years ago by the Rev. O'Sullivan of Santa Clara as a tribute to her devotion to the mission. The silver candlestick came from the first Santa Clara mission. Another of Miss Pinedo's possessions was an engraving, 1819, of Our Lady of Guadalupe. The gilt frame of the engraving has perhaps a dozen nail holes. Miss Fitts explains that sometimes flowers were placed in those holes when special favor was being asked of Our Lady.

A brown and blue striped heavy silk serape also belongs to the Misses Fitts. They also own the finest black silk lace mantilla I have seen in San Jose. There is a piece of embroidery 200 years old and a heavy old embroidered shawl. Another beautiful shawl, black with crimson roses, that came from the Pinedos belongs to a former Miss Fitts, who is married and lives in Oakland. All of these things once were possessions of Carmen Berryessa, but one

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

160. RELICS OF A HAUNTED HOUSE (Continued)

feels that they should all be in the museum in San Jose.

161. NEW ALMADEN IN 1849

Mr. Albert Schroder, who lives at South William st., is the only person met by me in San Jose who recalls the New Almaden mine in 1849. Mr. Schroder is the son of the late Morgan Schroder, who did all the transporting of quicksilver for the New Almaden Co. to Alviso. Morgan Schroder was a seafaring man of English extraction, who settled in Mazatlan. He came to San Jose in 1846, preceding his family by several years. Mrs. Schroder and the children arrived in 1840 on the steamer Orizaba. They came from San Francisco to San Jose behind a team of army mules and went immediately to the New Almaden.

Mr. Schroder has a drawing made for his father in 1850 by a Dutch sailor of the New Almaden as it then looked. He declares that the New Almaden has changed less than San Jose, and indeed the drawing shows it to be almost the same as today. There is the office building, the office, the sheds. The office building was made of brick manufactured on the spot of Merritt & Brothers, who bored the first artesian well in San Jose, but who at that time were employed at the New Almaden. In the foreground of the picture is the galvanized house where lived the Schroder family.

Mr. Schroder says that the same ditch ran along the sidewalk in Almaden that now gives the place so quaint an appearance. The ditch was for drinking and irrigation purposes, and was like the

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

161. NEW ALMADEN MINE IN 1849 (Continued)

acequias dug by the Spanish Californians of San Jose for irrigation. The miners came from their pretty little cottages in the 50's with buckets to get water for gardens. When Mr. Schroder first went to New Almaden, on the site of the present store was a little store kept by Duteche, a Frenchman, who had a stage line between San Jose and Almaden. Later in the 50's the company built the present big store with its barred windows. On the opposite side of the road were restaurants and saloons, and farther down was a trail leading into the hills.

Most of the buildings at New Almaden in the early 50's have long since disappeared. Gone is the Walkinshaw residence, which was built in Spanish style at the mining company's ranch just as you approach New Almaden. It was called the Laurels and had two stories built around a cobble stone court. Now most of the group of laurels as well as the house are gone.

Robert Walkinshaw was a Scotchman, who came from Tepec, Mexico, with his Spanish wife. They had several children and 15 and 20 servants and employes on the ranch. Their hospitality was boundless. Often on Sundays in a great green English wagon marked Nuovo Almaden, drawn by six or eight horses, they with their friends and some of the little community went to the Guadalupe mine where they had a picnic.

One of the Walkinshaw daughters, Maxima, married Captain Young. They occupied the great house built at the expense of the

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

161. NEW ALMADEN MINE in 1849 (Continued)

company, which still stands. This house was another scene of lavish hospitality. General Halleck and the Parrots of San Francisco, who owned an interest in the mines, often came from San Francisco for a visit.

In the rear of the company house is a summer house which Mr. Schroder says came from Japan or China. He himself brought it from Alviso.

The Walkinshaws were epicures. Mr. Schroder recalls when as a lad, he went to Louis Prevost's garden at Live Oak Park to buy strawberries at the rate of $5 a small box for the Walkinshaw table. He also remembers purchasing 5 gallons of cognac at Brassy's for $100. The Walkinshaw girls were among the early students at Notre Dame.

Mr. Schroder says that when the first operators of the property worked the New Almaden their method was most wasteful. Quicksilver is so fluid that it escaped even with the fumes of the smoke. By the new method of the Barrons and Walkinshaws this was done away with. Now the fumes are carefully preserved. Great pipes catch every bit of smoke and condense it so that quicksilver is saved. Not only is quicksilver saved, but the health of animals, trees and human beings is much better. Men no longer need to go about with their mouths covered with sponges and handkerchiefs for fear of being salivated. Cattle no longer sicken. Trees on the hillside no longer die before their time.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

161. NEW ALMADEN MINE IN 1849 (Continued)

Before the modern methods were introduced so much quicksilver was lost that when the new company was organized they found more quicksilver than did the first company.

In the early 50's when Mr. Schroder lived at New Almaden the hillsides were covered with forests and wood was brought from a distance to work the mines, but in recent years the hills have been denuded in order to obtain fire wood for the mine.

162. TEAMING FOR NEW ALMADEN

Mr. Albert Schroder, who lives in William st., has interesting papers which belonged to his father, Morgan Schroder, who did all the teaming for the New Almaden mines in the late 40's and the early 50's. The papers make clear the difficulties and the cost of the work.

In order to haul the heavy loads of cinnabar over the rough roads from Almaden to Alviso Mr. Schroder used an eight-mule team. In those days mules were not cheap. The papers show that for "Liz" and "Beck", Schroder paid $750, and for "Jack" and "Fanny" $400. Between these two sums was the average price for mules. Some animals came from Stockton, but many from Kentucky.

Especially heavy wagons were needed for the work and Captain Schroder bought them stripped. Beds and brakes were extra. The papers show that the "lead" wagons cost $200 and the trail wagon $175. These were bought of D. J. Porter, who had a shop back of

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

162. TEAMING FOR NEW ALMADEN (Continued)

where now stands the Arcade.

All of Morgan Schroder's mules were driven with a single rein, but the harness cost $250. It was bought of M. Stern, whose son, Fred Stern, now has a store in Santa Clara st.

In 1854 Mr. Schroder built a two story adobe house on a lot purchased by him at the intersection of Market and First sts. Here was bored, in 1856, one of the first artesian wells. The work was done by Merritt and Brothers, who built the chimney of the house and who made brick at the New Almaden. Water was found at the depth of 450 feet.

On this lot Morgan Schroder erected a big barn for his teams. It held 150 tons of hay. The Schroder teamsters used to make the trip to New Almaden, get a load of quicksilver and return in a day. They stopped at the big barn over night, and then went on to Alviso, delivered the flasks of quicksilver and returned that night. As a boy Albert Schroder often made this journey himself. Morgan Schroder must have been a man of much energy. When the flood of '62 came, water rose so that Alviso was entirely covered. Milpitas, Lawrence and Berryessa were little shanties sticking up in a sea. Mr. Schroder had a contract to deliver 4800 flasks of quicksilver at Alviso to be put aboard a ship. He allowed nothing to stand in his way. Water nearly reached the site of the Vendome hotel. Mr. Schroder engaged Martin Corcoran to take a scow and carry the quicksilver to Alviso. From the Riverside nursery, near what is

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

162. TEAMING FOR NEW ALMADEN (Continued)

the Hotel Vendome, the Corcoran boat set out and delivered 4800 flasks of quicksilver. For this work Corcoran received $4800. In the same year Morgan Schroder gave up teaming and went into the hardware business. In 1868 he bought a coffee plantation in Central America. Later he returned to San Jose, where he died.

163. INTRODUCTION OF PALMS

In the very early mission days palms were brought to southern California. Few of them are native to the soil, but most of those planted about the missions are in honor of St. Francis.

Never have I been able to discover anyone who knew of the introduction of palms in San Jose until recently. Repeatedly I have been told that they grew at neither the Mission Santa Clara nor the Mission San Jose before the Americans came, and this is probably true.

Albert Schroder says that palms were brought to San Jose by Don Louis Prevost, the dreaming French nurseryman, who spent much of his time, energy and money in trying to introduce successfully the culture of silk worms in California. Don Louis Prevost died greatly beloved, but a comparatively poor man. With his death his dream.

In Mr. Schroder's boyhood, during the 50's, Don Louis had the most flourishing flower garden in San Jose. It was called

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

163. INTRODUCTION OF PALMS (Continued)

Prevost's gardens and was in Live Oak park, later so well known as pleasure gardens. In the 50s no. Park av. bridge over the Guadalupe led to Prevost's gardens. When one went to buy flowers and fruit of Don Louis it was by way of a picturesque ferry boat that carried one over the river by means of a rope.

At that time palms were considered a great novelty in San Jose. Don Louis was the first to get the seed. He had great difficulty in making it grow. Mr. Schroder says that in the 50s frost was more killing than today. After many trials it was decided that the best way to make a palm grow was to dig a deep hole and fill the bottom with a hot bed of fresh manure and cover it with dirt. This heat greatly accelerated the growth of the palm. Later B. F. Fox raised many palms from the seed, as did John Rock. They shipped them all over the state, and were the first in northern California.

The three oldest palms in San Jose came from Don Louis Prevost's gardens about 60 years ago. Once two stood before the Porter block. Now they have been placed before the Porter residence, fronting on St. James park. The McKee palm, the third palm, stands before the residence of Mrs. George B. McKee.

The broad leaf palm, the Phoenix, was first introduced. Later came the date palm. Mr. Schroder has experimented a great deal with palm seed. He obtained some from his father's old home in Mazatlan. Mr. Schroder owned till recently a part of

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

163. INTRODUCTION OF PALMS (Continued)

the old Schroder block bought by Morgan Schroder in 1852. Here used to stand one of the palms raised by Albert Schroder.

The palms in front of the late James A. Clayton place, near the Vendome hotel, were grown by Mr. Schroder from seed. When the Milton Lathams laid out their place at Menlo they used many palms. So did John T. Doyle on his ranch near Monte Vista. Fifty years ago palms were the rage. The late Mrs. James Flood offered Mr. Schroder $500 for these Clayton palms. Mr. Schroder refused the offer, but donated them to the normal school. They had no room for the palms, and so, James A. Clayton finally bought them for $150. Mrs. Flood bought palms from a French gardener, Bontemps, in Fifth st.

Mr. Schroder guaranteed that his palms could be safely transplanted. Mr. Schroder says that it is a mistake to take up too much dirt in transplanting palms. They are very hardy and will live even if the tap root has been broken. The important thing is to plant them deep enough so that they will not blow over, and then give them plenty of water.

164. OLD SAN JOSE ORCHARD

Until a few years ago there stood in the rear of the house of Mr. and Mrs. Paul Masson in Market st. the oldest pear tree in San Jose. It was nearly 40 ft. high. The venerable tree was planted about 1828 by Mrs. Luisa Boutiller Sepulveda, grandmother of the late Mrs. Luisa Sepulveda.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

164. OLD SAN JOSE ORCHARD (Continued)

Once I had a chat with Mrs. Mesa about the old tree. From her I learned the history of the tree and the story of the orchard of which it was the last proud, erect survivor. Mrs. Mesa's father was Juan Sepulveda, long a soldier in the army of the king of Spain. For military services he was given two solaris in the pueblo of San Jose. One he asked for his mother, who was a widow, Luisa Boutiller Sepulveda. These solaris stretched from Market st. to the Guadalupe river. On his property he built side by side two adobe houses, one for his mother and one for himself.

Mrs. Sepulveda Sr. set out on her place an orchard of pears, peaches and apples. The acequia, which was really a part of the Canoas creek, ran through the lot and irrigated the trees. Mrs. Mesa did not know where the trees were obtained, but as long as she can remember they were growing behind the house which was about 50 ft. farther from Market st. than the Masson dwelling. Mrs. Mesa was 90 years of age, and she was born in her father's adobe on the Masson place in the year 1828. She thought that the trees were set out about the time that she was born, because the family came to the Masson lot only a very few years before her arrival in the world. Mrs. Mesa said that the family kept 60 cows on their place, which was considered far in the country. The Sepulvedas shipped butter and cheese by way of Alviso to Yerba Buena and Monterey. She said that nearly all the neighbors in the pueblo had a family orchard. Salvia Pacheco, who lived

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

164. OLD SAN JOSE ORCHARD (Continued)

near what would be San Antonio st. by the city hall, had a vineyard.

Mrs. Luisa Boutiller Sepulveda, who set out the old orchard and the Masson pear tree, lived to be 110 years of age, so it is not strange that her granddaughter was alive and clear-headed at 90. Albert Schroeder, who lived in First st. directly opposite the old Sepulveda place, recalls well Mrs. Sepulveda. He says that she was so weak when she was passing the century mark that seated on a rawhide she was always dragged about on the floor by an Indian maid, who had a great fierce mop of bristling black hair on a huge head, that gave her a savage appearance. The rawhide was a primitive invalid chair. Mrs. Mesa told me that the Indian girl was named Pasquala. When her father was a soldier he went over into the Tulares to fight the Indians who had stole horses. Juan Sepulveda came back wounded with an arrow in the arm, but with him was a captive, Pasquala, a 10-year old child, who remained always with the family. Pasquala never learned to speak Spanish well. At the death of Mrs. Sepulveda Sr. the child was given to Mrs. Mesa's mother. Not many years ago she died.

Mr. Schroeder recalls well the Sepulveda orchard in his boyhood in the 50's. At that time a number of trees of different varieties were standing. They were his delight. He remembers the presidente pear and a very delicious variety called the Leche or milk pear. Another variety had so thick a skin that it was

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

164. OLD SAN JOSE ORCHARD (Continued)

called by the neighboring boys the "choke" pear, because it choked them when they tried to eat it.

When the Paul Massons moved to the place about 35 years ago there still stood several of the trees. Two died a natural death of old age, and two others were cut down to make way for a garage. The oldest pear tree in San Jose before it was cut was annually afflicted with coddingly moth, So tall was she that it is almost impossible to spray her. Her fruit fell to the ground, and so great a distance did it fall, that in its over-ripe condition it was crushed in the descent . The old pear tree in San Jose had only one real service, and that was every spring to give forth a beautiful display of snowy white blossoms and to remind beholders of the ancient regime.

Among the other pear orchards in San Jose recalled by Mr. Schroeder was the Romano orchard near the present site of the Southern Pacific station. Here one might eat all the pears desired for 25 cents, but one could take none away. The same rule applied to the fathers' orchard at Santa Clara.

In Mr. Schroeder's boyhood the Sunol pear orchard was very tempting. Here grew pears on huge trees. There were also fig trees as large as oaks. The Palomaris orchard had many large fine pear trees. Mr. Schroeder recalls that the trees of the Palomaris orchard were bought by Mr. Bessi, an Italian hardware merchant of the early days. Mr. Bessi was also a cabinet maker. He desired

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

164. OLD SAN JOSE ORCHARD (Continued)

pear tree wood of very close grain for the making of planes. The last trees of the Palomaris orchard went into planes for carpenters.

165. OLDEST BUSINESS FIRM

Probably the name of L. Lion has been longer known in the same line of business in the commercial world than any other in San Jose. Lazard Lion is dead but his name still survives in the firm of L. Lion and Sons which I am told is the oldest firm in the state of California. Lion was born in 1829. He came from Forbach, Alsace Lorraine, in the year 1852. With him was a Frenchman named Selliaer. They settled in San Francisco, and in Clay st. they began and named the City of Paris dry goods store. Lion's physician warned him that he had heart trouble and that he must leave San Francisco. He came to San Jose in the very early fifties. Selliaer long continued an owner of the City of Paris.

Pioneer ladies tell me that the Lion store in San Jose was the first really nice shop in town. Here were bought the best French things at reasonable prices. Lion's store was in the building on the site of Growers Bank building. This place of business was afterwards moved to El Dorado (Post) and Market. At one time Lion was interested in seven stores. They included a dry goods house, a carpet store and a clothing store and glove shop, all in the Music Hall building. He had an interest in the C. J. Martin dry goods store and the L. Hart's dry goods and grocery store in

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

165. OLDEST BUSINESS FIRM (Continued)

Santa Clara. Lion was also the original owner of the Corner Cash store which was run by A. B. Steinbach. L. Hart, father of the present merchant, moved from Santa Clara and bought out Steinbach and founded the present store owned by L. Hart.

In the Lion family are many interesting papers relating to the life of the founder of the firm. One shows ownership in the first telegraph line that came to San Jose. Another is a receipt for shares in the Lexington Copper Mining Co. that was organized in the town of Lexington above Los Gatos.

Another interesting paper is the marriage certificate of Lazard Lion and his wife, Zulina Martin, who were married in San Jose Mar. 12, 1853, by Justice R. A. Jones. Mrs. Lion's mother kept the Mansion House in Dupont st., San Francisco. In the old days it was a fashionable French hotel. Mr. Martin, Mrs. Lion's father, went to the mines in 1849 and was murdered in Sonora. The Lions lived long in San Jose and left behind them a large family of children. Mrs. Charles Fay in San Francisco is their daughter. Their surviving sons are Ernest and Henry Lion. Two brothers who died a few years ago are Gustav and Emil.

166. LIFE AT RANCHO LAGUNA SECA

Coyote is the postoffice today of what would be the Rancho del Refugio de la Laguna Seca. The four leagues square of land in the original grant were first owned by Juan Alvirez, who obtained it July 22, 1834, from Governor Jose Figueroa. The grant

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

166. LIFE AT RANCHO LAGUNA SECA (Continued)

was confirmed Jan. 14, 1857. Capt. Fisher, an English sea captain, perhaps had less trouble than would a Spanish-Californian in having the grant confirmed. The captain came into the valley in 1845 and bought the Juan Alvirez grant.

There have been many heirs to the Laguna Seca grant because of the many marriages in the Fisher family. Capt. Fisher's wife was Miss Liberata Cecesna, daughter of Jose Maria Cecesna. After the captain's death his widow married an English physician, Dr. George P. Bull. George Bull of San Jose told me something of life at the Laguna Seca in his boyhood. Mr. Bull was born in an adobe house built by Juan Alvirez. In the living room was a dirt floor, but the bedroom had red wood floors.

The old garden at Laguna Seca consisted of roses, verbenas and carnations. The dried petals of the Castillian roses mixed with dried elder blossoms were used on the ranch for fevers and also as a laxative. In the vegetable garden was a great variety of vegetables and fruit. To the prairie schooners that often made their way as far as Gilroy the Laguna Seca people frequently sold fruit and watermelons. Grapes fetched 50 cents per pound and watermelons were disposed of as high as 25 and 75 cents.

Not much work was done on the ranch. Labor consisted largely of riding over the great fields and watching the horses, sheep and goats. Traders from merchant vessels sometimes came and bought cattle at $5 and $6 a head. These traders gave them most of their

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

166. LIFE AT RANCHO LAGUNA SECA (Continued)

money.

Mr. Bull says that the neighbors at Laguna Seca helped each other at harvest time, and that at the close of the day's work they were so little fatigued that they danced to violins and guitars.

Saturday evening all rode in to San Jose to attend church at Saint Joseph's. They had relatives and friends in town and they paid them a visit. Saturday evening they went to confession and later chatted with their friends. In the morning they went to mass and communion. Sunday evening they drove home.

The neighbors at Laguna Seca were the Bernals, Marmolejos and the Murphys. Mary Fisher married Dan Murphy.

After Dr. Bull's death Mrs. Bull married Cesar Piatti. Mr. Bull is the only child of Dr. and Mrs. Bull.

Some of the Laguna Seca is still in the hands of the Fisher children. Laguna Seca means dry lake. It is called Laguna Seca because a few times in its history the water entirely disappeared. Usually the lake was two by one and a half miles, and it was deep enough to drown a man. A few years ago the people of Coyote united and reclaimed part of the lake. Now the Bay Cities Water Co. is reclaiming the remainder. Soon Laguna Seca will be only a legend of Coyote.

167. FIRST MILLS

The most primitive Spanish Californian way of separating grain from straw was to have the Indians rub the heads of grain

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

167. FIRST MILLS (Continued)

in their hands. Then they blew away the chaff, and the grain was ground by hand between two stones.

Later, the grinding of grain between large stones was introduced. The grain was cut with scythes. After it was stacked a corral was made in circular form. The grain was spread out on the ground and wild horses were raced over it, the vacqueros cracking whips over their heads. Then the grain was winnowed by tossing the straw up into the air, the chaff was blown away. Before grinding the grain was washed and dried.

Then it was fed by a hopper-shaped box into the mill, which was made of two stones as nearly round as possible, 30 inches in diameter. Each stone was dressed on one side to a smooth surface. One set upon a frame two feet high with smooth face upward. The other was placed upon this with the smooth surface downward. In the center of the stones was a hole into which the grain was poured by hand. Then two holes were drilled partly through the stones. Each admitted an iron bolt to which a long pole was hitched. To the end of the pole was harnessed a horse, mule or donkey, who moved round in a circle at the rate of between 800 and 1200 revolutions an hour.

After wheat was ground it was thrown out as flour. It took 12 hours to grind a bushel of flour, and as 12 hours was the usual work-day, it meant that a man, an assistant and a mule could grind one bushel of flour a day.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

167. FIRST MILLS (Continued)

This flour was so precious that it was sold often for $30 a 100-pound sack.

The oldest mill-stone seen by me in the valley is the one at the Bernal's Santa Teresa ranch. It is about 100 years old, and it should not be lost sight of when a museum is established in San Jose by the pioneers of any society interested in preserving momentos of the past.

There are some of the old Castro mill-stones on Los Animas or the Henry Miller ranch.

Other interesting mill-stones used to be at Santa Clara in the blacksmith shop of John A. Day. They formerly belonged to Judge Redman, who, in the fifties, for a time had possession of the Santa Clara Mission orchard. For a time they were utilized by Judge Redman as a part of a fountain. The stones had probably belonged to the mission,

At the Roble Alto ranch, near Santa Clara, A. R. Woodhams had some mill-stones that are usually called the oldest in the valley. They were bought by Joseph Woodhams of Uncle Billy Campbell, who had the first sawmill on Campbell creek, now Quito creek, near Long Bridge.

In the early forties Pedro Sainsevain probably had the first flour mill in San Jose. It stood on the Guadalupe about 300 feet from Santa Clara st. It was run by water power. This mill afterwards passed into the hands of Senator Bassham, the first state

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

167. FIRST MILLS (Continued)

senator from San Jose.

168. HAUNTED HOUSE OF LAGUNA SECA

Laguna Seca is the abbreviated name of the great Fisher ranch near the Twelve Mile House -- Spanish Californians always speak of the old hotel as "The Twelve". The full name of the property is the Rancho del Refugio de la Laguna Seca. The original property extended over more than four square leagues.

In what is now Bailey av. south of Laguna Seca, long ago on a knoll George B. Polhemus started to build a house. The neighbors told him that the house was haunted, but Mr. Polhemus did not believe that ghosts would trouble his house, and he kept on building in spite of warnings.

Superstitious Spanish Californians told him that everyone knew there was a ghost in the neighborhood. He had been prowling about that region terrifying people since several years before, when Cristino, one of the workers at the Laguna Seca ranch saw vultures hovering over a spot. Cristino followed the vultures, and he found something that sent a shudder for miles through the valley. On the ground was a dead man, a stranger, with a bullet in his breast. A pack of cards nearby told that the stranger had met death in a gambling game.

The Spanish Californians shook their heads. They were afraid that there would be a ghost, and there was. He came in the night and shook people's houses and made strange sounds. But still the

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

168. HAUNTED HOUSE OF LAGUNA SECA (Continued)

Polhemus went ahead with their house on a spot very near where Cristino had found the dead stranger with a bullet in his breast.

The Polhemus occupied their house. What the neighbors warned them against came true. Especially in the winter (the stranger's body had been found in the winter) great hands seemed to shake the new house. The Polhemus could not sleep. They could not endure the sounds. They moved their dwelling to a site some rods distant. It happened to be on a level, protected spot. Afterwards they heard no more strange sounds, and they were sorry that they had not heeded the legend.

George P. Bull, who was born at Laguna Seca, told me the story. He says that it was the wind, not the ghost of the dead stranger, that shook the Polhemus' house. But the neighbors at Laguna Seca refused to credit such nonsense.

169. FRUIT WIZARDS

One of the first men in San Jose to originate a new variety of fruit was B. S. Fox, who has to his credit three new varieties of pears, the B. S. Fox, the P. Barry and the Colonel Wilder. These pears, like most of the fruit originated in San Jose, came about through accident instead of through premeditated cross fertilization, as happens when fruit is created by scientific men. A number of seeds were sown, the best chosen, and that perpetuated.

Santa Cla ra county has never made a specialty of apples, but H. C. Skinner, afterwards justice of peace, and commonly called

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

169. FRUIT WIZARDS (Continued)

"judge", experimented with trees at his place in Julian st. until he was able to give to commerce Skinner's Seedling. His was a very popular table apple, which is still much used. Mr. Skinner lived near the Julian st. bridge over the Coyote. He brought seeds of his apples in dried fruit across the plains. Sylvester Newhall, who lived in the Willows, originated the Newhall peach, which was much liked because the leaves did not curl. In the early days before spraying was introduced the Newhall peach had a great advantage. Mr. Newhall had a place in the Willows where he grew strawberries. He afterwards became a nurseryman and made a fortune selling prune trees.

King's soft shell almonds had San Jose as a birthplace. This almond was originated by Abraham King, an old and much respected settler who lived in Julian st. near the Coyote. His almond, like the IXL and the Ne Plus Ultra was an accidental product.

F. C. Wilson of Santa Clara originated a walnut which promises to take the place of the older varieties. It is called Wilson's Wonder, and is probably the largest walnut ever seen in San Jose. Many ranchers plant the wild English walnuts and graft to them Wilson's Wonder. The grafts bear while very young.

Another walnut originated in this community is called the San Jose Mayette. The late E. J. Wickson declares it to be a very fine type of the French Mayette. It was originated by R. Wiltz,

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

169. FRUIT WIZARDS (Continued)

who has a place in Lucretia av. in the southern part of San Jose. The San Jose Mayette has been considerably propagated by Leonard Coates, who makes a specialty of native products and plants.

Among the fruit curiosities produced in San Jose was a second crop of prunes in 1904 from a tree which had already ripened one crop in July. These prunes grew on the place of the late Judge Lieb, and he sent them to Luther Burbank. Judge Lieb was one of the great enthusiasts for the Imperial prune. His son is one of the most enthusiastic amateur horticulturists. J. Q. A. Ballou tells me that he has seen Bartlett pear trees produce a second crop in one year in Santa Clara county.

The late Judge Rhodes, in his garden on The Alameda, continually experimented with figs and olives, and he produced some very happy results.

170. SANTA CLARA'S STRONG WOMAN

Santa Clara had a strong woman, the Widow Bennett. Harry Love, the Black Knight of Seyante, who captured Joaquin Murietta, married her. Some say it was the bravest thing he ever did. Some say that she married him. She was capable of it, unless anecdotes and stories belie her. Whether he or she was the Romeo, the marriage was not happy. They battled as only a gunfighter and a strong woman can battle, fist to fist.

At 70 she stirred him to such jealousy that armed with a double-barreled shotgun, a revolver and a bowie knife he attacked

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

170. SANTA CLARA'S STRONG WOMAN (Continued)

Christian Elverson, a man employed by her for protection, and in the encounter met his death in July 1868 at Santa Clara. Love died running from the man he attacked. Mrs. Love was wounded in the death struggle. She died in December of the same year.

Mr. Day, who used to be the blacksmith at Santa Clara, tells me that he remembers the day that Harry Love was shot. Mr. Day was playing in Sherman st. not far from his own blacksmith shop with the late Frank Maurice. They heard the shot and boy-like ran to see what the matter was. Love had fallen, Elverson was bleeding.

A crowd gathered, Dr. Wolverton came, and Love was carried to his residence. Dr. Wolverton came and cut off Love's leg. Soon he died in the house now occupied by the Misses Abel. The Widow Bennett was as good a woman as there was in Santa Clara county. Mr. Day says that she seemed to him to weigh 400 pounds. That may be exaggerated boyish memory, but all agree that she was a large, commanding woman with a deep voice and a capacity for fighting men and asking no quarter on account of sex.

The first story of her that echoes down to us is that of crossing the plains in 1843. She was in the party of George Washington Bellamy, who later had one of the first tanneries in Santa Clara, and for whom Bellamy st. is named. The emigrants were attacked by the Indians, and evidently Bellamy's conduct did not appeal to the lady,

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

170. SANTA CLARA'S STRONG WOMAN (Continued)

"Shoot, damn ye, Bellamy, or give me the gun!" is her historic remark. On the other hand her son Winston in his reminiscences declares that while they were in a battle with the Indians he killed two. The conflict was fierce and in the heat of it he turned and found his mother at his side, saying with pity, "Winston, you've killed two of those poor creatures."

Again the Widow Bennett appears in the battle at Santa Clara, a titanic figure, neither man nor woman, not scarcely human, fit to belong to the regiment of death. In the confusion the Widow Bennett had strong feeling and a definite notion of what to do. She encouraged the Americans, and when she stood upon the mission and raged and, if we are to believe history, swore. In that battle her son Jackson was wounded.

In reality, the Widow Bennett was Mrs. Vardeman Bennett from Georgia. In 1843 and 1844 the Bennetts crossed the plains with their large family of sons and daughters. They had an eventful journey. California did not bring happiness to the Bennetts. Vardeman Bennett remained in Yerba Buena and his wife and at least three of their sons, Jackson, Dennis and Winston came to Santa Clara. Vardeman Bennett died in 1849 of cholera in Yerba Buena.

In Santa Clara the widow was very popular with the Spanish Californians. She soon learned to speak Spanish, as did all her children. She was a good friend, but a remorseless hater. To

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

170. SANTA CLARA'S STRONG WOMAN (Continued)

the Spanish Californians she appeared like an angel of mercy. They called her mother. She explained to them the complications of the American laws, and they had faith in her advice. In fact, they regarded her as a friendly lawyer. She was her own attorney in land litigation cases, and a picturesque figure she was riding about on her donkey. In return for her goodness to the Spanish Californians she received a very unusual favor through her son, Winston, whose nickname was Narciso. She received in 1846 in the name of Narciso Bennett from Governor Pio Pico two grants of land near Santa Clara. No other American to my knowledge in this vicinity ever received a land grant without first becoming a citizen of Mexico.

One of these grants was a solar or building lot in the town. It was 140 varas square. The other was 2000 x 1000 varas and was bounded on the east by high ground of the mission, on the north by the sowing ground of the Indians, which was bounded by the San Francisco rd., the lines of Mr. Galindo and Ignacio Alviso. This included a part of the A. R. Woodhams ranch. Mrs. Bennett had great difficulty in establishing right to her claims, but finally they were allowed by the United States court. Mr. Woodhams gave her $30 an acre. He paid for his property several times, so that it cost as much as good land today. Widow Bennett's property was a trifle more than 350 acres.

The Widow Bennett's place at Santa Clara is now a very delightful old spot, afterwards occupied by the late Misses Abel in

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

170. SANTA CLARA'S STRONG WOMAN (Continued)

the northern part of town near the depot. First the widow had an adobe in a ten-acre field. She later built a part of the present Abel house. Time has softened and beautified the garden so that one forgets that once it was a garden of hate and tragedy. The house is now occupied by Mrs. A. J. Donovan.

171. SAN JOSE UNDER MILITARY RULE

In a night California acquired riches and fame. Her life was the most picturesque and intense of her time. Dizzy with success, she swaggered a little. Resentment rose in California because congress, forgetting the overgrown child, neglected to give her a constitution and civil law. California was tired of living under the military rule of Gen. Bennett Riley. She stamped her foot and scolded. If congress would not give her a constitution she would make one herself.

In those days when anything of importance was to be said in California, San Jose said it first. In 1848 in this city was held its first meeting for agitating a provisional government. It was the sense of this meeting that a constitutional convention should be held as soon as possible and at San Jose.

A few months later San Francisco held a similar meeting, and in 1849 Sacramento followed San Jose and San Francisco. Delegates were elected, but the date of the proposed constitutional convention was uncertain.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

171. SAN JOSE UNDER MILITARY RULE (Continued)

The action of these cities surprised and angered Gen. Riley, the military ruler. He declared that Californians desired to set up their own government separate from that of the United States. This he said they had no right to do. He, the great military governor, named the date for the constitutional convention Sept. 1, 1849, and he declared that it should be held at Monterey.

This action incensed California, especially San Joseans, San Franciscans and Sacramentans. It was freely said that they would snap their fingers in the face of the military governor. Peter Burnett, afterwards the first governor, was already an influential figure in California. He declared that Californians had no intention of setting up a separate government, but if they wished to do so, theirs was the right. However, in the interest of peace, Mr. Burnett counselled the indignant Californians to submit to military ruling and to attend the Monterey convention.

It was a picturesque gathering which met at old Colton hall. Spaniards, Indians and Americans sat side by side. There was the jovial, blue-eyed Capt. Sutter and the sombre Gen. Castro brooding over defeat, dreaming that somehow some day California would yet gain her independence of the United States.

San Jose sent six of the 48 delegates who met at Colton hall at Monterey. They were Antonio Maria Pico, Joseph Aram, Kimble H. Dimmick, J. B. Hoppe, Elam Brown and Pedro Sainsevain.

Spanish Californians surprised Americans. They tried to pass a law doing away with capital punishment. One of the de la Guerras

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

171. SAN JOSE UNDER MILITARY RULE (Continued)

introduced a resolution which was adopted. It gave Indians the right of suffrage. The Spanish Californians suggested that the delegates should work for nothing, but this was too quixotic for most of those present. It was decided to pay each delegate $16 a day.

Before the convention adjourned San Jose, always alert and keen, elected two extra committeemen, Charles White and James Frazier Reed, to go to Monterey to work to make San Jose the capitol of California.

Why not? San Jose was centrally situated. It was the oldest and most historic pueblo in the state. Mr. Semple, president of the convention, promised the San Jose delegates that if they would agree to hold the first session of the legislature at Benicia, the town named for the wife of Gen. Vallejo, they would compromise by giving San Joseans the state capitol first and on the spot.

Then the president of the convention agreed to grant their demands if they would promise to have ready a suitable capitol building in the month of December.

There was no capitol building ready in San Jose, nor was there one in prospect, but that did not interfere with the ambition of these energetic delegates. Each felt strong enough to make that building himself in San Jose. They promised the building, and they came home the heroes of the city. San Jose was no longer a mere pueblo. It was the capital of California.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

172. EARLY WEDDINGS

In the late forties early marriages were the rule in California as elsewhere in the world. The Spaniards spoke of a girl of 18 as an "old maid". It was common for girls to marry at 15 and 16. While young, in 1850, Elizabeth Whiteman married James Monroe Brady, the horseman. Their's was the first recorded marriage under the American law. Mrs. Brady, later Mrs. McCracken, became a widow before most women think of marriage. Her second husband was Dr. McCracken who was known as a famous grizzly bear hunter.

The second marriage under American law and one of the most romantic of early times was that of Miss Virginia Reed and John Murphy. Both were important young people, both were famous for their good lucks, both loved to ride.

Around Miss Reed was all the interest of the tragic experiences of the Donner party, which she and her parents and brothers and sisters shared in '46. James Frazier Reed, her father, had made a fortune in the gold mines. John Murphy was one of the handsomest men of that period. He was a wonderful horseman. He was the son of Martin Murphy, who led his large family into the valley in 1844 and acquired great possessions about the Twenty Mile House. John Murphy himself was the first white man, in 1844, to see Lake Tahoe. He also had become rich in the mines. Murphy's Flat was named for him. Besides, he had been a lieutenant in the battle of Santa Clara in 1846. It seemed fitting that Virginia Reed and John Murphy should be betrothed. However, Miss Virginia

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

172. EARLY WEDDINGS (Continued)

was only 16 and her father thought that she was too young to marry. She promised to wait two years, and her parents felt tranquil. The very evening she made the promise Miss Virginia asked to pass the night at the home of a friend, Mrs. Josiah Belden.

During the night James Reed, who then lived in First st., was awakened by a merry throng in the street. To his wife he said: "I guess there has been a fandango."

The following morning the Reeds found that the "fandango" was the marriage of their daughter.

After the ceremony was performed by Governor McDougal, in the old Cook house, near where now stands the old Columbia hospital, the bride and groom drove to the Murphy place near the Twenty Mile house and told the Martin Murphys that they were married. Murphy asked who had married them. They replied "Governor McDougal."

Murphy was a devout Catholic and he would not allow the young people to consider themselves husband and wife until they came back to town and were married by a priest.

One of the most brilliant social events of the early fifties was the wedding of Miss Romietta Burnett and William T. Wallace, afterward justice of the supreme court of California. The Burnetts lived in a large house in Alviso, which was later successfully moved to the Ryland place. The Rylands' garden is now Ryland park. Miss Martha Reed, later Mrs. Frank Lewis of Capitola, and Miss Lizzie Branham, afterward Mrs. Jackson Lewis, wife of the first

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

172. EARLY WEDDINGS (Continued)

American jeweler in San Jose, were two of the bride's attendants.

The wedding occurred Mar. 23, 1850, when the floods of the Guadalupe were raging. Many of the guests had gone the previous day to Alviso, but Miss Martha Reed and her escort, John H. Gregory, did not start for Alviso till the day of the wedding. Miss Reed's dress was wrapped in oil-skin and carried in a carpet bag. She had it suspended from her neck so that she could manage her horse and also so that the dress could escape the water of the river. Miss Reed and Gregory set out for Alviso.

So high had the Guadalupe risen that the horses had to swim from where stood the Notre Dame to The Alameda. While the horses were swimming Gregory suddenly feared that Miss Reed's dress was in danger of getting wet and so he ventured to take possession of the carpet bag. By a miracle the dress escaped accident, and after the young people landed safely on the far shore of the Guadalupe they went on to Alviso by way of Santa Clara. Before they reached their destination they found that several small streams had risen and must be forded.

The adventures of Miss Reed and Gregory while they swam to the Burnett-Wallace wedding retarded the ceremony for an hour, and when the attendants arrived they attracted almost as much attention as the bride and groom themselves. Two priests officiated at the Burnett-Wallace wedding. The bride was very lovely, one of the beauties of the early days. So great was her beauty that her

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

172. EARLY WEDDINGS (Continued)

husband considered her charming even in tears. Judge Wallace declared that he often said things to his wife to make her cry because he told her that he liked to see her at her loveliest.

Another interesting marriage in 1852 in San Jose was the double wedding of the two Wilbur girls, Fannie and Josephine. Fannie became the wife of Givens George and Josephine married Frederick G. Appleton. So devoted were the two sisters to each other that they would not separate even for the ceremony. They were married the same day.

One of the handsomest of the early wedding receptions was that given by Mrs. James Frazier Reed at her residence in Third and Market sts. in 1852 when her brother, Cadman Keyes, married a widow, Mrs. Elizabeth Roberts. In the Reed garden following the Spanish Californian custom was erected a ramada of willows.

The interior of the arbor was of laurels. Probably the Keyes-Roberts wedding feast was one of the most costly ever served in San Jose. Eggs were $1 a dozen and the turkeys were $16 (one ounce of gold dust) each. Mrs. Reed bought five turkeys.

One of the few San Jose wedding dresses of the early fifties now in existence is that of Mrs. Frank Lewis, formerly Miss Martha Reed, daughter of James Frazier Reed. It is of heavy white satin with a full skirt and pointed bodice, severe but very elegant. The neck is slightly bowed and the bodice laces in the back. Before she died Mrs. Lewis proudly explained that she did the beautiful needlework and finishing of the dress herself. Mrs. Lewis' costume

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

172. EARLY WEDDINGS (Continued)

could be worn by any fashionable bride of today. She always kept her exquisite soft white kid wedding shoes. They laced at the side and came only to the ankles. These little shoes were without heels. The French heel was a later fashion. With white kid shoes Mrs. Lewis wore white silk stockings with very pale blue tops.

One of the most beautiful marriages in the county was that of J. Mendenhal and Mary Allen at Santa Clara April 18, 1847. Alcalde Burton performed the ceremony. Mendenhal came to California in 1845. With some other men he nearly lost his life on the trail, but the party arrived at Santa Clara Christmas day. The following year he served under Capt. Ford, and was one of those who raised the Bear flag at Sonoma.

The marriage of Mr. and Mrs. Mendenhal was very beautiful because of the wedding journey. The Mendenhals were married in the spring when the old Santa Clara mission pear orchard was in bloom. For a wedding journey the bride and groom in their wedding clothes and followed by their friends took a walk under the blossoming trees in the orchard. From nature they received a benediction.

173. SAN JOSE, THE CAPITAL

SanJose, the capital, boomed. Real estate doubled in value. People thronged there. After the constitutional convention at Monterey, Bayard Taylor came straight to San Jose on his way to San Francisco. He wrote of the capital as a city of wood and canvas. The streets were piled with building material. Carts laden

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

173. SAN JOSE, THE CAPITAL (Continued)

with freight almost blocked the way. French restaurants opened quickly. Chinese gongs welcomed guests to meals. Hotels were rushed. The Miners' Home became the City hotel. Saws buzzed and hammers resounded. Everyone was getting ready for the legislature and the dignity of being San Jose, the capital.

It was an exciting moment. Whatever might happen to other towns in California, San Jose's own distinction was established. Grandeur had come to the little pueblo. The pueblo did not dream that grandeur could take wings.

One month after the convention met at Monterey, the constitution was put to a vote in California. Unanimously it was carried in San Jose. The 557 voters to man were for the constitution.

Then came the election of the governor. Peter Burnett had been appointed superior judge by Gen. Bennett Riley. Judge Burnett was nominated for governor and subsequently held that office. Among his rivals were W. S. Sherwood and Capt. Sutter. Only six votes were cast against Judge Burnett in San Jose.

Because of the threatened tuberculosis of one of their daughters, afterward Mrs. Ryland, Judge and Mrs. Burnett had moved from Sacramento to San Jose. Mrs. Ryland was completely restored to health and lived to be old. Several of her descendants now reside in San Jose. Governor Burnett's grandson, David Burnett, practices law in this city.

At the time of Governor Burnett's election it was said facetiously that one reason why he ran so far ahead of his rivals was because

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

173. SAN JOSE, THE CAPITAL (Continued)

he had several attractive daughters, while the wife of Capt. Sutter was not in California and W. S. Sherwood was a bachelor. One of Governor Burnett's daughters afterward became the wife of Judge William T. Wallace of San Francisco. Another, Miss Sallie Burnett, married a young man named Poe, a relative of Edgar Allen Poe. Both Mr. and Mrs. Poe died very young.

During the first month of its life as the capital, San Jose was pretty busy. It had to decide, and decide quickly, where it should house the legislature. The only possible building was an unfinished hotel opposite the city hall, standing on the south side of Market st. on the site of the old Wallace's livery stable, now occupied by a garage. The hotel was then being built by Messrs. Stainsevain and Rochon.

The citizens of San Jose asked the owners how much rent they would ask for their hotel. Their answer taught San Jose the meaning of monopoly: only $4000 a month. There was nothing to do except to pay. The people signed the contract. Then it occurred to the citizens that they might better buy the building. The purchase was made for $34,000.

At first one is inclined to think harshly of Messrs. Sainsevain and Rochon for their starting charge, but lumber had cost them $700 per thousand. It had been sawed near Palo Alto. Cartage to San Jose was $150 per thousand. Not till the Argonaut fleet arrived in San Francisco in 1850 was the lumber monopoly broken

The building was purchased and San Jose took great pride therein.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

173. SAN JOSE, THE CAPITAL (Continued)

It was impressive, 60 x 40 feet, with a plazza. The lower story had four rooms, including a senate chamber 40 x 25 feet. A stairway led to the upper story, which consisted of one huge room. In front of the capital was the liberty pole. The top of this pole was the same as that of the flag pole which had stood in front of the juzgado.

Messrs. Sainsevain and Richon refused to allow the city credit for the building. Some of the leading citizens were obliged to come forward and give their notes for the $34,000. Messrs. Sainsevain and Richon asked 8 per cent per month or 96 per cent per year till the building was paid for. The men who made the capitol building possible in San Jose were R. N. May, James F. Reed, Peter Davidson, William McCutcheon, Joseph Aram, David Dickey, Charles White, Frank Lightston, R. C. Keyes, Peter Quivey, J. D. Hoppe, C. C. Cobb, H. H. Dimmick, Dr. Benjamin Corey, W. H. Eddy, Grove C. Cook, Isaac Branham, J. Belden and Pedro Sainsevain. The descendants of Mr. Reed, Mr. Lightston, Mr. Quivey, Dr. Corey and Isaac Branham are still today well known in San Jose.

This effort of the progressive pioneers had not an altogether happy result. Much litigation arose between them and the city. There was a question whether they could claim the pueblo land in payment for their liberality to San Jose in the time of need. Not only did they fail to obtain the pueblo land, but they received no reimbursement for what was advanced them in the city's early crisis.

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

174. First Admission Day Race

California, the splendid barbarous young princess of the Pacific, trailed her golden robes from the Golden Gate to Washington and demanded admission into the union. There was much opposition. The north desired California a free state; the south desired California a slave state. Calhoun's last speech was against California. Clay opposed California. Webster argued for California. He said that California was a rich, proud community and she must be given dignity suited to her new conspicuousness. California would either be one of the United States or she would become a separate community.

Daniel Webster's argument won. California was always an individual. In spite of eloquent southerners she forced her way into the union September 9, 1850.

Of course, in those days news, like everything else, was obliged to come across the Isthmus. There was great rivalry among the big steamers for the honor of bringing to California the news of the state's admission. The ship Oregon was chosen. She was covered with bunting and flags and she carried a great banner saying, "California is a State." When she appeared in sight of San Francisco, the Oregon's bells rang wildly. San Francisco knew what boomed. The vessel docked. Crowds gathered and cheered the news. A huge mass meeting was held in Portsmouth Square at which Governor Burnett made a speech.

The next day Governor Burnett engaged the seat on Crandall's

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

174. FIRST ADMISSION DAY RACE (Continued)

STAGE TO BRING THE NEWS TO SAN JOSE. In those days there were two rival stage lines between San Jose and San Francisco. This great day Crandall himself drove.

The rival driver vowed to reach San Jose first. Each stage was drawn by a pair of mustangs. Out over the old Mission road through the fog they became neck and neck. Sometimes Crandall was ahead; sometimes behind. Down the peninsula they plunged into the sunshine. Ranchers came out to see what was the matter. The stages never slackened. Governor Burnett waved his hat and shouted, "California has been admitted!"

Travelers paused on the dusty road till the racing stages passed. To those wondering and curious, Governor Burnett shouted, "California has been admitted!"

Spanish Californians aroused from their day dreams stopped smoking to wonder why gringos were always in such a hurry. To them Governor Burnett called, "California has been admitted!" They didn't understand. Very soon, thought they, all gringos would be mad. Back they went to cigarettes and dreams where no one hurried and where life was a long serenade to the music of guitars.

Once Crandall fell far behind, only once. He cracked his whip at the mustangs. They realized that the pride of Crandall's stage line was at stake. Finally they took the lead and held it by just a few desperate rods, by just enough to keep them foaming, leaping all the remaining leagues through the swollen creeks,

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

174. FIRST ADMISSION DAY RACE (Continued)

through the valley of chemisal and oaks into the capital of California.

"California has been admitted," electrified San Jose. Bells rang, whistles blew. The mauve western foothills seemed to float through the air in sudden ecstasy.

Five minutes later came the beaten stage, beaten but with a splendid proud record of its own. Crandall that day made himself famous. No one knows the name of the rival driver. When an old man, Crandall was killed by being hurled from his seat as his stage wheel dropped unexpectedly into a hole.

175. FIRST INAUGURAL BALL

Invitations to the first inaugural ball in California which occurred in San Jose were printed in gold on pink satin. One of the few now in existence was in the possession of Mrs. Marie Louise Buckner, widow of Judge Buckner. At that time Mrs. Buckner was Miss McCabe, daughter of Phillip McCabe, first sheriff of Santa Clara County.

Old San Joseans always spoke of Governor Burnett's ball as "the inaugural ball" as if it were the only one which ever took place. Indeed, it was the only one which ever took place in San Jose. Its date was Dec. 27, 1849.

It was a great occasion. For years it was unapproached as a social event. Governor and Mrs. Burnett received the guests. They were assisted by their two daughters, afterwards Mrs. Ryland

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

175. FIRST INAUGURAL BALL (Continued)

and Mrs. Wallace, so alike that they could hardly be told apart. With them were Gen. and Mrs. Fremont, Captain Sutter and the Picos, the Noriegas, the Sunols and all the aristocracy of Spanish California. The ball was held on the top floor in the new capitol building.

The assembly room on the second floor was an excellent dancing hall. Nowadays in a ballroom are beautiful floral decorations, but at that time San Jose was not the Garden City. The Spanish people had not the zeal for cultivating flowers that since has been shown by the Americans. The late Mrs. Elizabeth McCracken, who was present, told me that the only garden remembered by her in 1846 was that of Senora Romano, near where is now the Southern Pacific station. An irrigation ditch (acquiea) passed near the Romano adobe wall. From the ditch seeped water which irrigated the Castillian roses and kept them continually in bloom. After a journey across the plains, to newcomers the roses were very lovely, but Mrs. McCracken did not recall that any flowers were used in the ballroom the evening of the inaugural ball.

The invitation list was large. All the respectable Americans in San Jose were invited, and many of the fashionable Spanish Californians.

It had been planned to spend $3000 on the ball, but the man in charge of the funds made off with them and almost paralyzed preparations for the gala occasion. During one dazed moment it

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

175. FIRST INAUGURAL BALL (Continued)

looked as if there would be no celebration but in her old energetic way San Jose went ahead and outdid herself. She raised $5000 more for the ball.

In those days there were no carriages, and so the people who came in from the country either rode or drove ox teams. Mrs. Buckner, who went to the ball, said that her family rode into town from their ranch near Lawrence Station.

At that time women were so much in demand that girls who nowadays would be considered children went to parties and were treated like young ladies. Mrs. McCracken (Elizabeth Whiteman), Mrs. Murphy (Virginia Reed), Mrs. Buckner (Marie Louise McCabe) and the Burnett girls were all little more than children.

Mrs. Buckner and Mrs. McCracken had lively recollections of the ball. The women wore pointed bodices and ruffled skirts. Mrs. Buckner's dress was pink silk and low cut. Mrs. McCracken's mother, Mrs. Whiteman, had the Methodist disapproval of dancing. She told her daughter that she should never be surprised at anything terrible befalling her in the ballroom, but she went out and watched her daughter dance. Mrs. McCracken wore white muslin embroidered with pink. The bodice was cut modestly low, and the skirt had three ruffles. The dress was imported from San Francisco by Mr. Stokes, a prominent merchant. This inaugural ball dress was in the possession of Mrs. McCracken at the time of her death. She told me that most of the ladies wore white.

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

175. FIRST INAUGURAL BALL (Continued)

According to Mrs. Buckner, the Spanish women were the prettiest at the ball. They wore rebosos of bright colors which they kept on during the entire evening of the dance. The men came wrapped in serapes used by them as overcoats much as an Indian uses a blanket. One of the sights of the evening was when Capt. Sutter danced with Mrs. Antonio Maria Pico.

There were many kinds of dances, the polka, the waltz, and all the square dances. One entered the ballroom by ascending a stairway on the outside of the capital building. Mrs. McCracken recalled dancing with Gen. Fremont. The Fremonts were in San Jose that winter making their campaign for the United States senate. There were some discords in the music because the Spanish Californians, not knowing a gringo fandango differed from their own, brought along their guitars. Sometimes they strummed in the wrong place, and the Americans asked them to desist.

But the only real discord of the evening was when the dance was at its height and there entered a Spanish Californian, looking a little wild and reckless from too much joy. With gestures aimed wild and reckless he threw off his hat and serape and drawing out a big knife, uttering words of defiance, he announced that he would cut up the crowd. The music ceased. One of the Pyles stepped forward, seized the Spaniard's knife and held it in his big sombrero till the other Americans gently took the intruder in charge and dropped him down one flight of stairs to the street

CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

175. FIRST INAUGURAL BALL (Continued)

below. There was a rumor that the Spaniard was slightly damaged, but the music made all forget till a late hour, when refreshments were served.

The spread on the first floor of the capital building cost $5000. Such a spread it was! Champagne and more champagne. Of course, there were those gringos who took lemonade and tea, but they were not happy. The happy ones drank champagne and declared that California was the greatest state in the union, and San Jose was the greatest city in California. San Jose was the greatest city in the United States. When Spanish California went to their homes they all declared that San Jose was the greatest city in the world. Hurrah for the gringos!

176. SAN JOSE'S FIRST BIG POLITICS

Politically San Jose from its birth has always been turbulent. Even as a tiny Spanish pueblo it had personality. When there was a revolt or protest brewing San Jose joined the agitation. Under Spanish, Mexican or American rule it was the same. As Spanish and American temperaments are quite unlike this San Jose quality of political turbulence may be attributed to "climate".

San Jose became the scene of big federal politics in the winter of 1849 and 1850 when Gen. Fremont made his campaign for the United States senate.

It was San Jose's first winter as a state capital, and there was great excitement. All hostesses prepared entertainments for

S-230

CLASS II - HISTORICAL

WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG

From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

176. SAN JOSE'S FIRST BIG POLITICS (Continued)

the legislators. Young girls dreamed of senators and assemblymen for husbands. The legislature met Dec. 15, but as there was not a quorum it adjourned until Dec. 17, when a quorum was procured. E. Kerby Chamberlain was president pro tem of the senate and Thomas J. White was speaker of the assembly.

The boundaries of the legislative district of San Jose were the Straits of Carquenas, the bay of San Francisco, the arroyo of San Francisquito on the north, and a parallel of latitude to the summit of the Santa Clara mountains on the west, the Santa Clara mountains and the district of Monterey on the south and the Coast range on the east.

Among the representatives of Santa Clara county in the first legislature, which began Dec. 15, 1849, and adjourned April 22, 1850, was Senator W. R. Bassham, born in Kentucky in 1822. Senator Bassham came to California in 1845. He owned a flour mill. The members of the assembly were Joseph Aram, who was born in New York and who came to California in 1846; Elam Browne, born in New York, 1797, and removed to Missouri and thence to California in 1846; Dr. Benjamin Cory, who was born in Ohio, 1825, and who came to California in 1847.

When the senate assembled the rooms in the capitol building were not finished and the senators were obliged to meet for several days at the residence of Capt. Isaac Branham, who lived in the Plaza square. Only six of the 16 senators were present. When

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

176. SAN JOSE'S FIRST BIG POLITICS (Continued)

the senate's meeting place was finished that body met at the capitol building in the largest of the four rooms on the first floor.

California's first legislators had no pen, ink nor paper. They went through the form of voting themselves an ounce of gold a day, or $16. They did this in spite of the suggestion of Dr. Corey that they work without pay. They might as well have followed Dr. Corey's disinterested suggestion, because they had to pay themselves in scrip.

Jan. 5, 1850, the legislature determined to raise some funds for necessary expenses and schools, and so, they passed a bill enabling the state to make a loan of $200,000, payable in 10 per cent bonds. They expected these to be sold in the east. The legislators felt richer for the loan, but they still had to pay their boarding houses in scrip, which was looked at askance even in San Jose.

Perhaps it was the scarcity of funds that caused California's first legislature to be known as the Legislature of a Thousand Drinks. A more appropriate name would have been the Legislature of Ten Thousand Drinks.

It was a "wet" winter. The candidates for the United States senate, and there were several, came and opened "ranches" where champagne could be had for the asking. Gen Fremont sent 25 baskets of champagne from La Mariposa to the legislators, which means

S-230
CLASS II - HISTORICAL
WHEN SANTA CLARA COUNTY WAS YOUNG
From a series by Mrs. Fremont Older (Published Evening News 1925)

176. SAN JOSE'S FIRST BIG POLITICS (Continued)

that each representative must have consumed several bottles of Fremont's beverage. The other candidates, Gwin, Halleck, Henley, King, Geary, Semple, were not far behind Fremont in liberality. It is not strange that before the election was over one of the legislators awoke from champagne sleep to find himself stretched on a floor covered with a white sheet, candles burning at his head and feet.

As the only platofrm that winter seemed to be champagne, Gen. Fremont was elected United States senator on the first ballot. On the third ballot Dr. Gwin of San Francisco was chosen. It was the most rapid choice of United States senators ever made in California.

177. WORK OF THE FIRST LEGISLATURE

It must not be thought that the Legislature of a Thousand Drinks did nothing but guzzle in champagne. In reality, the amount of work performed by the first legislators is amazing. Several well known men were in the legislature. They were Gen. Vallejo, Don Pablo de la Guerra, John Bidwell, Dr. Benjamin Corey, Senator Broderick, Judge McKinstry and J.C.K. Ogler.

The legislators divided the state into 27 counties. Santa Clara was one of the original counties. They granted city charters to San Francisco, Sacramento, Los Angeles, San Jose, Monterey, Santa Barbara, San Diego, Sonoma and Benecia. San Jose was incorporated as a city May 7, 1850.

Governor Burnett urged that even though California had not yet been admitted to the union the legislators should organize

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